DECEMBER

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

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HOLIDAY *Spirit*

Joyful Greetings of the Season

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION
Philadelphia

Put your best front forward!

FORGIVE us for being so deadly serious, but your "front" in evening attire *is* a matter of vital importance.

In fact, Arrow's concern for the flawless perfection of your linen during the social holidays has led us to produce a new dress shirt called the Westbury.

Westbury stands the critical exposure of full dress with consummate ease and grace. Its bosom is of fine twill with a body of lightweight dimity cord. Sanforized-Shrunk. $3. To continue the suavity of this all-white front, we advise the Westbury Collar—with just the proper wing boldness (35c, 3 for $1). And, to complete the ensemble, Arrow has designed a tie which harmonizes with the shirt material. $1.

For your dinner jacket front, you can find no better looking shirt than the Arrow Sanforized Kirk 33, fashioned from an imported piqué with a madras body. $5. For wear with it, there's the Arrow Prom Collar (35c, 3 for $1.) and the Wilton, a magnificently cut French faille tie, $1.50.

Visit your Arrow store now—where you'll find evening dress receiving the most expert attention.

© 1934 CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

sanforized shrunk · ARROW SHIRTS · *a new shirt if one ever shrinks*

ESQUIRE December, 1934

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Vol. II, No. 7
Whole No. 13

PLACE VENDÔME • *Christmas Eve,* 1836

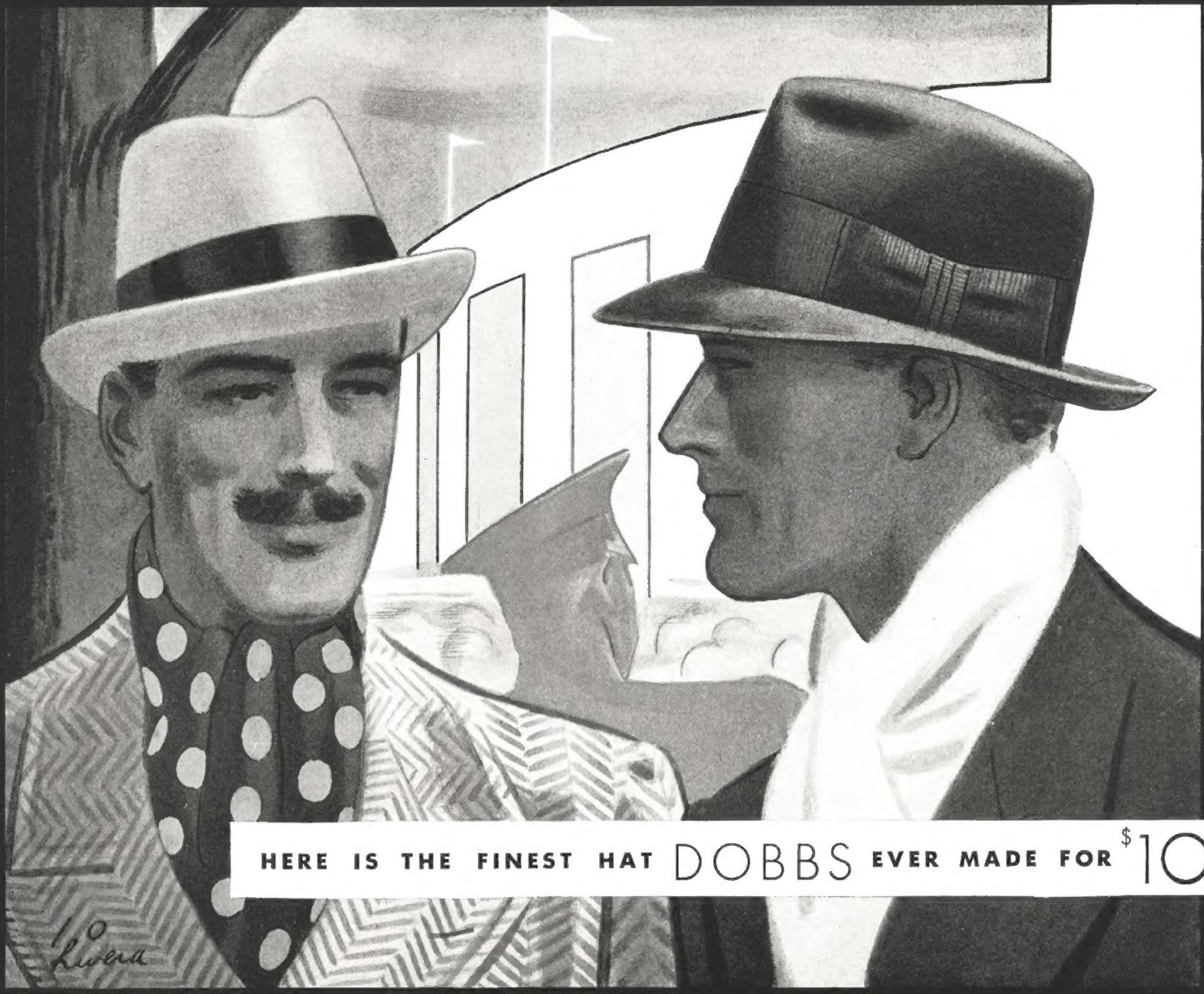
1836 saw Pommery's first Christmas . . . 1934 sees its ninety-eighth . . . and this incomparable Champagne has been served at virtually all the notable occasions in between . . . all over the civilized world. And Pommery '26 . . . one of the great vintages . . . is precisely at its best at this moment.

POMMERY

POMMERY & GRENO . . . FOUNDED 1836 . . . REIMS

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE UNITED STATES: McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC. • QUALITY SINCE 1833

DOBBS


HERE IS THE FINEST HAT DOBBS EVER MADE FOR $10
Rivera

IT'S THE DOBBS

York Dobbs Fifth Av

IN THE NEW LUGGAGE BOX

THE NEW LUGGAGE BOX: WITH EVERY DOBBS TEN-DOLLAR HAT YOU GET A NEW DOBBS HAT BOX, VERY STURDY, HIGHLY VARNISHED, AND WITH LEATHER STRAP. A BOX WORTHY OF THE OLD-TIME LUGGAGE MAKERS AND ONE YOU WILL BE PROUD TO CARRY IN YOUR TRAVELS.

—and in the production of it Dobbs proves again the real economy of a fine hat—the long and lasting value that fine materials and skilled handwork can give you.

and this is how Dobbs does it.

First, the fur. Dobbs chooses the finest and blends it in these proportions:

25% BEAVER: *A water animal, the beaver contributes the finest fur there is for hatting, impervious to many wettings.*

15% MUSKRAT: *The sturdiest fur there is for making a hat. It contributes long life to the felt.*

10% HARE'S FUR: *A lustrous, hardy fur that gives "body" to the felt.*

50% CONEY: *Soft, acclimated to wind and sunshine, this fur gives mellowness and fine texture.*

That's 100% fur. That's the part each plays in producing a felt of long life, a felt that will respond to cleaning and blocking season after season, retaining all its original finish and smartness. In the hands of skilled hatters this fur is blended and felted, slowly and carefully—all by hand—so that it is firm and long lasting.

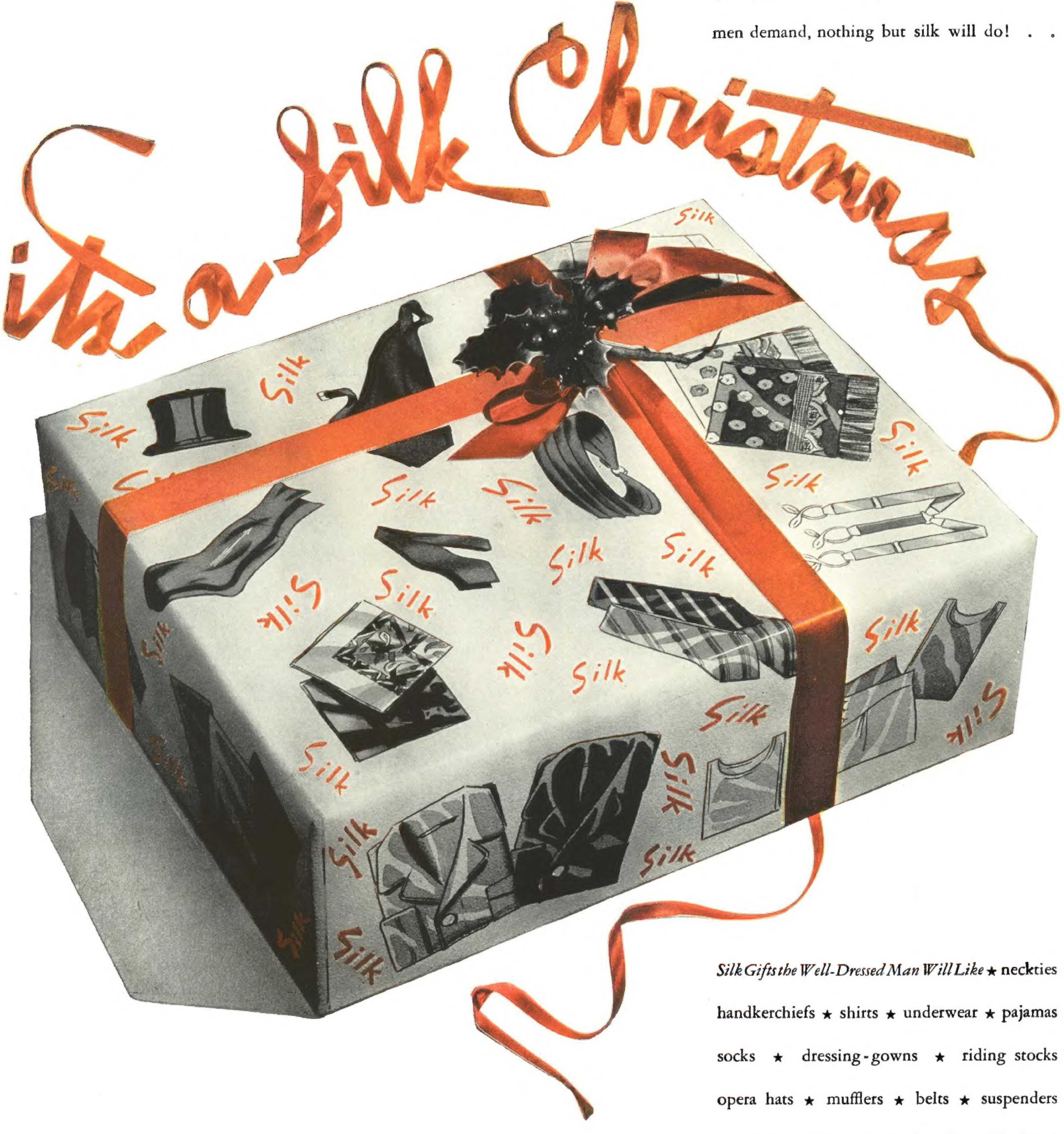
Now comes the genius of styling and shaping and finishing that is Dobbs. Through long experimentation, the Cavanagh Hat Research Corporation has improved the famous Cavanagh Edge Process and developed the Cavanagh Way. Both of these exclusive features are incorporated in the new ten-dollar Dobbs.

- *The improved Cavanagh Edge Process gives strength where strength is needed—to the edge of the brim—without increasing the weight of the crown.*
- *The Cavanagh Way, the outstanding improvement in men's fine hats in a generation, protects the outside band from stain. This is achieved by the extension of the leather to the underside of the brim and the insertion of a perspiration-proof fabric between leather and crown.*

The new ten-dollar Dobbs Hats are now being shown by Dobbs dealers in all the principal cities. A fine Dobbs—in one of the colorful new boxes—is one of the most appreciated gifts a man could receive on Christmas morning.

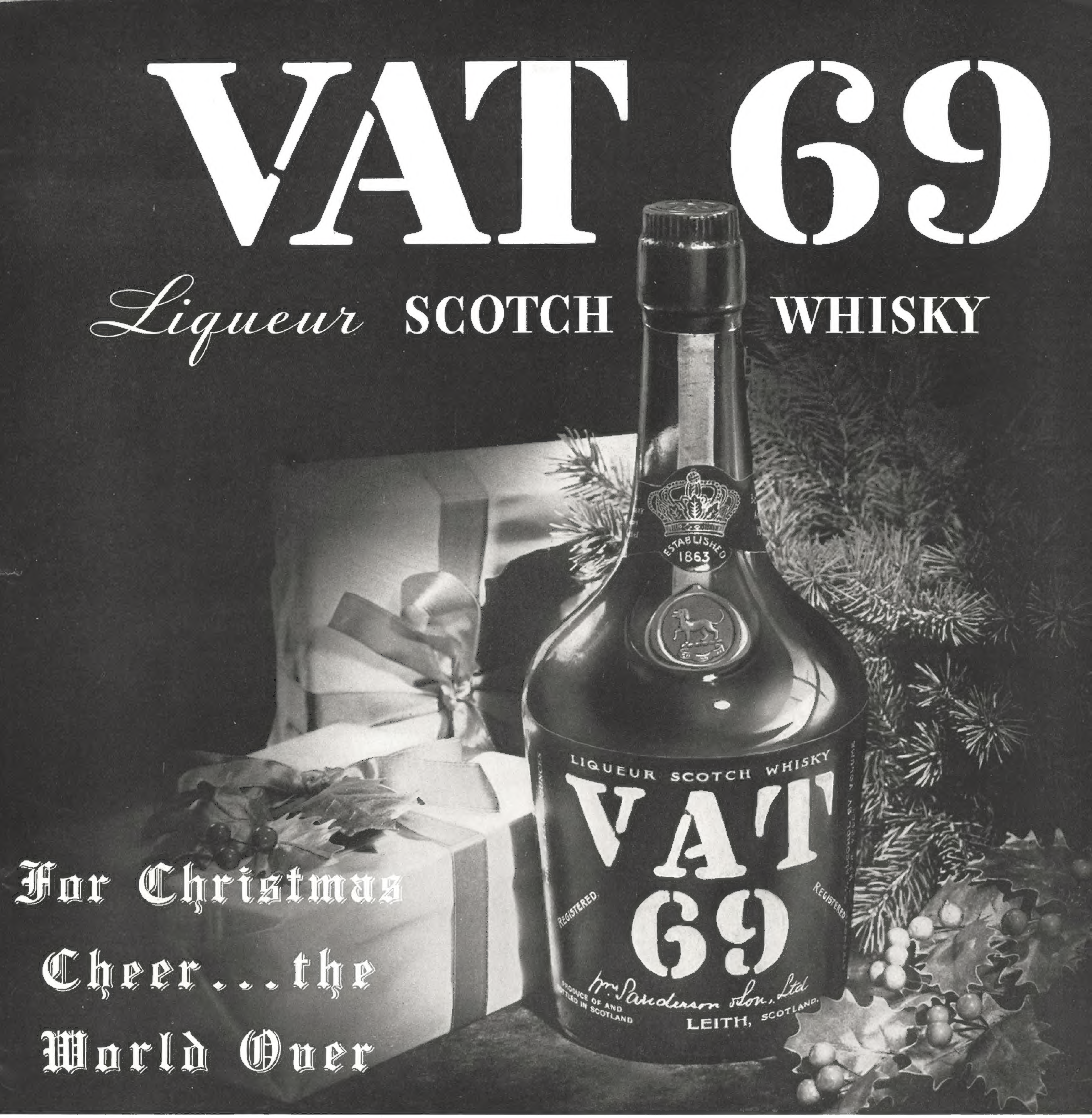
DOBBS NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER **711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

★ Show this page to the first lady in your life —at once—before she goes Christmas shopping for you . . . by way of a gentle hint that you'll welcome a gift of smart haberdashery and you'd like it of silk . . . *genuine* silk. Just to remind her that when it comes to the good looks, quality, and wearing power that well-dressed men demand, nothing but silk will do! . .



Silk Gifts the Well-Dressed Man Will Like ★ neckties handkerchiefs ★ shirts ★ underwear ★ pajamas socks ★ dressing-gowns ★ riding stocks opera hats ★ mufflers ★ belts ★ suspenders garters ★ robes ★ cummerbunds ★ silk gloves silk evening waist coats . . . .

Look for the International Silk Guild label on pure silk SILK


VAT 69
Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED 1863
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REGISTERED
REGISTERED
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd
PRODUCE OF AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
LEITH, SCOTLAND
For Christmas Cheer... the World Over

ESTABLISHED
1863

"Quality Tells" When hospitality is in keeping with the festive spirit of the Yuletide season, the order is "VAT 69". For this superb old liqueur Scotch Whisky is truly worthy of the finest traditions of Christmas cheer. Superlative quality and exquisite flavor have made it the lasting choice of connoisseurs the world over. As a gift, it is the supreme compliment to those who know and appreciate fine Scotch Whisky.

AT CLUBS, HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, AND RETAIL STORES.

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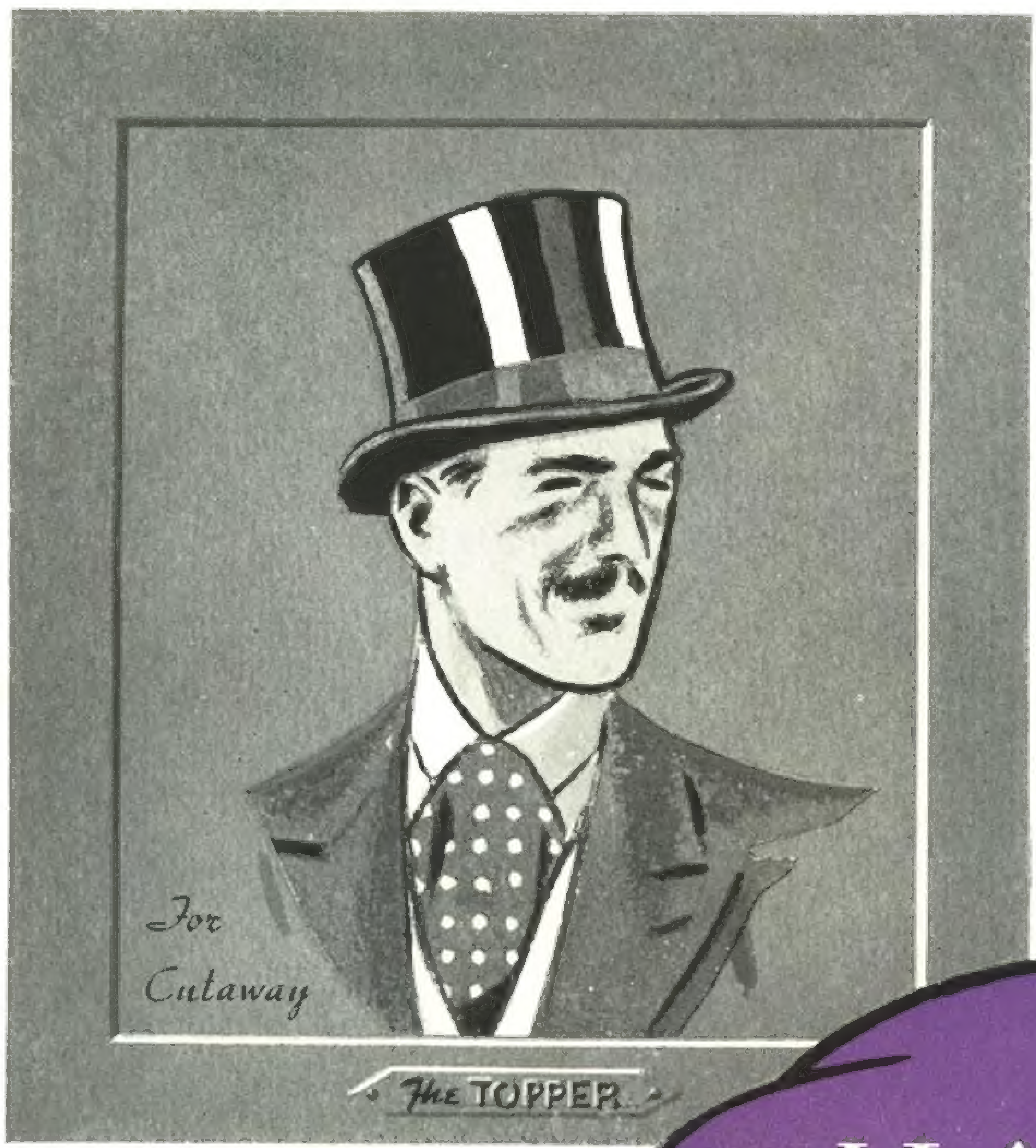
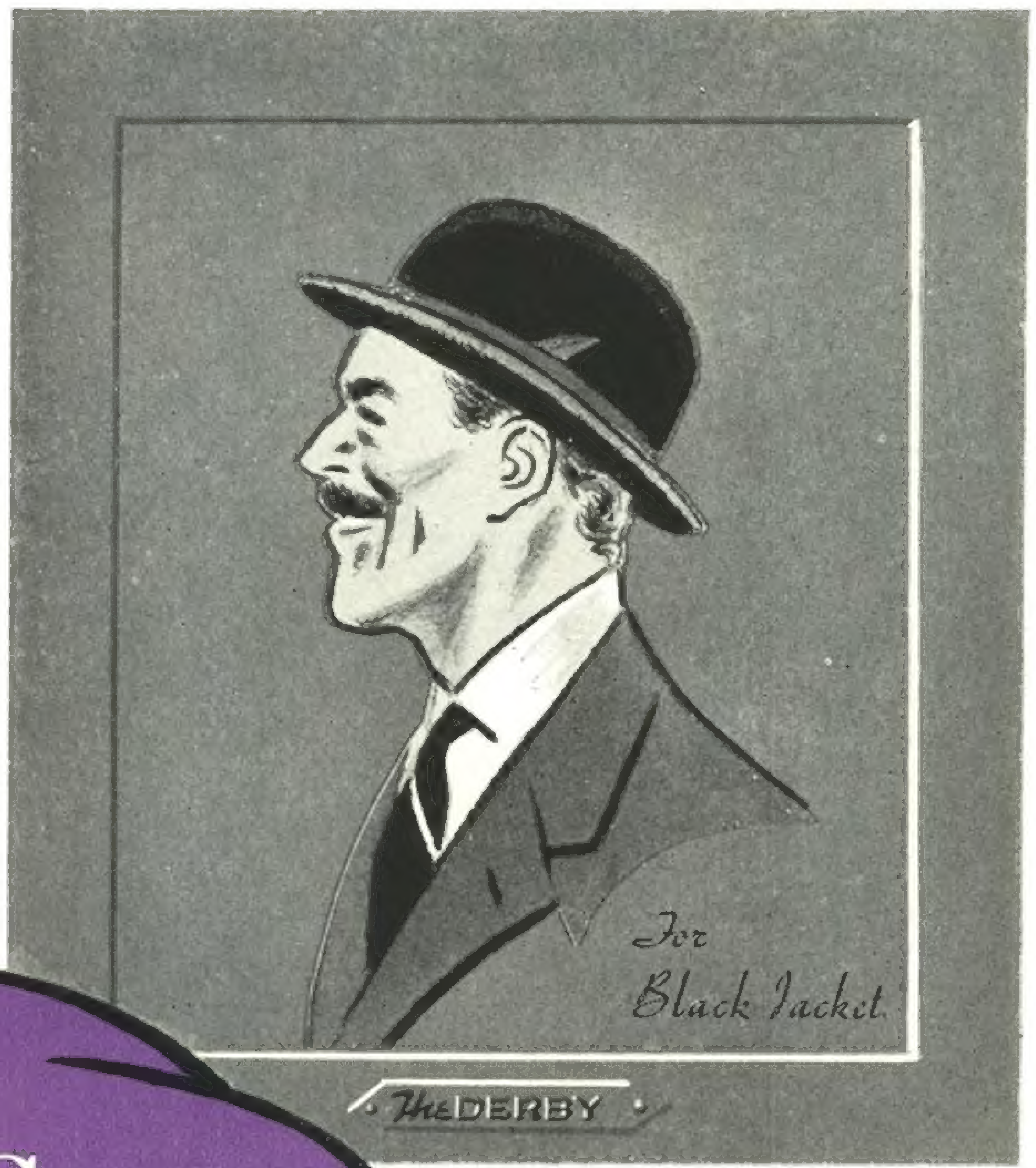
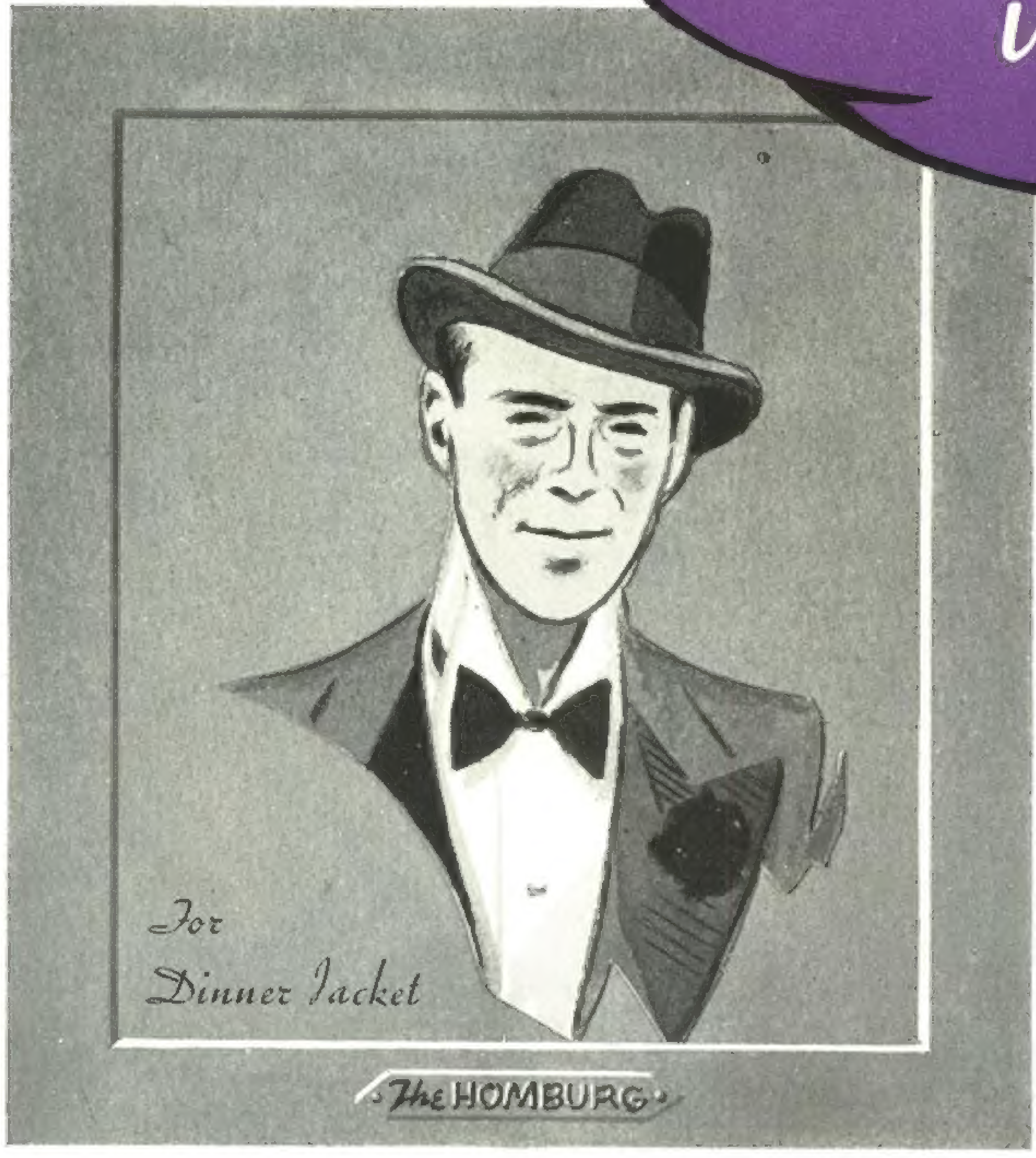

For
Cutaway

The TOPPER

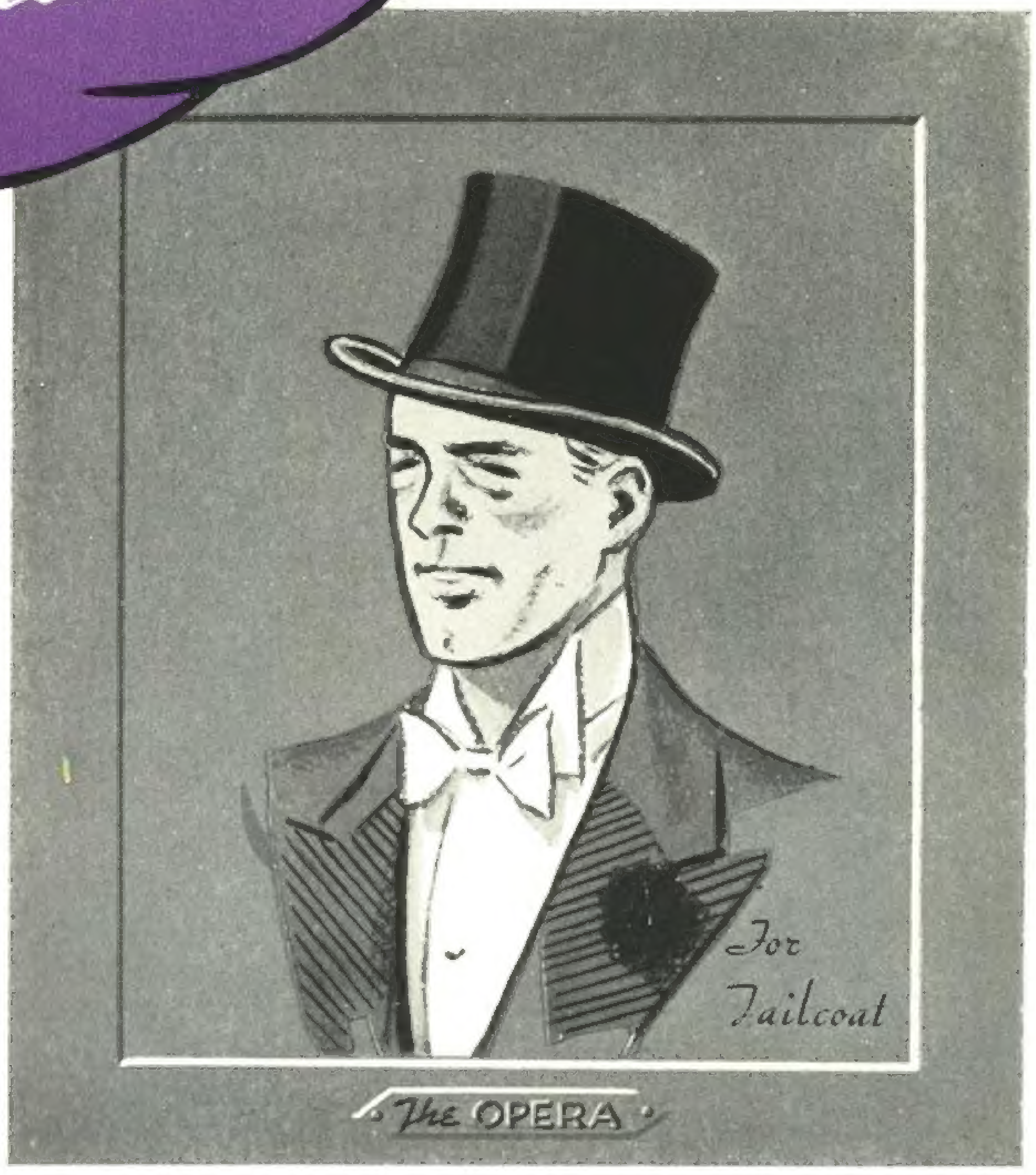

For
Black Jacket

The DERBY

HATS
in Black


For
Dinner Jacket

The HOMBURG


For
Tailcoat

The OPERA

KNOX

One of a series of
fashion pages for the
American Gentleman

Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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Art Directors: John Groth, Maurice Freed

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly

As for this year's progress With this issue, Esquire rounds out its first year as a monthly magazine. Three things have marked this first year—three things for which we have occasion to give thanks.

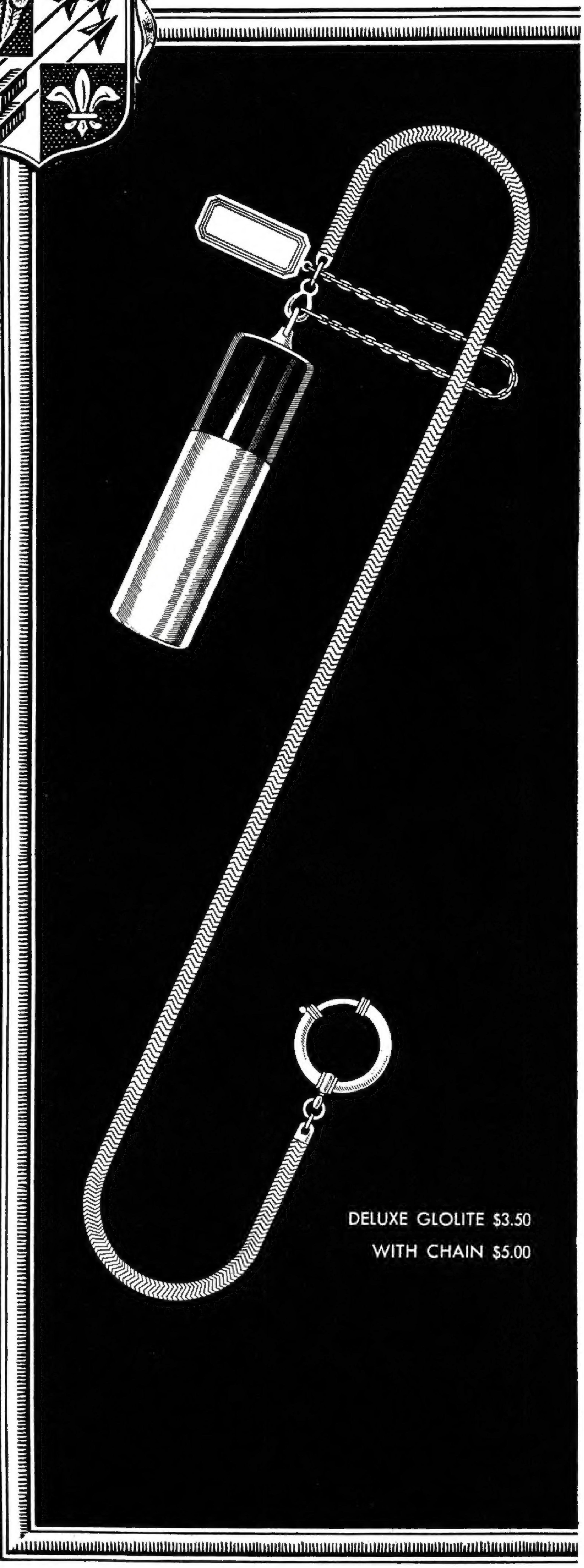
First, the magazine has grown steadily from the first issue forward, with the result that this year-end issue sees our circulation pushing up close to the 200,000 mark. This is, of course, amazing and without precedent—a publishing record that can stand to be shot at, we venture to say, for some time to come. We have to thank our public for that—our original band of readers, the boys with whom we have traded punches for twelve months, who have called us names to our faces but apparently praised us behind our backs (thus reversing the usual procedure), spreading the word that this magazine, admittedly far from perfect, was at least stimulating in its freshness and sincerity.

If this sounds like the gush that vaudevillians give out in their thank-you speeches in response to applause, we're sorry because we don't want it to sound that way. But we do insist upon saying that the magazine has broken all publishing records not because we're smart but because its public is. We were just smart enough to realize that we didn't know it all—and to listen to suggestion.

Second, we have to thank our advertisers for overcoming so rapidly their very natural prejudice against a new and untested magazine as an advertising medium. Looking over the dummy just before going to press, we see that this issue carries over ninety display advertisements adding up to somewhere near sixty pages, making a lineage total that puts Esquire very close to the top. We wonder if some of those advertisers know just how fervently we welcomed them to these pages—and if they'll mind our mentioning the fact that there were plenty of times this year when we began to wonder if they were ever coming in. We make no bones about it—getting advertising was the tough part. And you ought to welcome each ad, too, because it is the advertising revenue that alone makes it possible to assure you a better magazine for 1935.

Third, we thank ourselves for starting, last January, the policy of printing one previously unpublished author each month. It hasn't hurt us a bit to give these unknowns a break. Some of them are bound to reward our faith and justify our judgment. At least one of them has already. Louis Paul's first published story, *No More Trouble for Jedwick*, which we printed in March as our "discovery of the month," is this year's winner of the O. Henry Memorial Award, meaning that in the opinion of a group of critics of recognized competency it was the best short story of all the thousands published in American magazines in the last year.

JOHN



DELUXE GLOLITE $3.50
WITH CHAIN $5.00

NO gift-giving period can compare with Christmas-time, and no gifts are more fitting to the occasion than those from the John David Establishment on Fifth Avenue in New York.

Discriminating shoppers select exclusive, but inexpensive, John David Yuletide Gifts for a Man because of the fine impression carried to the recipient. That's good judgment.

We urge unsparing comparison of John David Gifts for a Man portrayed on these pages. You may choose the lowliest or the loftiest with the utmost assurance that it will please the man who receives it. That's the ultimate aim of all gift-giving.

A feature among these matchless gifts is the Key-Chain GLOLITE Cigarette Lighter, which effortlessly furnishes a light without flame. No flint, no smoldering wick, but effective light in the strongest wind. Limitless lights by this "cool lighting" action (without flame) protect smokers from teeth and finger stain. Scientific tests show that it is the flame which causes discoloring tars in the tobacco. This finishing touch to a perfectly appointed outfit will be the perfect Christmas gift this season.

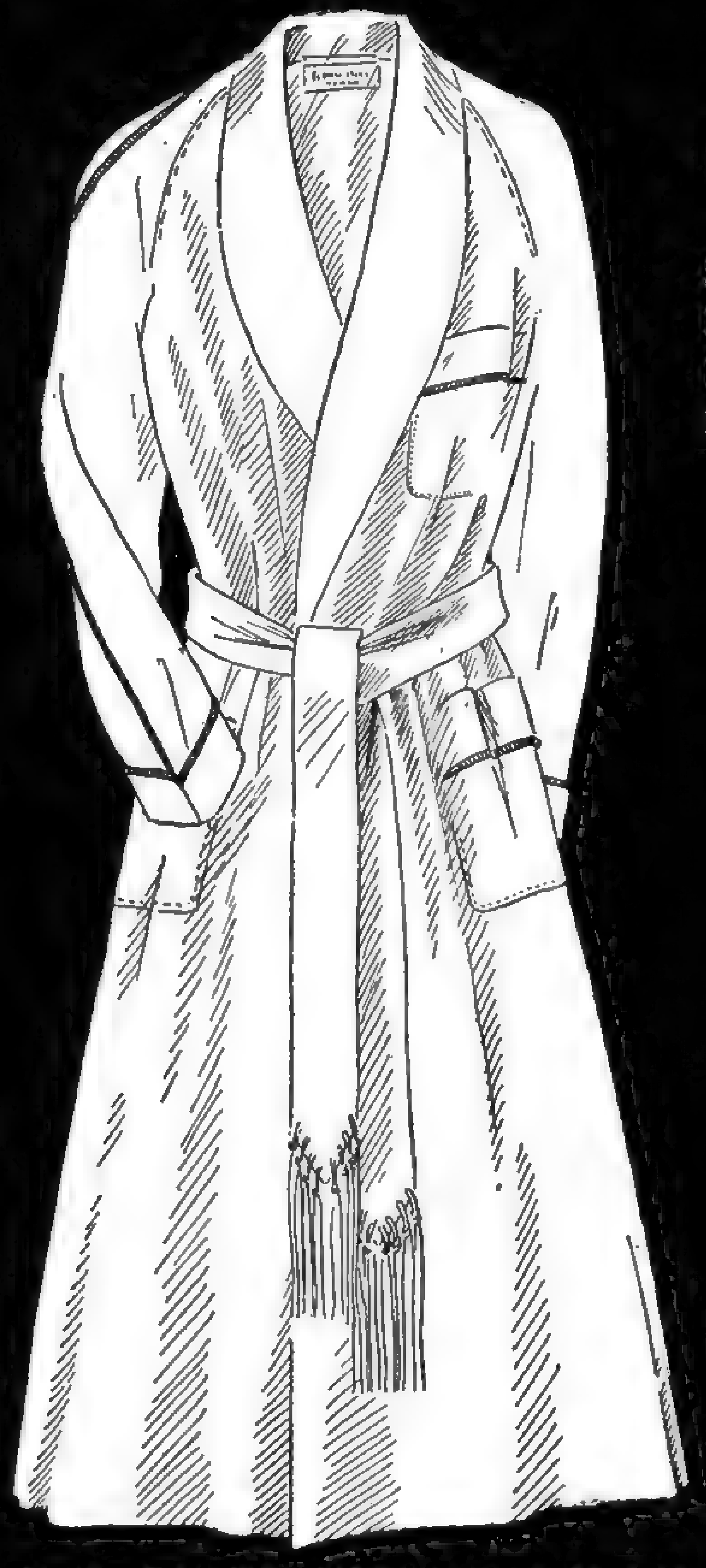
JOHN DAVID

Fashions For Men

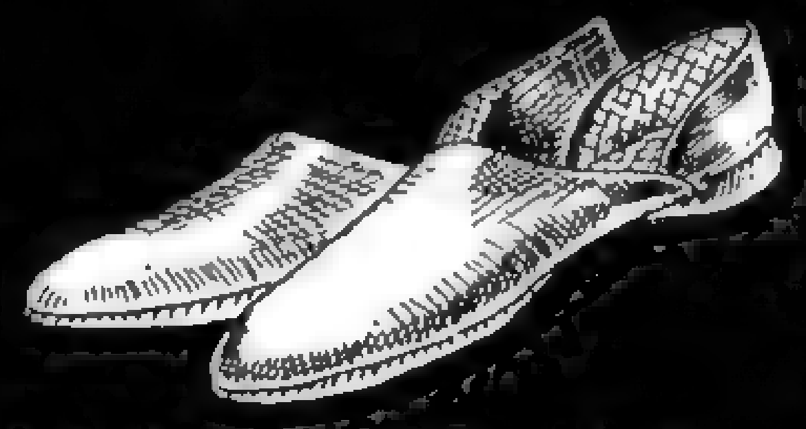
FIFTH AVENUE AT 43RD STREET
NEW YORK

All John David Gifts are attractively packed and shipped postpaid

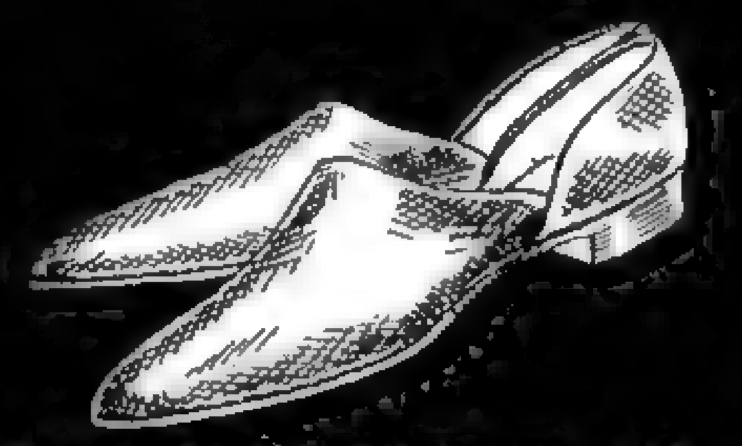
DAVID



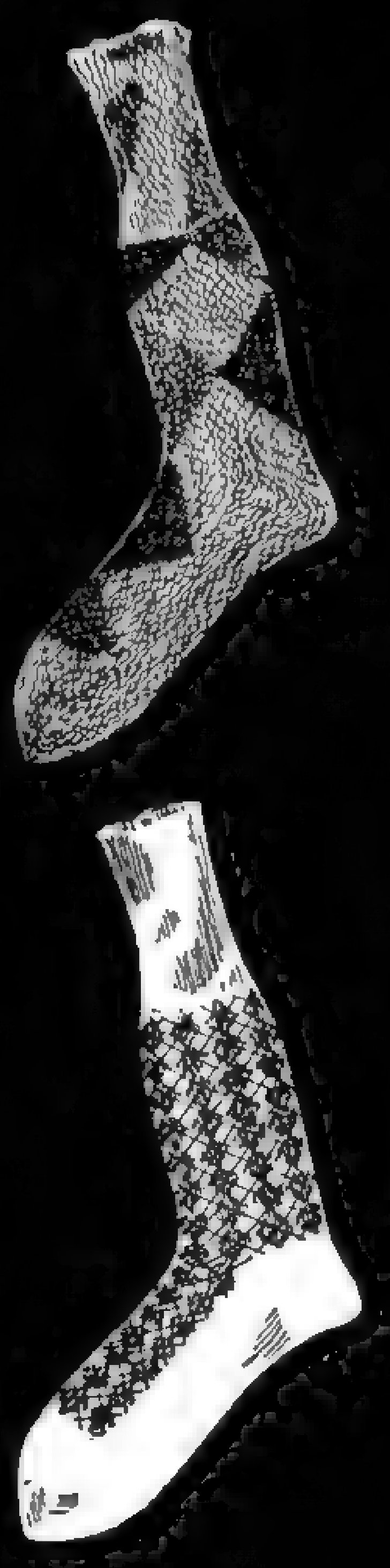
Raglan-Shoulder, Wrap-Around Lounge Robe of fine Flannel. Choice of Navy Blue, Brown and Maroon with Gold piping, Black with White piping or Navy Blue with Red piping $7.95



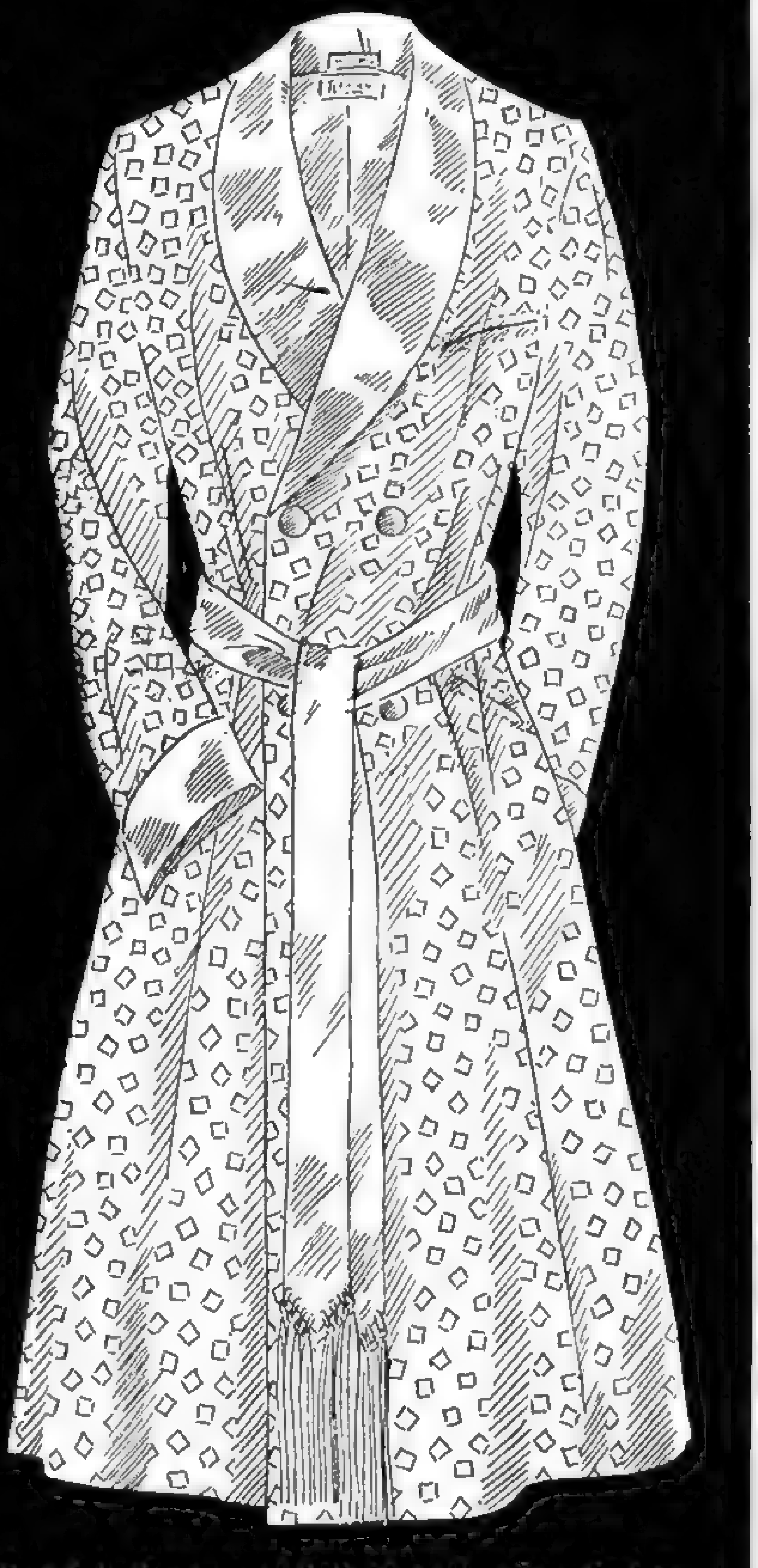
Soft-Sole Slippers of fine Kidskin, quilted inside, of Blue, Black, Maroon or Brown $2.95



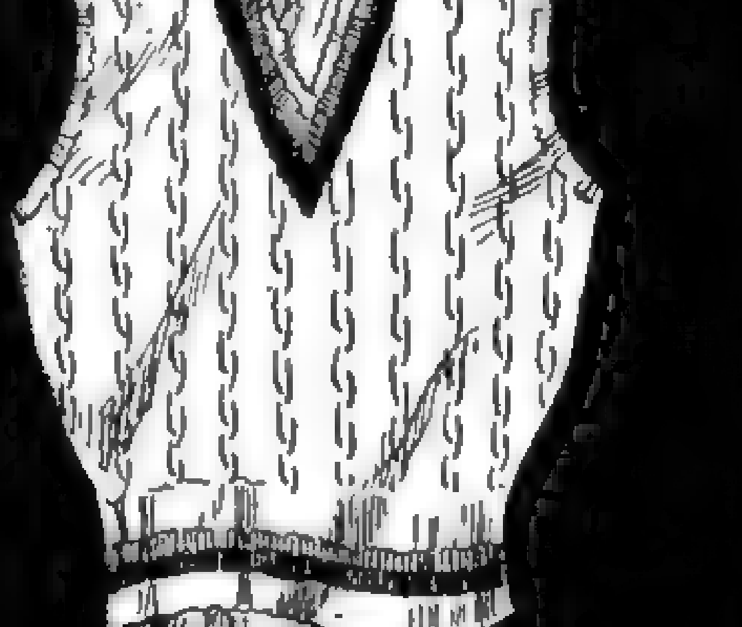
Hard-Sole Slippers of fine Calfskin. Choice of Maroon, Blue, Black or Brown $3.95



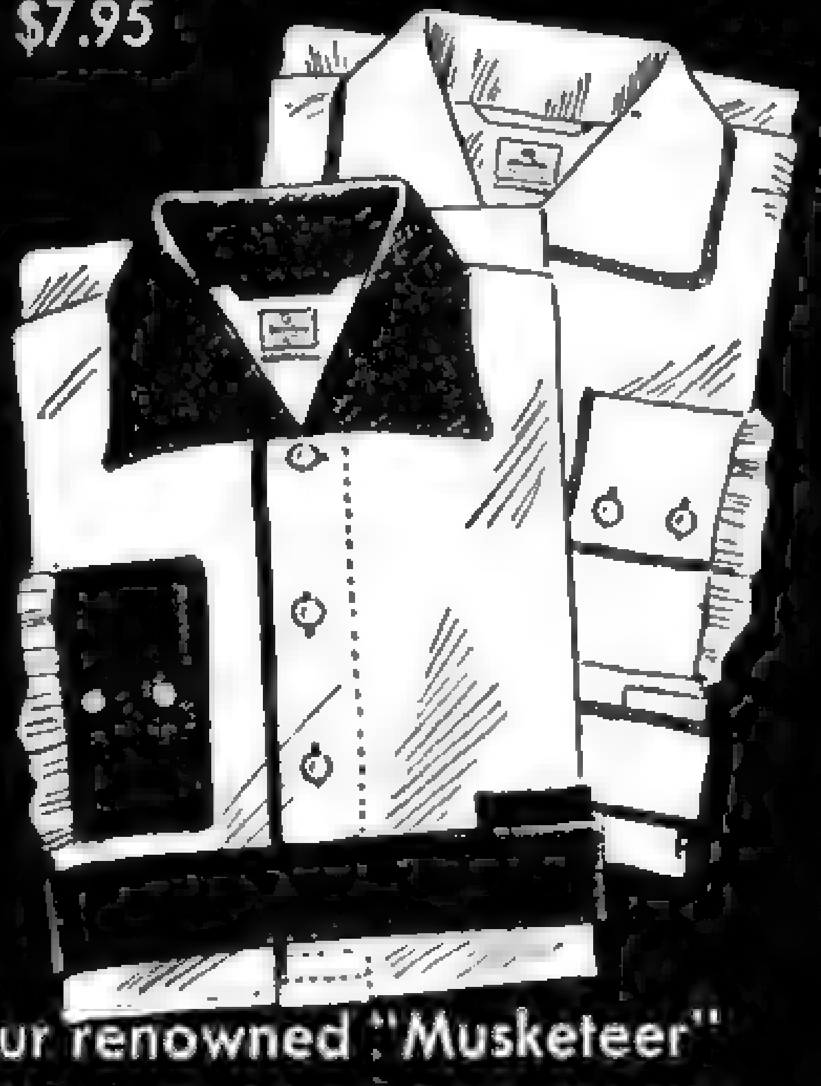
Imported English Argyle Plaid Wool Hose in choice of small or large plaids in smart new mixtures of Gray, Blue or Brown (3 pairs for $5.75), $1.95



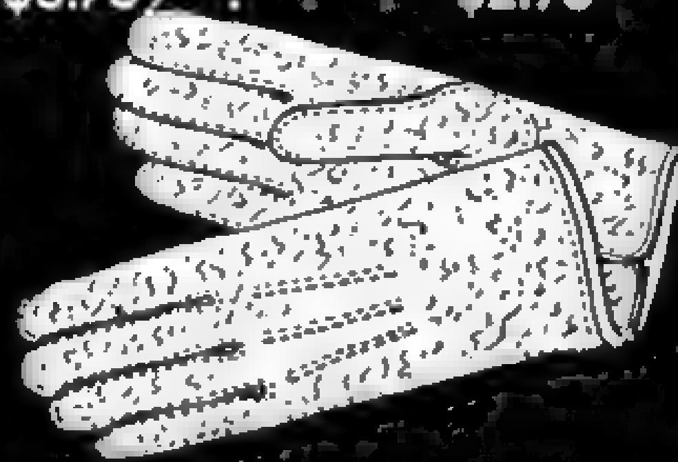
Double-Breasted, Silk-Lined Lounge Robe of fine-quality Matelassé, with the much-wanted, smart shawl collar. Choice of Maroon, Blue, Black or Brown with neat Jacquard figure effects . . $12.50



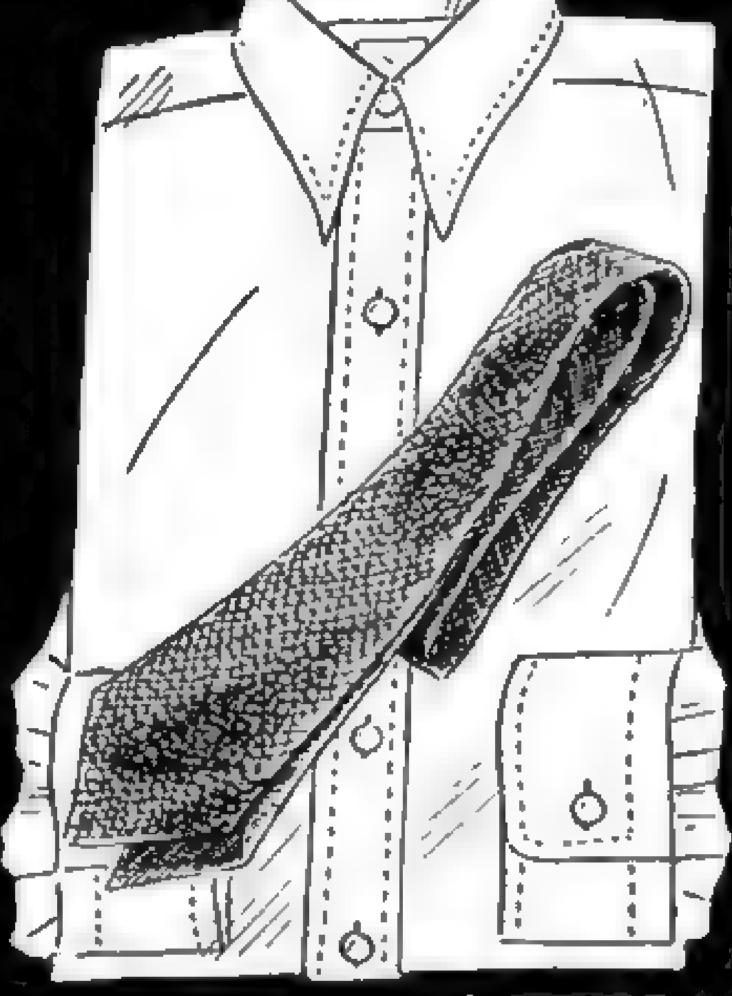
Imported English, Cable-Knit, Sleeveless, Pull-Over Sweater in plain White, Blue, Maroon and Canary, as well as White with Regimental Stripes of Red-and-Blue, Red-and-Black, Red-and-Gold or Blue-and-White $3.95



Our renowned "Musketeer" Pajamas of fine Broadcloth with contrasting collar and cuffs. Pull-Over Middy-Style, ¾-length jacket with belt. Choice of Light or Dark Blue, Ivory, Tan or Green (3 for $8.75) . . . $2.95

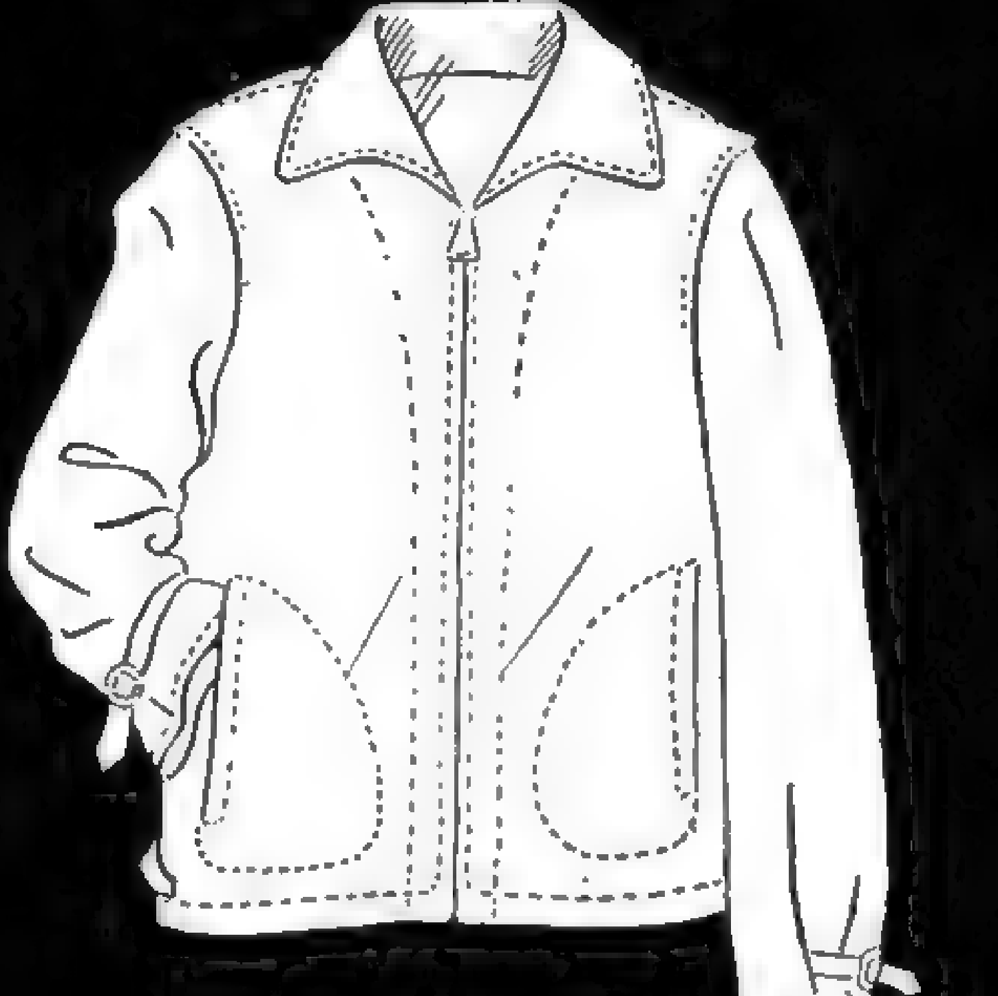


Fine-Quality, soft, Pigskin Gloves in choice of slip-on or clasp styles $2.95



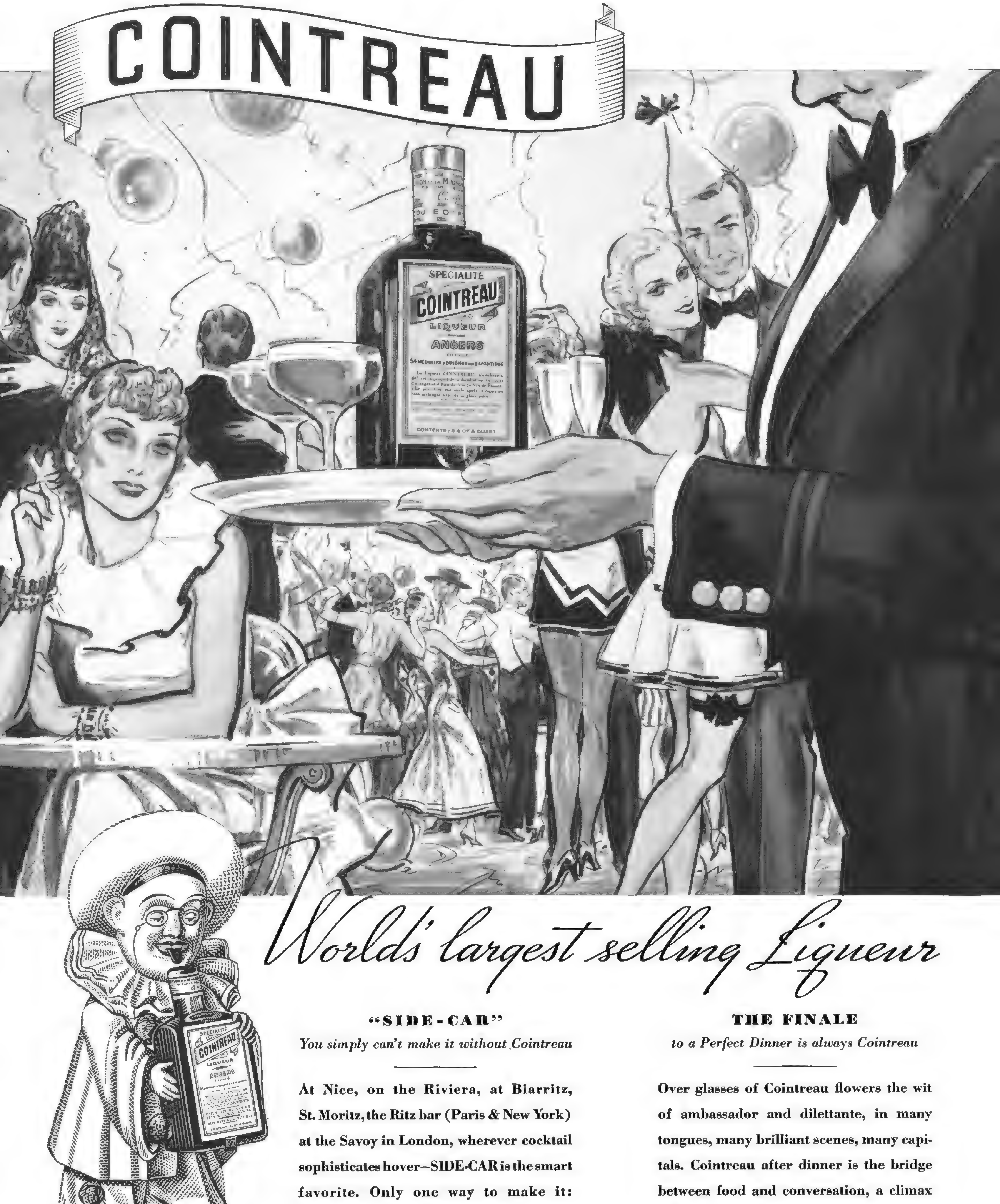
White Shirts of fine-count, extra-quality Broadcloth in neckband style or with collar attached (3 for $5.75) . $1.95

Neckties of luxurious Barathea in a choice of 14 beautiful plain shades of light and dark Blues, Grays, Greens, Browns and Maroons $1



Zipper-front Leather Jacket of soft, suede-finish fine Calfskin. A smart new model in Light, Natural Tan or Medium Brown. $9.85

ALWAYS BE VERY CAREFUL TO ORDER THE CORRECT SIZE


COINTREAU
SPÉCIALITÉ
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
ANGERS
54 MÉDAILLES & DIPLÔMES aux EXPOSITIONS
CONTENTS: 3/4 OF A QUART
COINTREAU
© 1934

World's largest selling Liqueur

"SIDE-CAR"

You simply can't make it without Cointreau

At Nice, on the Riviera, at Biarritz, St. Moritz, the Ritz bar (Paris & New York) at the Savoy in London, wherever cocktail sophisticates hover—SIDE-CAR is the smart favorite. Only one way to make it: Cointreau 1/3. Cognac (preferably Rémy-Martin) 1/3. Lemon Juice 1/3. Ice—Shake—Serve—and "so on far into the night".

THE FINALE

to a Perfect Dinner is always Cointreau

Over glasses of Cointreau flowers the wit of ambassador and dilettante, in many tongues, many brilliant scenes, many capitals. Cointreau after dinner is the bridge between food and conversation, a climax in finesse in the succession of food and drink. There is only one Cointreau and it is the world's first-choice liqueur.

Insist on genuine Cointreau—ask for the bottle—examine the label. It is worth making sure.

Sole U. S. Distributors: Browne Vintners Co., Inc., New York—San Francisco

New 1935

EXCLUSIVE · · DISTINCTIVE · · INDIVIDUAL

The New 1935 Cabriolet

Correct

● Hail to the leaders of the new fashion, who are joyously inaugurating a return to more gracious living.

Again we are to see women glamorously gowned in silks, velvets, cloth of gold; men in formal dress; homes gone sophisticatedly modern. Such a setting calls for a revival of finer personal equipages. There is a growing demand for motor cars that offer not merely transportation, but an appropriate background for the new elegance.

It was in anticipation of this trend, that Auburn designed its New 1935 Models.

They are here now, reflecting the spirit of the new mode. Body lines that display distinction but never lose dignity. Inbuilt comfort that makes riding a relaxation. Performance that is incomparable.

Pride of ownership again quickens with such a car. We are proud too, in being able to tell you that these are the finest cars Auburn has ever built. But we are even more pleased to announce that their prices are well within reach of moderate budgets.

You cannot catalog the advantages to be enjoyed by owning such an exceptional automobile. You must experience these delights by seeing—comparing—driving!

$695 *and up at the factory*

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA, *Division of Cord Corporation*

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

TUNIS CUP: CHALLENGE ROUND

It is very naughty of Mr. Frank Parker (the tennis player, not the radio star), to twit me about my indifferent tennis as he did in your magazine last month. I picked up my game on the public courts of South Boston forty years ago without the benefit of high grade coaching, new rackets and balls, several years in a big preparatory school and the advantages Mr. Parker has been so fortunate as to enjoy. However, although I am a sorry player, and sure to be soundly trounced, my sporting blood refuses to allow me to ignore the challenge which he so gallantly lays down on behalf of his head coach, Mr. Mercer Beasley.

Inasmuch as Mr. Parker generously leaves the date and place of meeting to me, I invite Mr. Beasley to be my guest at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Long Island, late next summer, for a match on hard courts, best of five sets, with a side bet of fifty dollars ($50.00). The loser to devote this sum to any charity the winner may designate. I select the time late in the summer, first because I anticipate being abroad early in the summer, and second, because this will give me an opportunity to earn enough money to buy a brand new Beasley racket to replace the old 1932 bat I am now using.

If Mr. Beasley does not care to play at West Side for any reason, I will play him in the Rose Bowl. If he wishes, I will take on Mr. Beasley and Mr. Parker together. In any event, I shall expect to be beaten in three quick sets. But I do wish Mr. Parker would remember that fifty years ago we boys did not have all the athletic advantages which so miraculously come to the youngsters of the present day.

Faithfully yours,
Rowayton, Conn. JOHN R. TUNIS

TOUCHÉ, MR. NATHAN?

In the words of my favorite philousopher-philosopher, James Schnozzolas Durante, I'm mortified, I'm mortified! For me to see Il Magnifico, George Jean Nathan, the incomparable, the hitherto infallible, the egregriously omniscient critic of the drahma cum Literatur commit a bonehead blunder is, to paraphrase the worthy Hambassador from Griss, George Givot, at once terrifical, stupenderous and co-lousy. Specifically, the Honorable George Jean attributes to Ethel H. Dell, the gushy, saccharine, Martha Washingtonian Miss Dell, the pot-boiler, so rich in usufructs, of the sizzling E. M. Hull; namentlich: "The Sheik." Nathan becomes his own iconoclast.

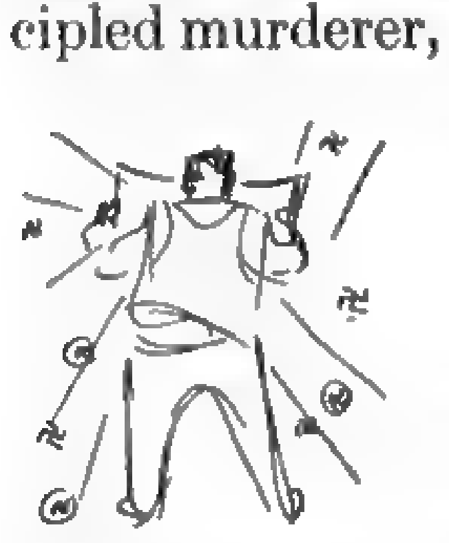
Are we supine worshipers of the Gawds always to see the feet of clay? Is disillusionment, then, inevitable?

Baltimore, Md. BENJAMIN R. KATZ

READ ESQUIRE FOR PROPAGANDA

Your October issue at last forced me to express my growing disgust with the tripe your handsomely swathed, four-bit journal spews forth as "literature."

I have in mind two stories, *A Man From Vienna*, and *The Little Japanese*, which particularly class your magazine on a par with, if not worse than, the weekly nickel scandal blurbs doling out fascist propaganda to the American people. The first-mentioned story, under the guise of being a bit of "impartial" human interest reportage, is nothing but vile Nazi propaganda. No intelligent person today, leastwise the readers to whom ESQUIRE appeals, can become impressed with the "man of destiny" halo thrown about the head of an unprincipled murderer, paranoiac, and blubbering pervert such as the Junkers class in Germany today use as their political tool. The attempt to cast doubt on the actual identity of Hitler is a sly, but shameless device for smuggling in sympathy with a man who destroyed all the culture which Germans have built up in a century.



The second story mentioned above is rank imperialist nationalism nurtured by the good old Hearst "Yellow Peril" scare. The author of this story is certainly doing his part in the tom-tom beating for the coming world war. Yes, already the drums are beating, the martial music blaring, stirring up racial and national hatreds to make men fight their fellow-men in the imperialist race for the redivision of world markets.

Despite the fact that your magazine proclaims exemption of responsibility for any ideas or assertions as expressed by your contributors, I can only conclude from these two stories that you give tacit approval to dissemination of fascist ideas among your readers. Why don't you drop your "liberal" mask at least if you want to get away with such a presentation of degeneracy called politely "fiction?"

Perhaps your oh-so-snooty advertisers have a little hand in shaping your policy, eh? Or am I being too assuming in declaring that fence-straddling in politics or other social and economic issues soothes *all* the clothing and gin peddlers?

Sincerely,
Chicago, Ill. MAURICE REED SENNETT

EDITOR'S NOTE: This reminds us of the indignant cancellation of subscriptions that came in after Jim Tully's article on Diego Riviera—three from capitalists and three from communists.

PAN-MAIL FOR REX BEACH

In reference to the article, *It Will All Come Out All Right*, by Rex Beach in the issue of November, 1934. Regardless whether this article comes under the heading of fiction, humor, or what not it is a direct blow unfairly handed the medical profession. It seems Mr. Beach is prone to class us as racketeers of the first water, public enemies along with Dillinger, Machine-gun Kelly, Al Capone and the others.

Be it true many appendices and a few gall-bladders have been unnecessarily removed, but it is far better to remove ten unnecessarily than to leave one that really should "come-out," although this is not the case. I am also afraid Mr. Beach has not spent much time around any of our large charity hospitals and observed the number of these operations performed there, and has not seen the large numbers placed on the waiting lists due to overcrowded conditions.

When a movie star has an operation, that is front page news, but at the same time there are thousands of others who undergo the same operations and few people ever know when or where it happens.

Gather together any group as large as the medical profession of this country, take them from any walk of life and you will find some who fail to come up to the set standards, but as a whole they are our best citizens, most honest and honorable of any single group, work the hardest for the least compensation and because of this have a lower span of life than the people to whom they give their lives.

It is a sensible thing to call upon your doctor frequently enough to preserve health as well as restore health. Faith in your doctor, and intelligent recourse to the knowledge he offers, might mean the difference between a bed of pain and continued good health—between a premature death, and a pleasant and useful "threescore and ten."

I regret very much to see such articles published in such a splendid magazine, and regret very much to see such an excellent writer as Mr. Beach waste his talents in such unfair articles.

Yours truly,
Seminole, Okla. A. FOWLER, JR., M.D.

II

Rex Beach should stick to writing adventure stories or advertising blurbs for Dr. Locke, the Canadian charlatan. His alleged humor in *It will Come Out All Right* reminds me of jocular attempts by aged street-cleaners who need their prostates out.

Mr. Beach asks if cases of appendicitis are to be found among the unemployed. A thousand yeas. He missed a point by not noting that young surgeons must practice on somebody.

Your magazine is *grand!* It is a pleasure to see half-a-dozen patients in one's waiting-room each with a copy of ESQUIRE and the other contemporaries deserted on the table.

I can name one operation dear old Rex should have, and will be glad to perform it gratis. It would be a pleasure.

Yours most cordially,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. CHARLES W. LETCHER, M.D.

THE CHIPS NEVER STAY LONG

Have been enthusiastic about ESQUIRE ever since it was born. But am becoming more and more convinced that the editors are accepting stories based upon the mental fallacies of some guy with lots of words and little sense above his shoulders.

As regards *Let the Buyer Beware* by Roger Warner, I see that your biography places him in a Philadelphia advertising office. Well, when it comes to horses and the purchase of the same, he should keep his thoughts for some client who is a professional horse trader—there's a field that he would be sure to succeed in, for he would have no competition; any man convinced of such ideals as Warner expresses should be watched carefully, especially around horses.

I have been in the game eleven years and in all of my experience have never met the dealer in horses who could be trusted implicitly. And I have no axe to grind, because they have never beat me out.

But the rebuke about the amateur and his dealings is rather close to home and I cannot suppress the desire to say to Mr. Warner that either he knows nothing about this game (hence silence is the statue of wisdom) or he has taken a trimming from some one and attempts to get revenge by an indirect method instead of waiting his chance to get even in the field of dealing where the other fellow has a chance too.

Good luck to your sheet, but let's have stories with facts for a background, instead of letting the authors run around your pages with chips on their shoulders.

Chicago, Ill. J. GORDON

HIGH-HATTER BY TRADE

This is to protest against *Sweet Faces and Foul Minds* in the November number. Of course Mr. Nathan has made a good living for a great many years taking rabbits out of hats for his perennially astonished public. It is a public which makes a habit of forgetting that G. J. is a hatter by trade and, some do say, mad to boot. Perhaps it was too much to hope that he would be prevented from performing his old stunts for ESQUIRE. Still it does seem that any article so patently lacking in that minute grain of good faith from which even the most fantastic conclusions should be developed, might well have failed of publication in a magazine of such generally high standards.

Characteristically, Mr. Nathan does not define his terms. And while it must be conceded that folk terms like "dirty minded" do not lend themselves to precise definition, still such definition is by no means beyond Mr. Nathan's considerable powers. For the purposes of discussion, it would be sufficiently accurate to agree that if dirt is matter out of place, dirty mindedness is a concern with matter out of place on inappropriate occasion.

There are two distinct kinds of dirty mindedness—the sexual and the skatological. The former is, of course, the female, the latter the male variety. Women, only too obviously, suffer from sex more than men do. In consequence, it preempts a larger share of their thoughts. Men, on the other hand, are notoriously the slaves of their bellies. They are the victims of the punishments inflicted by the long gut. It is because of this that there is so much outhouse thinking on the surface of masculine minds.

To accuse women of foul minds because the shop girl dotes upon her *True Love Confessions* and *I Confess*, is to skip airily over the fact that these publications and kindred novels are on the only level of literature suited to her intelligence. And it must be admitted by Mr. Nathan as it is by the rest of us, that the shop girl's masculine prototype is virtually illiterate. So that the honors, if any, should go to the little lady for reading at all. She, to her credit, has an appreciation of an art slightly more creative than that of the sporting page. Even on the higher levels of D. H. Lawrence, this answer holds good. Except for the general interest of women in books, the *Story of Philosophy* along with *Three Weeks* would never have reached so large an audience.

It is with a blushing and averted countenance, that the modest Mr. Nathan mutters that women talk of sex. Of course they talk of sex. For most women, sex is still the most lucrative business. They discuss it at their tea room luncheons as men talk shop in the club. After all, in spite of suffragettes and feminists, there are more women getting their bread and butter from marriage and the allied arts than from any other form of industry. It is encouraging, if Mr. Nathan is right, that they keep it so well in mind even when engaged in other gainful occupations.

That the little dears admire Du Barry and Pompadour more than Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell is only the confirmation of the theory that they are the practical sex. The admiration they give the great courtesans is the admiration of a bookkeeper for an executive vice president. The Nightingales and Cavells are all very well, but it must be admitted that in the war of the sexes their roles are roles of service rather than command.

But when George Jean Nathan cites a female censor in an effort to prove his point, we very well know that he does not even believe his own argument. Who knows better than he that censors are a lowly race, inferior but akin to the digger Indian. Since no one can successfully deny that women have less intellectual capacity than man and that a stupid woman is always safely one degree more stupid than a stupid man—it follows that a female censor is more degraded than her mate. This brings the female censor perilously close to idiocy and Mr. Nathan to impertinence.

In conclusion, Mr. Nathan has not only argued dishonestly but he has written very badly. And for Mr. Nathan to write badly is inexcusable. He knows better. Will you please speak to him about this.

This issue had the best and most amusing cartoons of any yet—with one exception. The plane charging into the mountain is a little too obviously cribbed from Mr. Arno's unforgettable and more forceful "My God, We're out of gin!"

San Diego, Calif. E. W. GLAYTON

UP-BEAT ENDINGS

You undoubtedly publish a worthwhile magazine, but it is my opinion that there are weaknesses in the fiction. For instance, Nahum Sabsay's *Alone With Emyl* ends thusly: "They brought us to the steamer and locked us in separate rooms." Finishing a story like that is like walking along a path that leads to an abyss. The ending is indefinite. Several of your stories have the same "fault." Whether or not this style is a new addition to modern literature I don't know, but personally, I would much rather read a story like Anthony Gittins' *The Ancestor's Return*. By the time you reach the concluding sentence nothing more is expected.

The diversified material that ESQUIRE offers should be sufficient to satisfy almost anyone, except of course those in the bleachers of the *Sound and Fury* who are continually booing. It seems they forget that the purchase of a magazine is a voluntary act.

Adios!

Brooklyn, N. Y. GIOVANNI STARACE

CERTAINLY NOT EL GRECO

Artists do not need the justification of Harry Salpeter's estimate of masculinity. In his article *The Hobo and The Fighter* (September number), he seems to feel that they do. Those of your readers, who have mentalities above those of fourteen year old boys, are interested in the creative temperaments and the work of Pop Hart and George Luks and not in their success with women or the number of cigarettes they smoked in the morning.

After reading the article, which consists largely in extolling the "masculine" accomplishments of these painters (evidently as a bait to a certain class of your readers), and a few trivial anecdotes, one's conception of their work and place in modern art is practically nil. A comparison of this article with the excellent one on Gaudier by Ezra Pound (August number), will explain my point of view.

I suggest that Mr. Salpeter confine his writings to the creation of purely fictitious "he-man" characters rather than to mingle his cheap standards in the field of art biography and criticism. I fear that neither Michelangelo, El Greco nor Cezanne would come up to his requirements.

Very truly yours,

Palma de Mallorca GRANT PLUMB

WHO WANTS TO BUILD A BOAT?

Why not, since your magazine is for men, instead of running an article on *How to Learn to Play the Piano* in eight easy lessons, print some drawings or plans of small sailing cruisers or other kind of boats? I am sure that the average man would get a greater kick out of something of that sort than he would if he tried to learn to play a piano by the method you have described in your November issue of ESQUIRE. It would seem that you are going effeminate and I have heard several of your readers remark that they believed in a few months you would be running a department on tatting. Let us hope not, anyway.

Your magazine is without doubt the finest on

Continued on page 164

Bottled
IN SCOTLAND
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
McCallum's Perfection Scots Whisky
Edinburgh (Founded 1807) London

When you want a good Scots whisky, here is the easiest way to be sure of getting it. Ask for McCallum's. For McCallum's is everything its name and distinctive label imply—a real Scots whisky imported straight from Scotland in taped, sealed, tamper-proof oval bottles. There is nothing to touch it because nothing CAN touch it until it reaches your welcoming table

McCallum's
Perfection
Scots Whisky
EDINBURGH (FOUNDED 1807) LONDON

Distributors:
TOWER WINES & SPIRITS CORP.
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CRAVAT CHAINS UP TO $5
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SWANK
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SWANK
DICK POWELL
WARNER BROS.
GREAT MUSICAL STAR IN
"HAPPINESS AHEAD"
IN USE THE KLIP IS HIDDEN — ONLY THE CHAIN SHOWS

Men Welcome Gifts of Jewelry

for daytime and evening wear

Swank Jewelry Accessories lift a man's appearance above the commonplace; add a thrill to the fine art of dressing well.

Just remember when buying jewelry for a man,—"if it's Swank it's correct."

Here are a few suggestions of "sure-to-please" gifts.

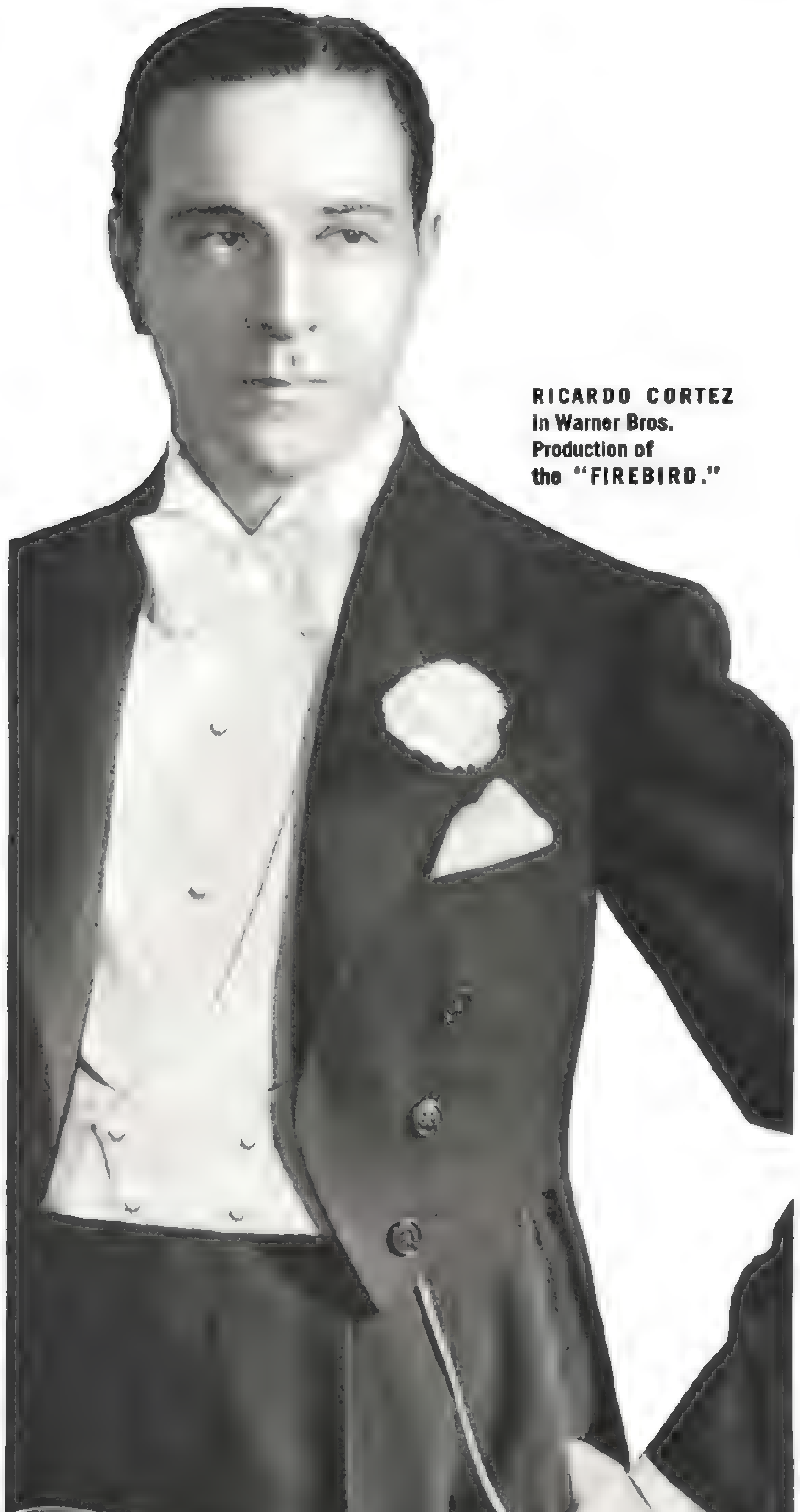
COLLAR HOLDERS
CRAVAT CHAINS
CUFF LINKS
DAYTIME SETS
TIE KLIPS
KUM-A-PARTS
KEY CHAINS
EVENING SETS

At Jewelers and Smart Men's Shops

The Baer & Wilde Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SWANK

Jewelry Accessories for Men

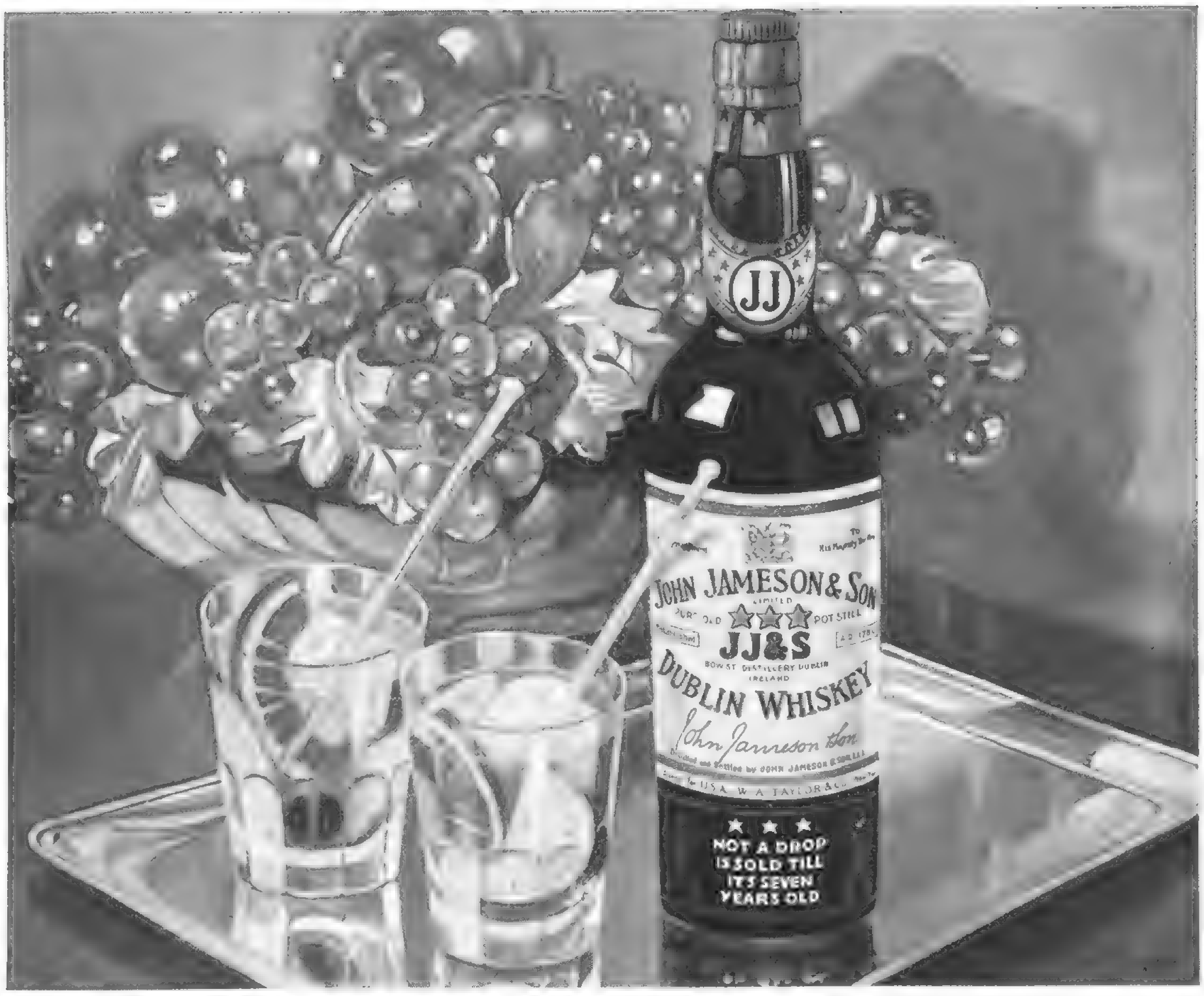


RICARDO CORTEZ
in Warner Bros.
Production of
the "FIREBIRD."

SWANK
SWANK

FULL DRESS SET
Sultan Pearl Studs, Vest Button, Bit Links—$5.50
others up to $35.00

TUXEDO SET
Mother of Pearl Studs, Cuff Links, Key Chain—$5.00


JJ
JOHN JAMESON & SON
LIMITED
PURE OLD POT STILL
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BOW ST. DISTILLERY DUBLIN
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DUBLIN WHISKEY
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NOT A DROP
IS SOLD TILL
IT'S SEVEN
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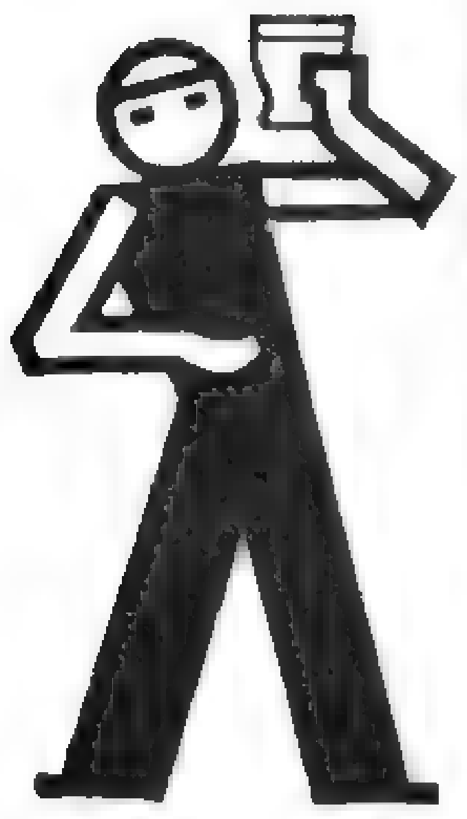
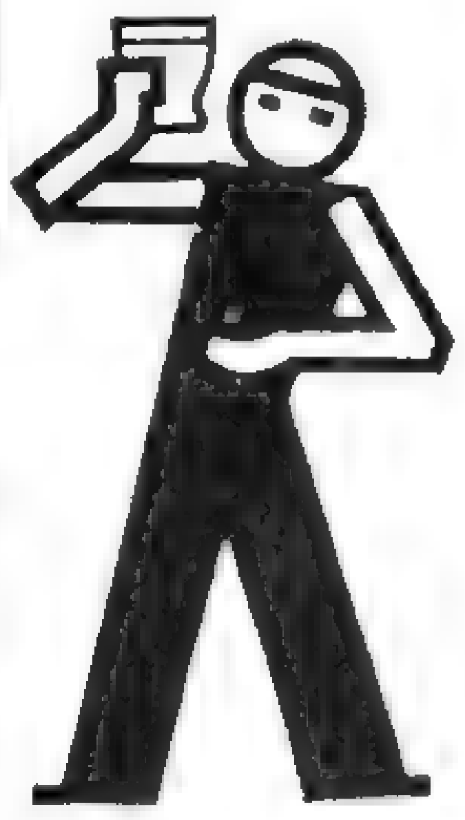




What is John Jameson made of ?

It is made of barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat, oats—and absolutely nothing else whatever except water and time.

It is distilled by the pot still method. This is the traditional one and, we think, the best. It happens to be the most expensive—to *us*, not to you. It is distilled perfectly, since we have had 150 years of experience.

Then it is aged 7 years in the wood before bottling. Don't you agree that such sound methods should produce a great whiskey? Let a bottle of John Jameson prove to you that they *have!*

JOHN JAMESON
Pure Old Pot Still
IRISH WHISKEY

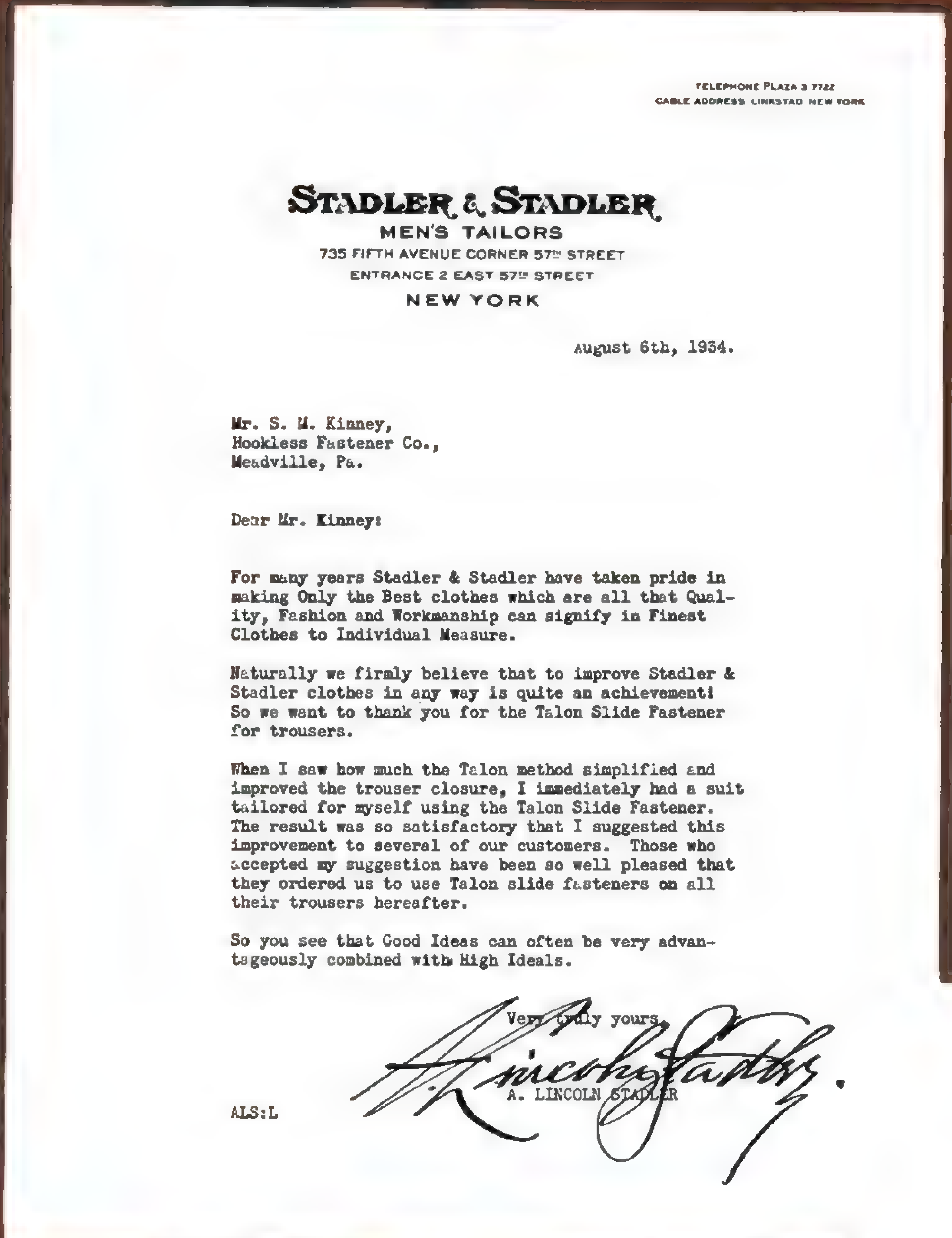
JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND
Established A.D. 1780
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK

AS GENTLEMEN

. . . So goes the World of

The names on these letters are the names of gentlemen who give individual expression to apparel of the most critical and fastidious men in America, to whom excellence of taste is paramount, and price never an issue . . . These men include the captains of industry. You will find their names upon the rosters of exclusive clubs. You will meet them on the Eastern polo fields, on the decks of the yachting fleets, at the



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CABLE ADDRESS LINKSTAD NEW YORK

STADLER & STADLER
MEN'S TAILORS
735 FIFTH AVENUE CORNER 57TH STREET
ENTRANCE 2 EAST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK

August 6th, 1934.

Mr. S. M. Kinney,
Hookless Fastener Co.,
Meadville, Pa.

Dear Mr. Kinney:

For many years Stadler & Stadler have taken pride in making Only the Best clothes which are all that Quality, Fashion and Workmanship can signify in Finest Clothes to Individual Measure.

Naturally we firmly believe that to improve Stadler & Stadler clothes in any way is quite an achievement! So we want to thank you for the Talon Slide Fastener for trousers.

When I saw how much the Talon method simplified and improved the trouser closure, I immediately had a suit tailored for myself using the Talon Slide Fastener. The result was so satisfactory that I suggested this improvement to several of our customers. Those who accepted my suggestion have been so well pleased that they ordered us to use Talon slide fasteners on all their trousers hereafter.

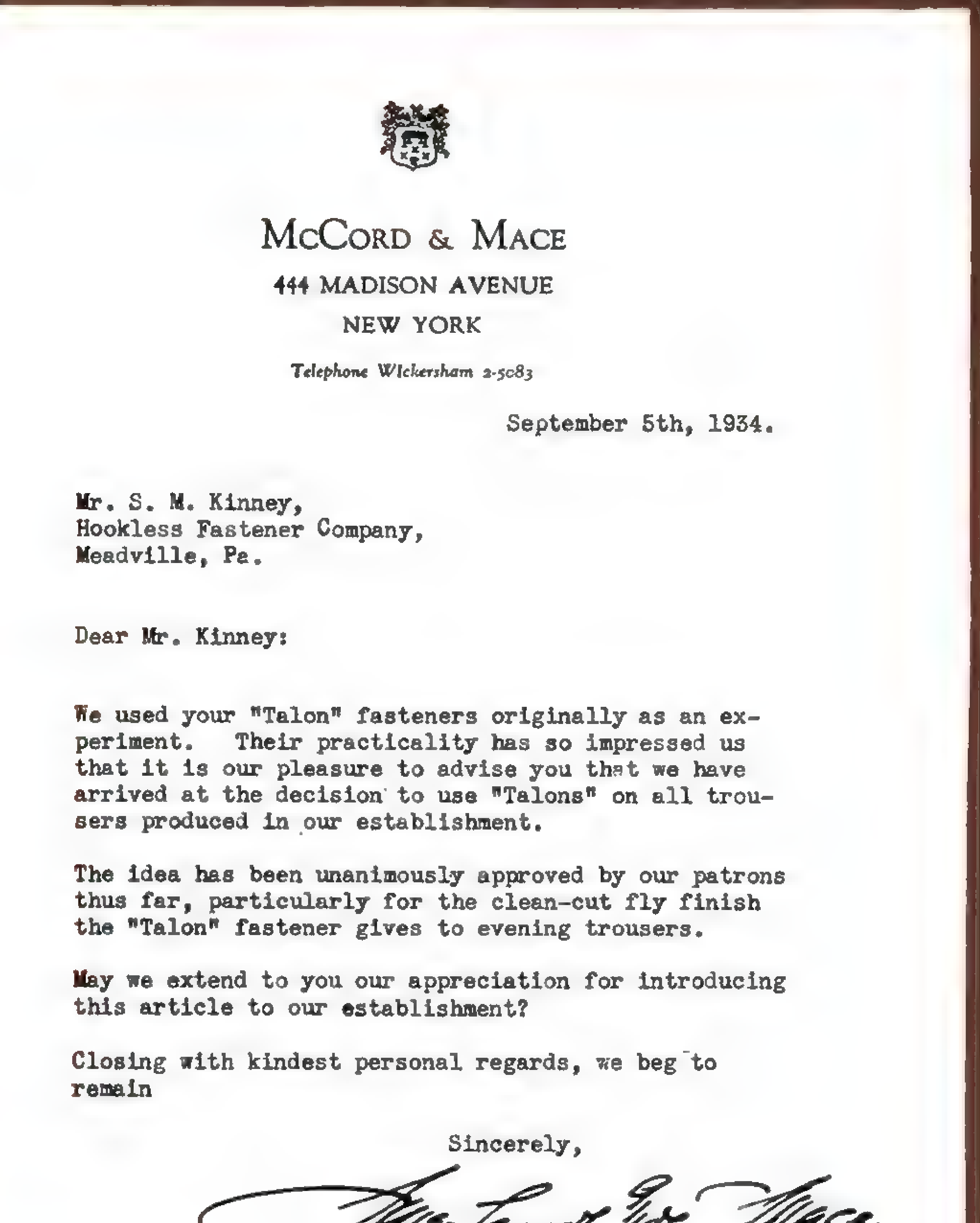
So you see that Good Ideas can often be very advantageously combined with High Ideals.

Very truly yours,

A. Lincoln Stadler.

A. LINCOLN STADLER

ALS:L



McCORD & MACE
444 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK
Telephone Wickersham 2-5083

September 5th, 1934.

Mr. S. M. Kinney,
Hookless Fastener Company,
Meadville, Pa.

Dear Mr. Kinney:

We used your "Talon" fasteners originally as an experiment. Their practicality has so impressed us that it is our pleasure to advise you that we have arrived at the decision to use "Talons" on all trousers produced in our establishment.

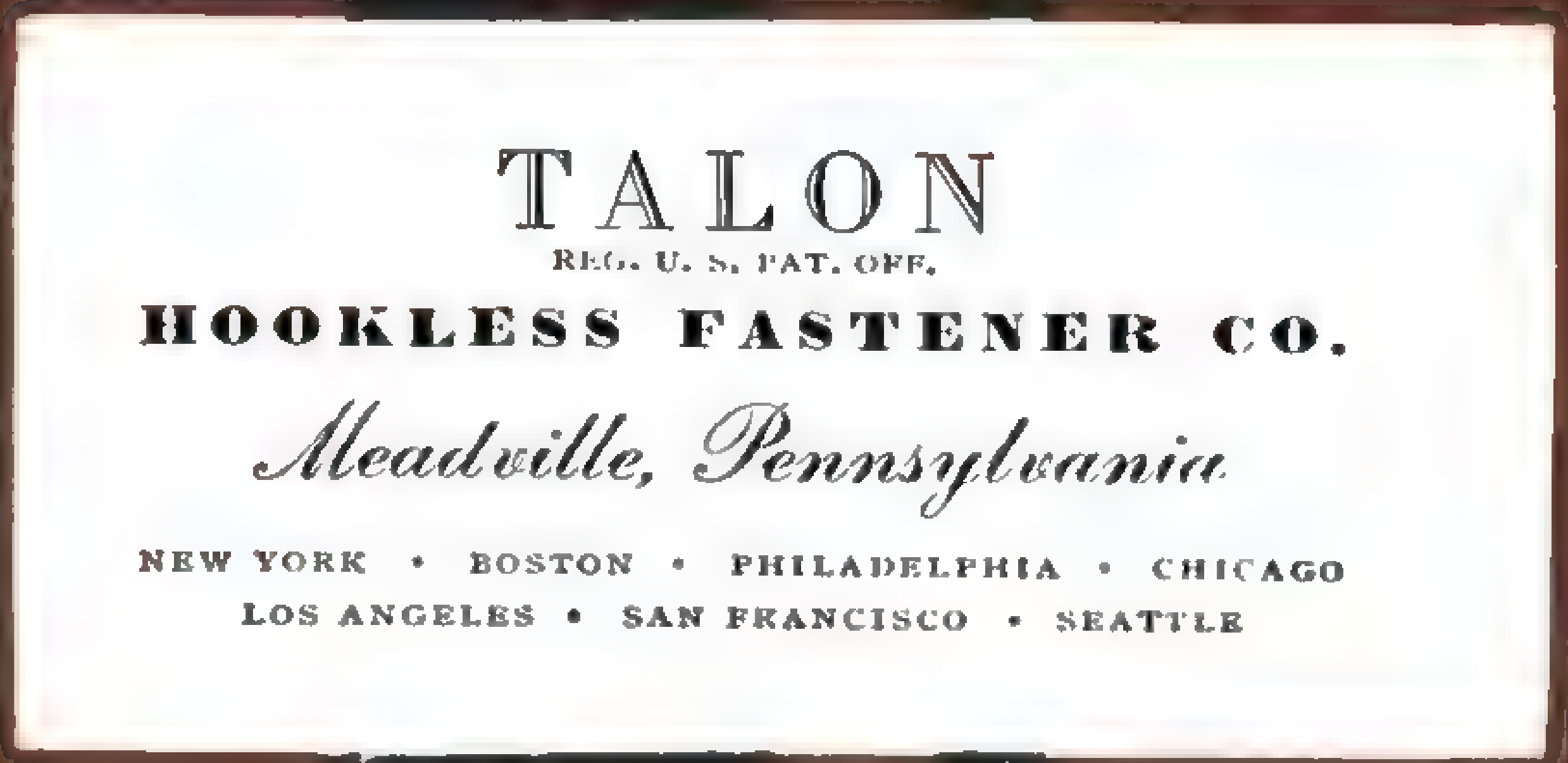
The idea has been unanimously approved by our patrons thus far, particularly for the clean-cut fly finish the "Talon" fastener gives to evening trousers.

May we extend to you our appreciation for introducing this article to our establishment?

Closing with kindest personal regards, we beg to remain

Sincerely,

PFMcC:FG McCORD & MACE



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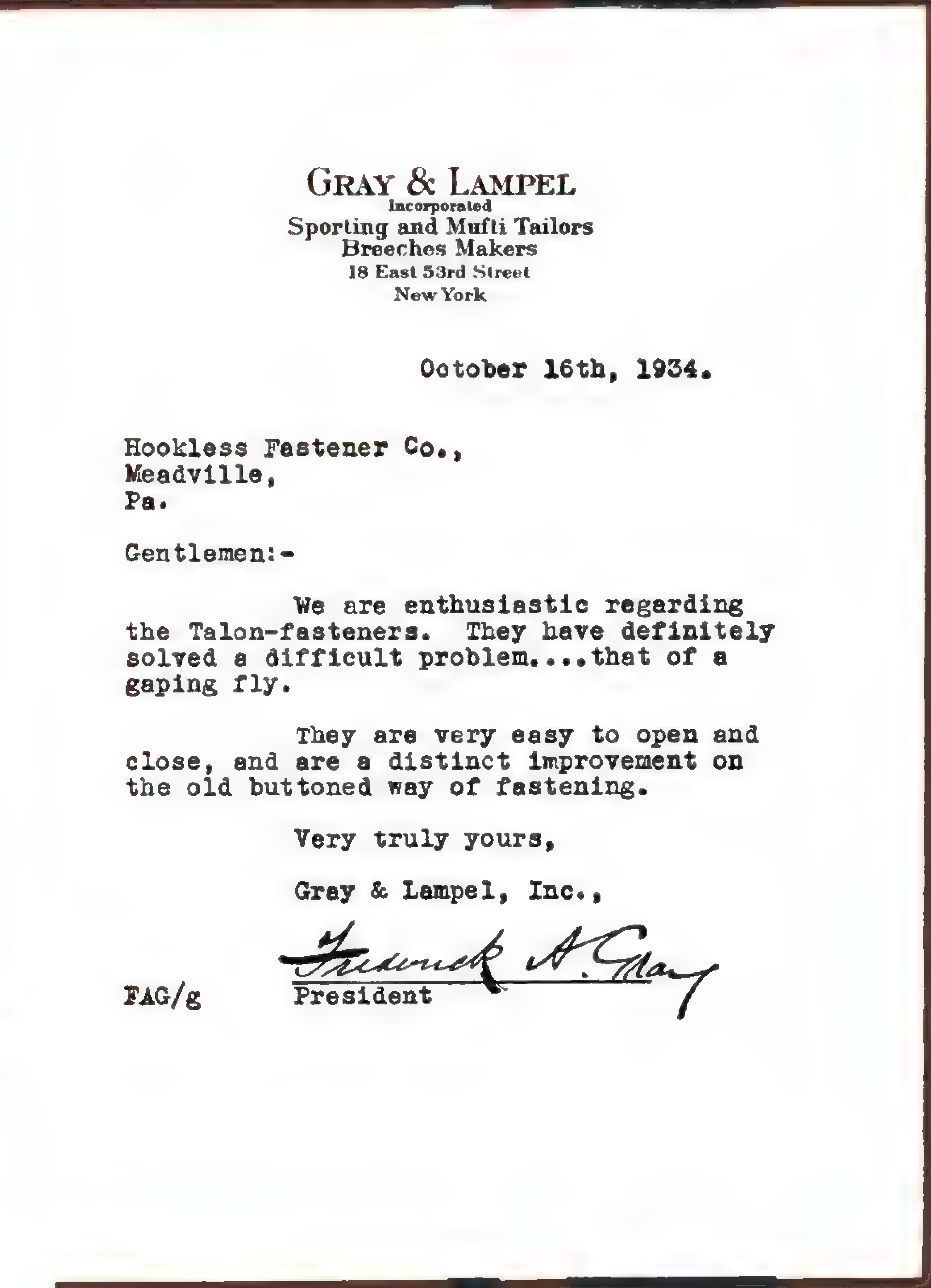
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HOOKLESS FASTENER CO.
Meadville, Pennsylvania
NEW YORK • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE

THESE DICTATE *Men's Attire*

ringsides where thoroughbreds are judged. You will find them wearing clothes made expressly for them by one of the modern exponents of an ancient and time-honored craft — the Custom Tailors . . . By their dictum the world of men's attire now recognizes and requires a new refinement in tailoring . . . Talon is grateful for the sponsorship these Gentlemen have conferred upon Trousers tailored with Talon.



GRAY & LAMPEL
Incorporated
Sporting and Mufti Tailors
Breeches Makers
18 East 53rd Street
New York

October 16th, 1934.

Hookless Fastener Co.,
Meadville,
Pa.

Gentlemen:-

We are enthusiastic regarding the Talon-fasteners. They have definitely solved a difficult problem....that of a gaping fly.

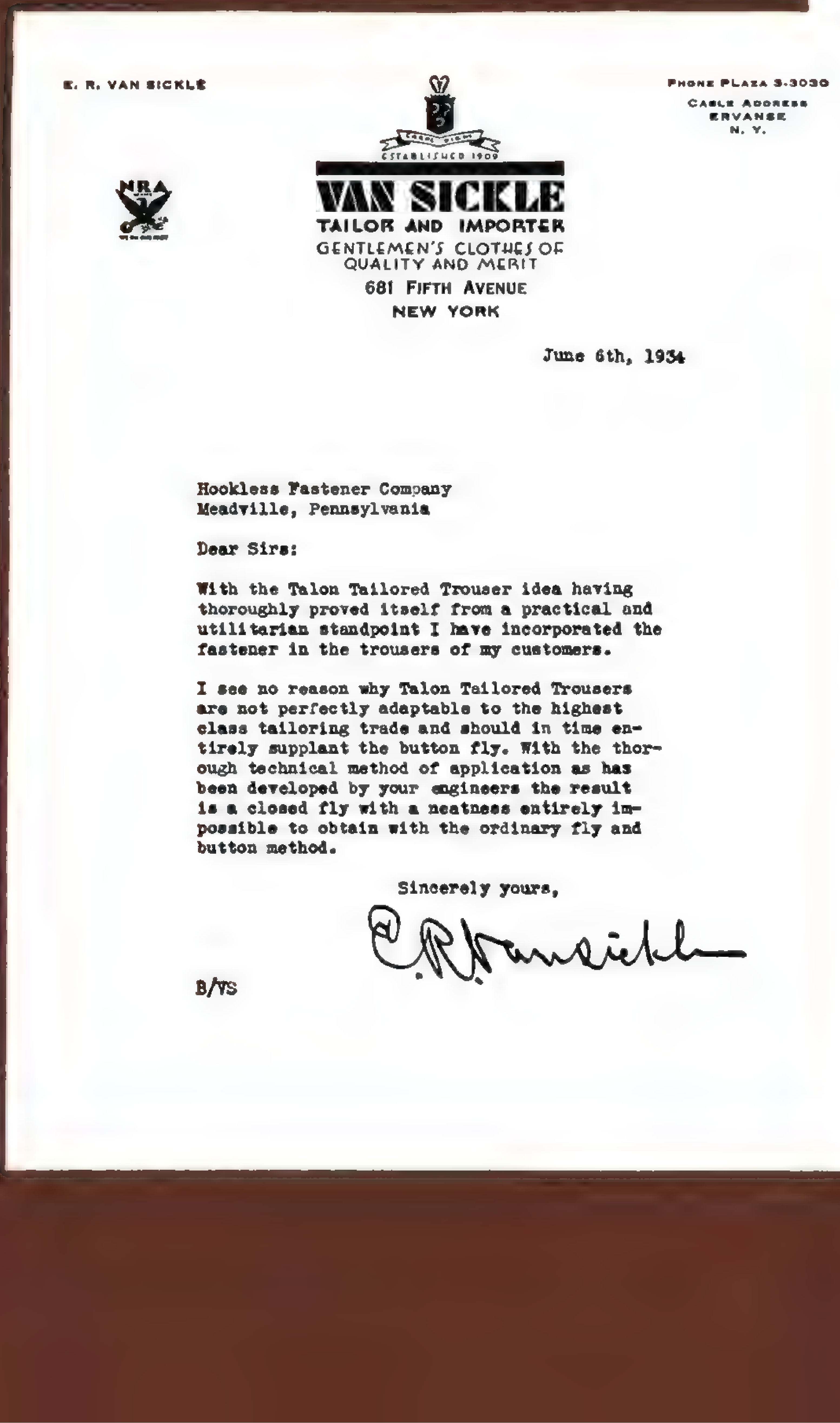
They are very easy to open and close, and are a distinct improvement on the old buttoned way of fastening.

Very truly yours,

Gray & Lampel, Inc.,

Frederick A. Gray
President

FAG/g



E. R. VAN SICKLE

PHONE PLAZA 3-3030
CABLE ADDRESS
ERVANSE
N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1909
VAN SICKLE
TAILOR AND IMPORTER
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES OF
QUALITY AND MERIT
681 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

June 6th, 1934

Hookless Fastener Company
Meadville, Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs:

With the Talon Tailored Trouser idea having thoroughly proved itself from a practical and utilitarian standpoint I have incorporated the fastener in the trousers of my customers.

I see no reason why Talon Tailored Trousers are not perfectly adaptable to the highest class tailoring trade and should in time entirely supplant the button fly. With the thorough technical method of application as has been developed by your engineers the result is a closed fly with a neatness entirely impossible to obtain with the ordinary fly and button method.

Sincerely yours,

E. R. Vansickle

B/VS

DISPLAY NO. 1 OF A SERIES

"From the Foremost Custom Tailors of America"

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Frank Shay

Frank Shay was born in East Orange, New Jersey, although he has been identified with Provincetown so long that most people think of him as a native. His name has appeared as author, compiler or editor on eighteen volumes, most of them plays for Little Theatre production.

•

Ernest Hemingway is still in Cuba as this is written. The marlin run has been very poor this year and he is staying on in the hope that the marlin may make a ninth inning rally.

•

Alfred Kreymborg is teaching at Briarcliff, a girls' school in New York.

•

Frank C. Hanighen, co-author of *Merchants of Death*, the book which foreshadowed the munitions investigation, was born in Omaha thirty-five years ago and attended Harvard, which he left to enlist as a private when the war broke out. His latest book is *The Secret War*, an exposé of the international struggle for oil. It was published by John Day on October 18.

•

Theodore Dreiser, long published by the late Horace Liveright, is now on the Simon and Schuster list. The new publishers celebrated the event with a party at Mr. Dreiser's home on the Old Road, Mt. Kisco, New York on October 28.

•

F. Scott Fitzgerald is in Baltimore, working on a long novel with a medieval Norman setting. His new book of short stories, announced for fall publication, has been postponed until spring.

•

Ernest Poole's best known book is *The Harbor*. His newest, published this fall, is *One of Us*. He was born in Chicago fifty-four years ago, but has lived in New York, except for the war years when he was a correspondent, since his graduation from Princeton in 1902.

•

The Beaut from Montana, on page 49, struck us as being one of those things that are much too good to be true, but having no relish for a libel suit, in case the story might have had a factual basis, we queried **Frank Scully** on that point. His reply is too good to hold out on you:

"No, *The Beaut from Montana* is not a recognizable person—rather a recognizable regiment, and for that reason should send your circulation up in L's and B's. In this issue of recognition I ran into a funny twist in *Once in a Lifetime*. You recall that Kaufman and Hart wrote that without ever having been to Hollywood. They named the nut-cracking playwright Laurence Vail. A year or so later I introduced one of them on the Riviera to the husband of Kay Boyle—none other than Laurence Vail. Vail kidded the shirt off them and had them in a spot. The fact was that they had never heard of him, but couldn't very well tell him that to his face, and he knew they couldn't and kept ribbing them with threats of libel actions. For a couple of smart crackers they took plenty. Afterwards they said to me, 'We give you our word we never heard of the guy. We picked the name out of the thin air.'

"Well," I said, "He is a playwright; he used to write pieces for the Provincetown Players and over here he has had considerable success as a novelist."

"Do you think he is serious?" they asked.

"Of course he is serious," I said. "Wouldn't you be if some guy wrote a piece and called his unsuccessful playwright George Kaufman?"

"But we give you our word we never heard of the guy."

"Privately Vail was tickled to death, but the setup was too perfect to resist ribbing two master ribbers."

•

Lynn Montross was born in Battle Creek, Nebraska, left the University of Nebraska in 1917 to join the army, and lived in Chicago for several years after the Armistice. With his wife, Lois Seyster Montross, he was one of the stand-bys of *College Humor* in its heyday. He now lives in Vermont.

•

Lewis Y. Hagy is a Philadelphian. Both his father and his grandfather were noted turfmen—his grandfather owned a winner of the Belmont Futurity. He is a sports columnist on the Miami Tribune.

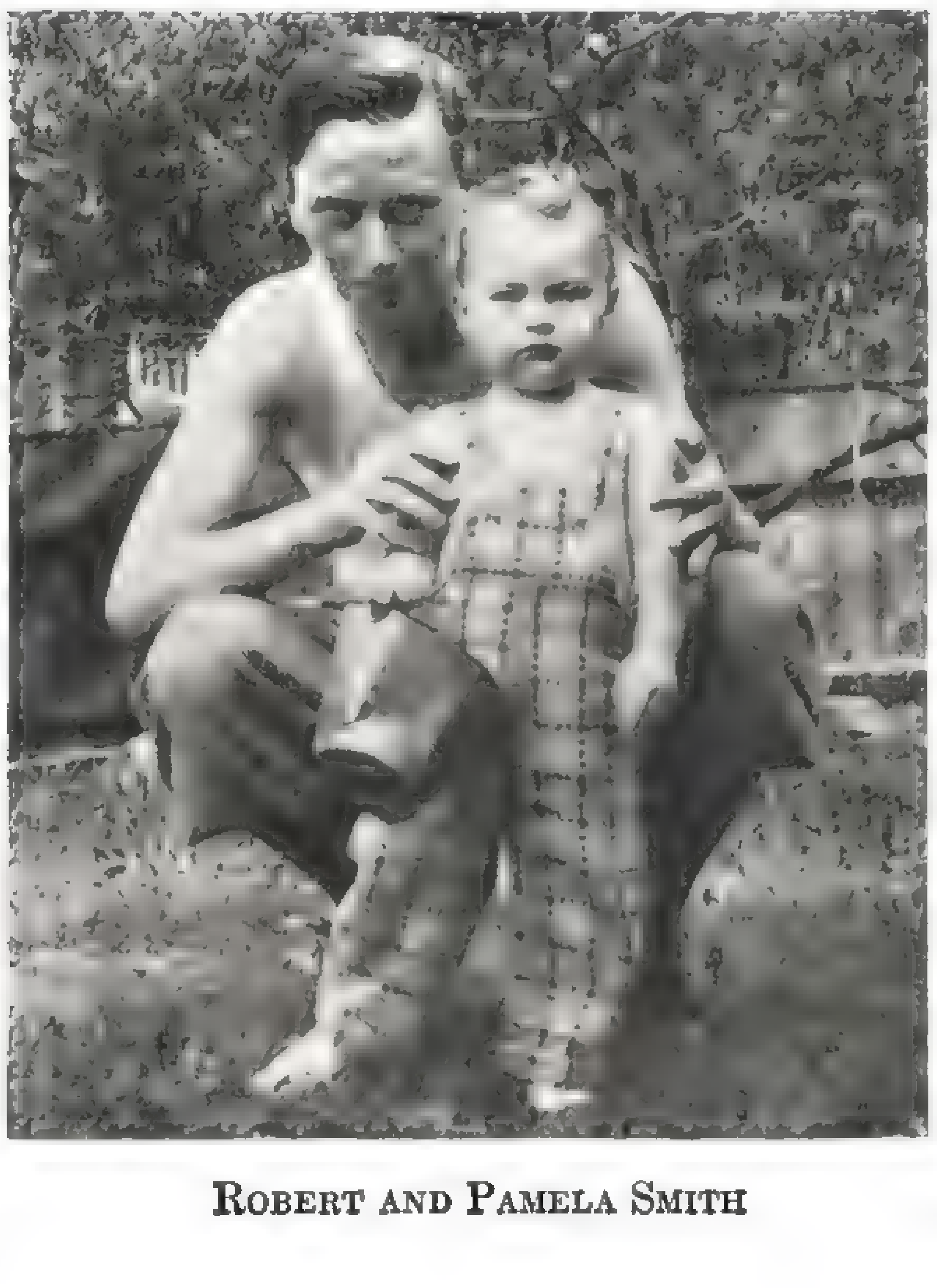
•

L. A. Pavey lives in London. He has been a contributor to *Life & Letters, Criterion, Lovat Dickson's Magazine, New Stories* and *Best Short Stories of 1932.*

•

Robert Smith is married to Ethel Dunton of the stage, has one daughter, Pamela Dean, shown with him in the accompanying snapshot. She is twenty-one months old and has a brother Dunton (Tuffy) aged three. He says of himself:

"My own biography is a little less than brilliant. I was born in Boston in 1905. In 1926 I left Brown University and went into the Maine woods, where I had been spending most of my time for the previous three or four years. Then I came to New York to work for the New York World and have been wishing ever since that I had stayed in Maine. I served a term in the Special Representative racket (where you get paid for going to the movies but are really supposed to sell advertising). And I've done a number of things but nothing much. I wrote some stuff for the radio, did some publicity work and have written detective stories and articles of various descriptions under numerous identities. "Love Story" was in the O. Henry Collection for 1933. At present I am an instructor in journalism at the Newspaper Institute of America. I can't think of anything else of any particular interest. While I was in college I did a little professional boxing (very little)."



Robert and Pamela Smith

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLARD VAN DYKE

William Saroyan

William Saroyan, who was discovered by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley, the editors of *Story*, last January, is by far the most highly touted of this year's crop of new writers. The way he feels about autobiographical notes is this: to make them fantastic and false, but amusing. So here you are:

"I was born in Fresno, California, August 31, 1908. I got one of the finest educations any writer ever got, and was thrown bodily out of high school when I was fifteen, for knowing more than all my teachers and the principal put together, including philosophy. I pruned vines a year, took a correspondence course on deep-sea diving and found myself: in the desert, broke and friendless, with the evening sun going down. I hitch-hiked to Frisco and got a job selling watermelons for the Fior D'Italia market. I am one of the best amateur trapeze performers in America: I wrote a book about circus life once, called *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*. If you haven't read it, you'd better not because it is full of grammatical errors and stuff like that."

•

James M. Cain is the author of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, a best seller with which he crowded the bench of the tough babies, shared by Dashiell Hammett, W. R. Burnett and Benjamin Appel, and originally set out in the sun by Ernest Hemingway. Next month he will tell you all about a duck dinner.

•

Sharat Roy is assistant curator of geology at the Field Museum, Chicago. *The Gory Epic of the North* on page 74 is his first article for a general magazine, his previous writing having been confined to scientific subjects. The material for this article on seal hunting was gathered while he served as geologist of the Macmillan Arctic Expedition for the Field Museum in the summer of 1927 and the fall of 1928.

•

Discovery of the Month is **Robert McLaughlin** whose first published story is *Tournament*, which appears on page 103 of this issue. He says of himself:

"I am twenty-five, was born in Chicago and have lived there most of my life though now in New York. My last gestures in the way of education were made at the University of Colorado.

"I have been writing about four years and have spent most of that time paying collect charges on rejected mss. I like to drink, gamble and attempt to talk blondes or brunettes—occasionally even red heads—into a receptive frame of mind.

"Unlike most of my contemporaries I have never been a longshoreman, cook, galley slave, iron worker, press agent, agitator or martyr to a cause.

"On the credit side of the ledger I am Irish, not fond of pets, unambitious and possess a propensity for getting into jams which at least keeps my life from being dull.

"I dislike ending on a morbid note but unless I make some money rather quickly the chances are even that this autobiographical note can also serve as my obituary. Chicago papers please copy."

Seagram's Ancient Bottle
Seagram's V.O. Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
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IN *Washington's* MAYFLOWER LOUNGE
MEN WHO MAKE THE HEADLINES
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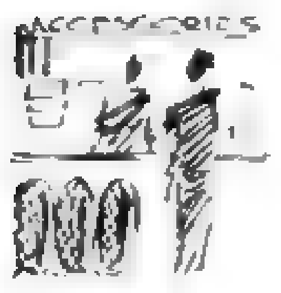

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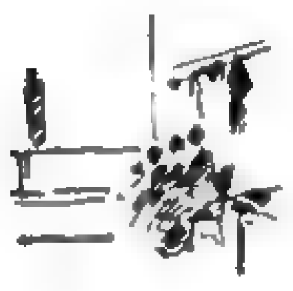


BARBER SHOPS

THE PEERLESS BARBER SHOPS
For that spruce-appearing shave
and artistic haircut, visit:
French Building Shop, 5th Ave. at 45th St.,
Lefcourt National Bldg. Shop, 521 Fifth Ave.,
Bricken Building Shop, 1441 Broadway, N.Y.C.

BARS

DISCOVER—this quiet, intimate bar on the fashionable East Side where reasonable prices are charged for carefully mixed cocktails. Only choice wines and liquors are used. This is a popular meeting place for New York's smart younger set. THE WINSLOW COCKTAIL TERRACE, Madison Ave. at 55th St.

CAMERAS

If you don't know his taste in ties, or his size in socks. If jewelry is too personal, and an imported handbag not personal enough—give a Camera. It's the thoughtful, useful gift that everyone appreciates. You'll find every type and make at Willoughbys, World's Largest Exclusive Camera Store, 110 W. 32nd St., N. Y.

CUSTOM SHIRT MAKERS

GIFTS for the man who buys nothing but the best for himself. Exclusive fabrics in neckwear, imported linen and colorful silk handkerchiefs, individually monogrammed silk crocheted evening scarfs, hosiery of distinctive weave and pattern. Visit the shop of DUDLEY G. ELDRIDGE, 5 E. 52nd St., N. Y. C.

We've made shirts since 1878. And having achieved satisfaction we stay with it. Send for a swatch of our special white cloth, also new oxblood mentioned by Esquire. Shirts made to measure from $6.50 up. Large and exclusive assortment of neckwear for holiday gifts. HUTCHINSON & CO., 15 E. 40th St., N. Y.

KASKEL'S Custom Shirts combine superb tailoring with distinctive and exclusive fabrics. No feature of fine custom tailoring is overlooked. $7 and upwards. Write for sample fabrics. Kaskel and Kaskel, 567 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ENTERTAINMENT

ASTROLOGY—A FORECAST OF THE TRENDS and influences for the coming year. Together with an intelligent analysis—and method of solution of your problems. Personal interview or written. Send birthdate, birthplace and hour of birth if known. Price $10.00. Deborah Lewis, 140 E. 46th St., New York.

HELEN O. MAY—Astrological Forecasts. Send date, hour and place of birth. One year forecast $5.00, two years $10.00. Personal questions answered. Write 8346 118th Street, Kew Gardens, L. I. Phone Virginia 7-5226.

One of the newest innovations in cigarette cases is the regular flat shape that opens with the same principle as the old-fashioned roll-top desk. This is an English importation and is being featured by a great many of the better department stores and specialty shops. • For the country loving gentleman one of the popular men's outfitters are featuring checked tweed waistcoats with leather buttons and ribbed knitted backs. We imagine this same waistcoat would be ideal for horseback riding in colder weather. • For those to whom eating is an art rather than a habit we recommend the new chop-knife, which has just been introduced into this country. It has been used in England for many years in the better chop-houses. It resembles somewhat the straight razor grandfather used and is excellent for maneuvering around bones and joints.

For men who pride themselves on their cane and umbrella collections one of the most convenient gadgets is a new cane and umbrella rack, which is fastened to the inside of one's closet door. It is also a convenient arrangement for the guest closet. • The use of cinnamon swizzle sticks to dunk in highballs and other tall drinks to add that spicy cinnamon flavor is the latest fancy of the seasoned drinker. These take the place of the glass swizzler for mixing and add zest at the same time. • Speaking of spices and flavors, there is a new mustard that is being featured by better clubs and hotels which adds much to the flavor of salad dressings and cold meats. • With the current vogue for owning tropical fish there have been many ingenious aquariums devised for holding them. One of the newest is a pair of fish aquariums fashioned into bookends, with a lighting arrangement that shows your pet fish to advantage.

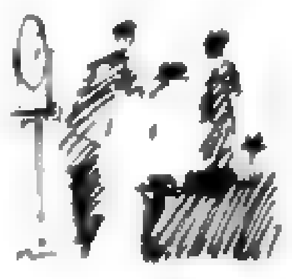
A check-up of the most fashionable and exclusive custom tailoring establishments reveals that 75% of the evening dress clothes ordered this year are of the new midnight blue shade, which is blacker than black, and seems to eliminate entirely the streaks of grey, green and brown that artificial lights bring out in so-called black evening clothes. • For an all-night party when ice-cubes may become a problem, an enterprising manufacturer has produced a vacuum ice-cube container which holds a quart of cubes for twelve hours. • For that solitary cup of coffee at midnight there is a new electrical appliance which plugs into an ordinary socket and contains at the opposite end a small percolator-like attachment which, placed in a cup of water, produces an excellent cup of coffee.

Stitched tweed hats for country and spectator sports wear are being featured by the better hat-shops for the first time in years. They are shown in all types of heavy Irish and Scotch tweeds in bold checked and plaid patterns, and are a fitting accompaniment to all types of country clothes. • For winter sports there is a new double-breasted dark brown leather jacket, similar in style to an English shooting coat, which is made of a soft, washable leather and has a very warm lightweight wool lining. This is perfect for ice-skating and other outdoor winter activities because of its practicability. • For those who dine smartly at home one of the better shops is showing a coffee and liqueur tray which also contains a compartment for cigarette ashes. This will make an ideal Christmas present. • One of the smartest gentlemen's outfitters is showing a two-color Cashmere muffler that may be put on the head in stocking fashion—the opposite end wrapping around the neck. This is the most practical skating cap we have come across. The same shop is featuring Irish and Scotch tweeds and homespuns in polo model overcoats.

GIFTS

For week-ends, business trips or club days, pack up your kit bag and enjoy life. Expertly made English kit bags of sturdy black or tan hide—18, 20, 22, 24 inch, $28, $30, $32, $34 at MARK CROSS, Fifth Ave., & 37th St., New York. Send for illustrated folder of worthwhile gifts.

Ovington's is another name for the swellest gifts in all the world. Take a look at their seven floors of china, silver, crystal, lamps and gadgets and watch your Christmas problems dissolve! Ovington's Gift Book—a complete compendium of gay, glorious gifts, is just off the press. Send for it. 5th Avenue at 39th St.



HATTER

YOUNG'S-STETSON DERBIES for Smartness. Correct for the social hours of the day and evening. STETSONS at $6.50 and up; PENN-CRAFT $5.00; YOUNG'S $2.95 and $3.50. Opera, Silk, and Black Felts for the more formal occasions. AT YOUNG'S 29 SMART HAT SHOPS IN NEW YORK.

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REMEMBER THE FUN YOU HAD WITH STAMPS? . . . Pass it on to the boys and girls. Give them a beginner's outfit, album or fine packet. Scott's albums and outfits are the best value; every Scott stamp is unconditionally guaranteed. Go to the nearest stamp dealer and say "Scott." He'll solve your Xmas problems. Send for free, illustrated catalog. SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 1 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.

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THE VANDERBILT HOTEL . . . 5 MINUTES from Grand Central Terminal or Penn Station . . . spacious, luxurious rooms—Single room with private bath, $3; double room, twin beds and bath, $5. Walton H. Marshall, Manager, Park Avenue at 34th Street, New York.

AN ENVIABLE LOCATION on the fashionable East Side, one block from Radio City. Rooms, suites or apartments beautifully appointed and comfortable. HOTEL NEW WESTON—single room with bath $4; double room with bath $6. Old English Cocktail Lounge. Madison Ave. at 50th St., New York.

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Since 1839 CROUCH & FITZGERALD has been synonymous with the finest in leather goods. Send or stop in for our illustrated booklet of Leather Gifts . . . it solves many a gift problem . . . address us at 400 Madison Ave., New York.

WHAT LUGGAGE SHALL I BUY? If you can't call and see the finest of new luggage on sale at our 34th Street Store, write for our miniature catalog: *"A Guide to Fine Luggage"* . . . Sent on request. OSHKOSH TRUNKS, Inc., 8 East 34th Street, New York City.

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Martini&Rossi Vermouth is standard throughout the world and has been for generations. It is an international drink. It literally covers the globe. Its list of branch offices and warehouses reads like an atlas—begins with Addis Ababa, ends with Yokohama. As nearly as we can tell, these are the best known bottles in the world.

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LIQUOR

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MEN'S OUTFITTERS

BRILL'S new Madison Avenue shop is keyed up with smart haberdashery for a man's Christmas. As for yourself, if you think there are no thrills in men's clothing try on a new Kuppenheimer suit. "Designed by Duncan Paige." BRILL BROS., 306 Madison Ave., New York.

Do your Christmas shopping on Fifth Avenue . . . at Wallach's Empire State Building Store, Fifth Avenue corner 33rd, or Fifth Avenue corner 45th. Everything in the best of taste and prices reasonable. Service to all parts of the United States. Give us the word. We'll do the rest.

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Specializes in Clothes
For All Formal Occasions
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McCORD AND MACE, LTD.
Gentlemen's Garments for All Occasions
Exclusively Custom Made
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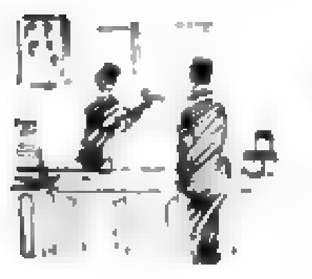

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CHUKKERS CIGARETTES
(English Blend)
At all better cigar counters.
If your dealer cannot supply you write
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CIGARETTES OF PURE TOBACCO (NOTHING ADDED) . . . Choice of blend, tips, monograms, size and shape. Send $2.25 for introductory offer of 100 cigarettes (4 blends) of Turkish and domestic tobacco. Xmas box of 100—$3.25. Money back guarantee. CONNOISSEUR TOBACCO CO., 11 State St., N.Y.

COMOY PIPES in 150 shapes from $4 to $7. A complete assortment of the finest pipes in the world . . . over 25,000 in stock. Write for our free catalog "Pipe-Lore." WALLY FRANK, LTD., 93 Nassau St. & 10 E. 45th St., N. Y. C. Tel. Vanderbilt 3-9889.

Ever decide to stop smoking? Because of the effects of nicotine . . . not that you disliked smoking. Compromise by using O-NIC-O. Less than 1% nicotine, yet smooth and tasty. Write for $1 sample to convince you, indicate Cigars, Cigarettes or Tobacco. LINCOLN & ULMER, INC., 134 W. 43rd St., N. Y. C.

SCALP SPECIALISTS

NUDE TEMPLES and dandruff never catch up with an Ogilvie client. Consultation and advice without obligation. World-famous Scalp Treatment, $1.50. Preparations for home use on sale. Ask or write for free booklet of valuable information. OGILVIE METHOD, 604 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Tel. BRyant 9-5290.

One of the prominent perfumers is producing a masculine perfume without the slightest odor of effeminacy. • The newest note for evening wear is a black antelope cigarette case, silver-trimmed. This is an English importation being shown by one of the most exclusive furnishers in this country. • University students at Yale and Princeton are wearing crochet mufflers in authentic English regimental stripes. This should prove very popular with the present vogue for English regimental stripes in neckwear. • An old-fashioned over-sized change purse in oiled silk fashions the newest tobacco pouch seen in club stripes of rep silk. This style of pouch seems to be very popular with real pipe smokers.

A great many of the younger men who are seen in the evenings at the better hotel grills, and night clubs, are seen wearing the Inverness cape coat with evening dress. There seems to be a definite revival of old-fashioned dress coats that are in vogue once more, as one of the better men's shops is showing a silk lined black dress coat that is cut exactly like a Scotch tweed Balmaccan. • With the present vogue for brown suede shoes to be worn both for town and country, one of the oldest of men's clothing stores has introduced a new model that is ankle high and is cut similar to an English riding shoe. This style was first introduced into America by leading polo players and since, has gained immediate acceptance with well-dressed sportsmen. • Speaking of the popularity of brown suede, this same establishment has introduced odd waistcoats for country wear of brown suede in the same color as the shoes. They also have a brown buckskin glove in this same color. • The black jacket and striped trouser ensemble has been out of the fashion picture for many years. However, young Londoners have revived this fashion in a new form. The jacket is double breasted and carries no braid. Trousers are usually of cheviot in grey, checks and plaids. • Colored soft shirts and colored neckwear with white starched collars are worn with this more informal type of semi-formal day dress. Very often, the trousers carry cuffs and sometimes, soft colored collars to match the shirts are seen. • Green is an important color in headwear, and is growing in favor daily with well-dressed men. The most popular model is the homburg with stitched brim and made in a rough finished felt. This same rough felt texture is also seen in snap brim models for country wear. • At recent steeplechase race meets, held at fashionable estates, there has been a very definite acceptance by well-dressed men of the popular British short-warm. This is the coat that has been adopted from the regulation English Army coat, that is knee length, double breasted, with a wide flare at the bottom, and a long center vent. The buttons on the coat are of leather and the bottom of the coat carries four rows of stitching. The original model was made of a tan Melton cloth, but it is seen today in all types of tweeds and camel's hair.

There is a new six and three black silk ribbed hose for evening wear that has woolen feet. This is, without a doubt, the most practical type of hose for dancing that we know of. It is as practical and comfortable as it is healthful. • The newest from London in sweaters is the short sleeveless cable stitched sweater in such colors as wine, navy blue, grey, and brown. The cable stitch, if you will remember, was popularized by the famous Mr. Tilden. Of course, his sweater was a long sleeve, heavy stitched affair, while these newer sleeveless models are made in much closer and finer weaves. • One of the better department stores is featuring patent leather lounging slippers that are cut similar to opera pumps, with silk bow and all. They, of course, have a much thinner sole and heel and are ideal for a dinner party at home.

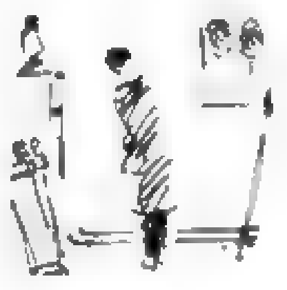
RESTAURANTS

A RENDEZVOUS FOR GOURMETS: French cuisine of outstanding excellence at moderate prices. Enjoy a delicious meal with proper wines from interesting and varied menus. The charm of this old Knickerbocker section prevails. HOTEL BREVOORT RESTAURANT, Fifth Ave. at 8th St., N. Y.

THE SALON MADRID . . . In the famous Fifth Ave. Hotel at 9th St., N. Y. Dinner and Supper Dancing Nightly. Mishel Gorner and his Fifth Ave. Hotel Orchestra. No cover charge. No minimum charge. Cardinal Plate Dinner $1.25. Dinner de Luxe $1.75. Served from 6 to 9 P.M.

LE BIJOU CAFE—2 East 56th St., New York. Luncheon, Cocktail Hour, Dinner, After Theatre—The Most Continental Place in New York—Frances Maddux Sings—Jimmy Rogers Entertains at the Bar—Marion Di Polo and his Orchestra—Lord and Marshall Dance—Plaza 3-4282.

PARK LANE—Park Ave. at 49th St.
"New York's Hotel of Distinction"
Luncheon—Cocktail Hour—Dinner
Dancing
Prix fixe luncheon $1.50—dinner $2.00
also a la carte
Cafe and "Round the World Bar"



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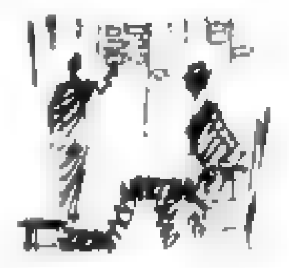

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HANAN MASTER LASTS—an exclusive range of models are made by expert craftsmen for perfect fit and longer life. Men who wear them know what we mean when we say—*Quality, like character, endures.* Priced $10.50 to $12.50. HANAN & SON, NEW YORK - LONDON - PARIS - NICE.

SMART GIFT FOR A MAN . . . IMPORTED CAMEL CLOTH SLIPPERS IN SMART SCOTCH PLAIDS. Send shoe size and check for $2.50. Shoes priced to $12.50. Pharaoh & O'Connell, Inc., British Footwear Exclusively, 14 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

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SUGGESTION

ESQUIRE has available only at Christmas time a special Christmas gift rate. This special rate offers to business organizations with salesmen, dealers and customers to remember at Christmas time, as well as to everyone who has a Christmas shopping list that features one or more men's names, an opportunity to care for their Christmas requirements in an exceptionally satisfactory manner. See pages 162 and 181 for the listing of special Christmas rates. A hitherto unpublished Renoir is your Christmas card with a gift of ESQUIRE, printed in a full six-color process on heavy vellum paper which preserves all its luminous depth and brilliance; of a large size—nine inches by six inches—it is of considerable intrinsic value as a print to be saved and framed.

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CREATION SPECIALE DE CARON
YOUTH·SPORT·GOOD LOOKS

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MAURICE FREED

Old Newsman Writes

A letter from Cuba

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Your correspondent is an old newspaper man. That makes us all just one big family. But the bad luck for the customers is that your correspondent was a working newspaper man and as such used to envy the way columnists were allowed to write about themselves. When the papers would come over your correspondent would read a long blob-blobs by his then favorite columnist on the columnist himself, his child, what he thought and how he thought it, while on this same day your correspondent's output would be something on this order: KEMAL INSWARDS UNBURNED SMYRNA GUILTY GREEKS, sending it at three dollars a word Eastern Cable urgent to appear as, copyrighted by Monumental News Service, "Mustapha Kemal in an exclusive interview today with the correspondent of the Monumental News Service denied vehemently that the Turkish forces had any part in the burning of Smyrna. The city, Kemal stated, was fired by incendiaries in the troops of the Greek rear guard before the first Turkish patrols entered the city."

I don't know what was on the mind of the good grey baggy-pants of the columns when he used to write those I, me, my pieces but I am sure he had his troubles even before he took over the world's troubles and, anyway, it has been interesting to watch his progress from an herbivorous (out-doors, the spring, baseball, an occasional half-read book) columnist to a carnivorous (riots, violence, disaster, and revolution) columnist. But personal columnists, and this is getting to read a little like a column, are jackals and no jackal has been known to live on grass once he had learned about meat—no matter who killed the meat for him. Winchell kills his own meat and so do a few others. But they have news in their columns and are the most working of working newspaper men. So let us return to the ex-favorite who projects his personality rather than goes for the facts.

Things were in just as bad shape, and worse, as far as vileness, injustice and rottenness are concerned, in 1921, '22 and '23 as they are now but our then favorite columnist did not get around as much in those days or else he didn't read the papers. Or else we had to go broke at home before anybody would take the rest of the world seriously.

The trouble with our former favorite is that he started his education too late. There is no time for him, now, to learn what a man should know before he will die. It is not enough to have a big heart, a pretty good head, a charm of personality, baggy pants, and a facility with a typewriter to know how the world is run and who is making the assists, the put-outs and the errors and who are merely the players and who are the owners. Our favorite will never know because he started too late and because he cannot think coldly with his head.

For instance the world was much closer to revolution in the years after the war than it is now. In those days we who believed in it, looked for it at any time, expected it, hoped for it—for it was the logical thing. But everywhere it came it was aborted. For a long time I could not understand it but finally I figured it out. If you study history you will see that there can never be a Communist revolution without, first, a complete military debacle. You have to see what happens in a military debacle to understand this. It is something so utterly complete in its disillusion about the system that has put them into this, in its destruction and purging away of all the existing standards, faiths and loyalties, when the war is being fought by a conscript army, that it is the necessary catharsis before revolution. No country was ever riper for revolution than Italy after the war but the revolution was doomed to fail because her defeat was not complete; because after Caporetto she fought and won in June and July of 1918 on the Piave. From the Piave, by way of the Banca Commerciale, the Credito Italiano, the merchants of Milan who wanted the prosperous socialist co-operative societies and the socialist municipal government of that city smashed, came Fascism.

It is too long a story to go into here but our present literary revolutionary mouthpieces ought to study a little contemporary history. But no history is written honestly. You have to keep in touch with it at the time and you can depend on just as much as you have actually seen and followed. And these boys started too late. Because it isn't all in Marx nor in Engels, a lot of things have happened since then.

What the boys need, to play the races successfully, is past performances. They also need to have known horses for a long time, and to be able to tell them in the early morning around sun-up with no numbers, no colors, with blankets on them, and to be able to clock them, then, as they go by in the half-light and, thus, know what times they are capable of making.

If the men who write editorials for the New Republic and The Monthly Review, say, had to take an examination on what they actually know about the mechanics, theory, past performance and practice of actual revolution, as it is made, not as it is hoped for, I doubt if any one of them would have one hundredth part of the knowledge of his subject that the average sensible follower of the horses has of the animals.

France was whipped and ready for revolution in 1917 after the failure of the Chemin des Dames offensive. Regiments revolted and marched on Paris. Clemenceau came into power when practically every politician and all the sane people of the country were secretly negotiating or hoping for a peace and by shooting or frightening out of the country all his old political enemies, refusing to negotiate a peace, executing God knows how many soldiers who died without publicity tied to stakes before the firing squads at Vincennes, and holding on without fighting until the American effort arrived, had his troops fighting again by July of 1918. Because they ended up as winners, revolution was doomed in France and anybody who saw, on Clemenceau's orders, the Garde Republicaine, with their shining breastplates, their horse-hair plumes, and those high-chested, big-hoofed, well-shod horses, charge and ride down the parade of mutilated war veterans who were confident the Old Man would never do anything to them, his poilus that he loved, and saw the slashing sabers, the start of the gallop then, the smashed wheel chairs, men scattered on the streets unable to run, the broken crutches, the blood and brains on the cobble-stones, the iron-shod hooves striking sparks from the stones but making a different sound when they rode over legless, armless men, while the crowd ran; nobody who saw that could be expected to think something new was happening when Hoover had the troops disperse the bonus army.

Germany was never defeated in a military debacle. There was never any Sedan such as prepared the way for the Commune. There was no final complete bankruptcy of faith in what the war was fought for. U. S. troops took Sedan but the Army was retreating orderly. Germany had simply failed to win in the Spring and Summer but the army was still intact and there was a peace made before there was a defeat of the kind that makes revolution. True, there was a revolution but it was conditioned and held in check by the way in which the war had ended and those who had never accepted a military defeat hated those who had and started to do away with the ablest of them by the vilest program of assassination the world has ever known. They started, immediately after the war, by killing Karl Leibnecht and Rosa Luxembourg, and they killed on, steadily eliminating revolutionary and liberal alike by an unvarying process of intelligent assassination. Walter Rathenau was a different and better man than Roehm, the pervert, but the same men and the same system murdered both.

Spain got a revolution that corresponded exactly to the extent of her military debacle at Annual and those who were responsible for that terrible butchery lost their jobs and their thrones. But when they tried to extend that revolution three weeks ago the mass of the people were not ready for it and they did not want it.

Neither Austria nor Hungary were ever really defeated in the war in the sense that France was defeated in 1870. The war wore out before anyone won it with them and what has happened in both countries has reflected that. Too many people still believed in the State and war is the health of the state. You will see that finally it will become necessary for the health of the so-called communist state in Russia. But the penalty for losing a war badly enough, completely and finally enough is the destruction of the state. Make a note of this, Baggy-pants.

Now a writer can make himself a nice career while he is alive by espousing a political cause, working for it, making a profession of believing in it, and if it wins he will be very well placed. All politics is a matter of working hard without reward, or with a living wage for a time, in the hope of booty later. A man can be a Fascist or a Communist and if his outfit gets in he can get to be an ambassador or have a million copies of his books printed by the Government or any of the other rewards the boys dream about. Because the literary revolution boys are all ambitious. I have been living for some time where revolutions have gotten past the parlor or publishers' tea and light picketing stage and I know. A lot of my friends have gotten excellent jobs and some others are in jail. But none of this will help the writer as a writer unless he finds something new to add to human knowledge while he is writing. Otherwise he will stink like any other writer when they bury him; except, since he has had political affiliations, they will send more flowers at the time and later he will stink a little more.

The hardest thing in the world to do is to write straight honest prose on human beings. First you have to know the subject; then you have to know how to write. Both take a lifetime to learn and anybody is cheating who takes politics as a way out. It is too easy. All the outs are too easy and the thing itself is too hard to do. But you have to do it and every time you do it well, those human beings and that subject are done and your field is that much more limited. Of course the boys are all wishing you luck and that helps a lot. (Watch how they wish you luck after the first one.) But don't let them suck you in to start writing about the proletariat, if you don't come from the proletariat, just to please the recently politically enlightened critics. In a little while these critics will be something else. I've seen them be a lot of things and none of them was pretty. Write about what you know and write truly and tell them all where they can place it. They are all really very newly converted and very frightened, really, and when Moscow tells them what I am telling you, then they will believe it. Books should be about the people you know, that you love and hate, not about the people you study up about. If you write them truly they will have all the economic implications a book can hold.

In the meantime, since it is Christmas, if you want to read a book by a man who knows exactly what he is writing about and has written it marvelously well, read Appointment in Samarra by John O'Hara.

Then when you have more time read another book called War and Peace by Tolstoi and see how you will have to skip the big Political Thought passages, that he undoubtedly thought were the best things in the book when he wrote it, because they are no longer either true or important, if they ever were more than topical, and see how true and lasting and important the people and the action are. Do not let them deceive you about what a book should be because of what is in the fashion now. All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened and after you are finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you; the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people and the places and how the weather was. If you can get so that you can give that to people, then you are a writer. Because that is the hardest thing of all to do. If, after that, you want to abandon your trade and get into politics, go ahead, but it is a sign that you are afraid to go on and do the other, because it is getting too hard and you have to do it alone and so you want to do something where you can have friends and well wishers, and be part of a company engaged in doing something worth doing instead of working all your life at something that will only be worth doing if you do it better than it has ever been done.

You must be prepared to work always without applause. When you are excited about something is when the first draft is done. But no one can see it until you have gone over it again and again until you have communicated the emotion, the sights and the sounds to the reader, and by the time you have completed this the words, sometimes, will not make sense to you as you read them, so many times have you re-read them. By the time the book comes out you will have started something else and it is all behind you and you do not want to hear about it. But you do, you read it in covers and you see all the places that now you can do nothing about. All the critics who could not make their reputations by discovering you are hoping to make them by predicting hopefully your approaching impotence, failure and general drying up of natural juices. Not a one will wish you luck or hope that you will keep on writing unless you have political affiliations in which case these will rally around and speak of you and Homer, Balzac, Zola and Link Steffens. You are just as well off without these reviews. Finally, in some other place, some other time, when you can't work and feel like hell you will pick up the book and look in it and start to read and go on and in a little while say to your wife, "Why this stuff is bloody marvelous."

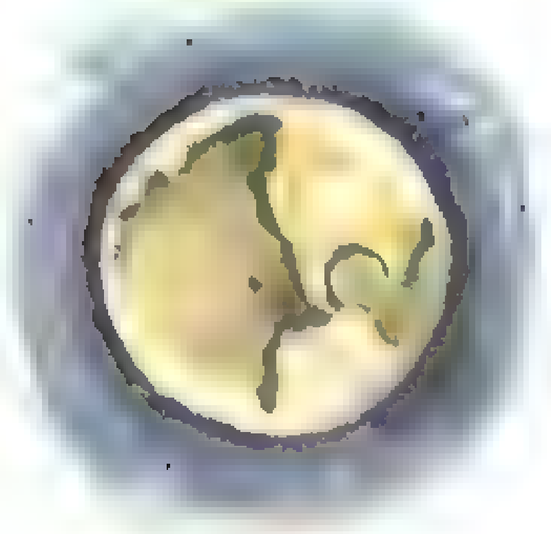
And she will say, "Darling, I always told you it was." Or maybe she doesn't hear you and says, "What did you say?" and you do not repeat the remark.

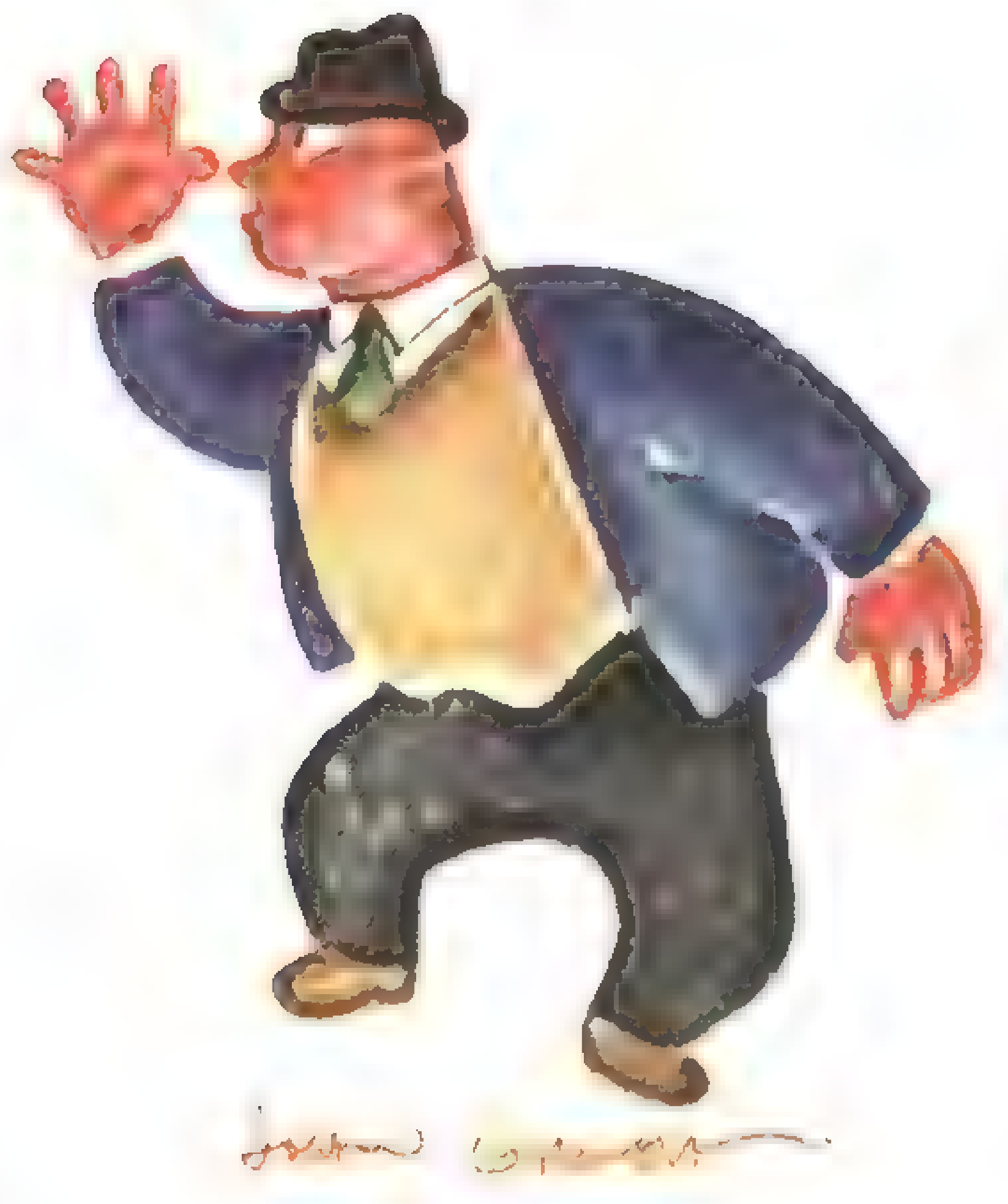
But if the book is good, is about something that you know, and is truly written and reading it over you see that this is so you can let the boys yip and the noise will have that pleasant sound coyotes make on a very cold night when they are out in the snow and you are in your own cabin that you have built or paid for with your work.

The Latest Clichés

An epigrammatic knife dissects types of mind

by ALFRED KREYMBORG



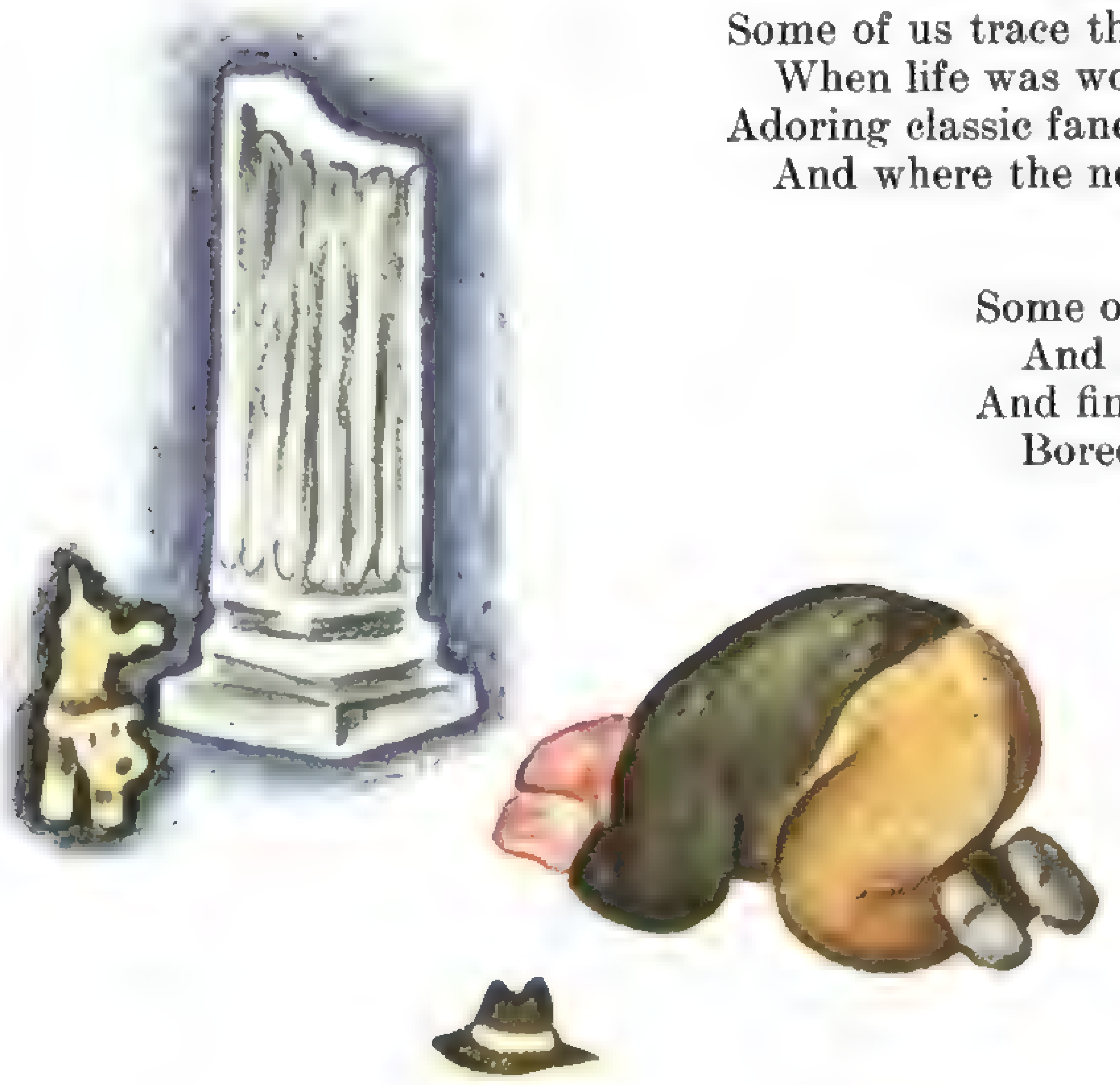


ESTHETICISM

Some of us court a popular despair:
The world we lost is lost beyond repair.
Hugging an ivory tower in the gloom,
We'll die as esthetes die who paint the moon.

Mr. ELIOT

Some of us trace the road to yesterday
When life was worth the living, so we say,
Adoring classic fanes where Christ arose,
And where the new catholicism snows.



EVOLUTION

Some of us breed a scientific ape
And watch the gods emerge in human shape,
And finding we but worship what we are,
Boredom destroys another silly star.

HARD-BOILED

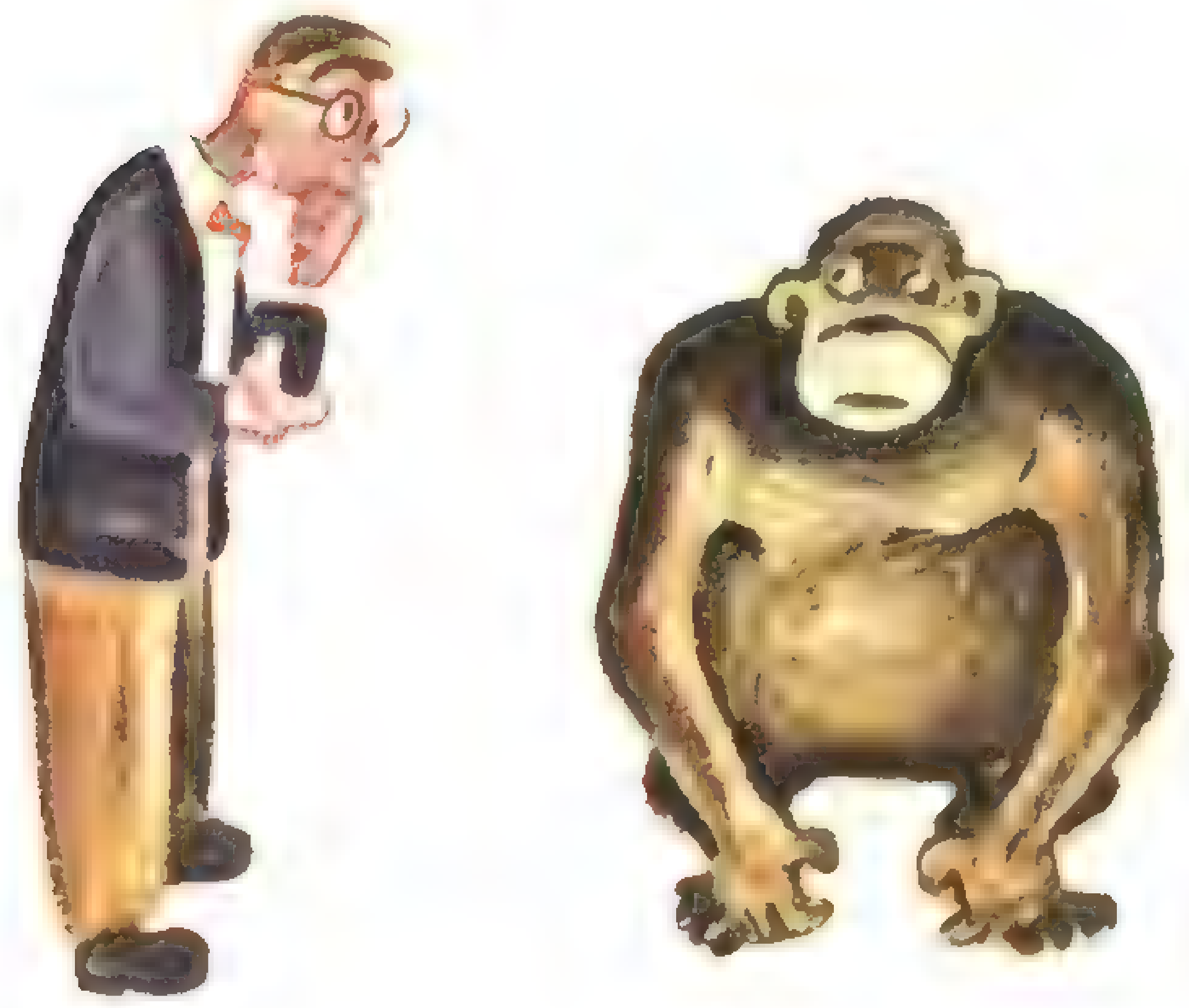
Some of us now reject the brutal spheres
Because they didn't drink romantic tears.
The bitter heart secretes a cynic tongue
To poison the dream we loved when we were young.

EDDIE GUEST

Some of us claim we love life as it is
And do not blame the world for what we miss.
When Ballyhoo and Pollyanna kissed,
They impregnated one more optimist.

WALL STREET

Some of us hate the everlasting dollar
That gave the crown to few, to most a collar,
And loathe the symbolic sun whose sunset gleams,
Carrying off the dollar of our dreams.

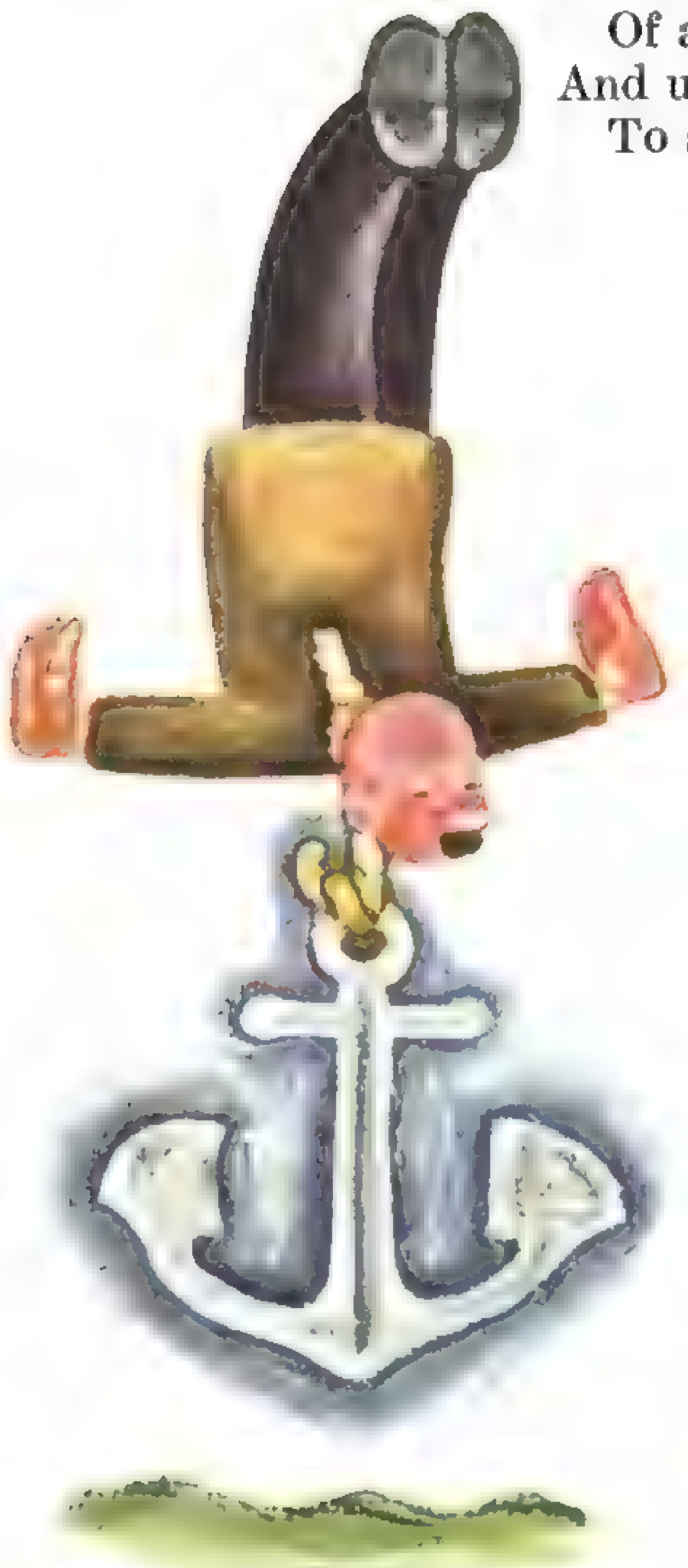


UTOPIA

Some of us, born to save humanity,
Propose a more humane democracy
Out of Utopias and all the bunk
The rest of us regard by getting drunk.

LAISSEZ FAIRE

Some of us hitch existence to the mud
Of absolute inertia of the blood,
And ultimately try a sudden dive
To see if suicide is more alive.

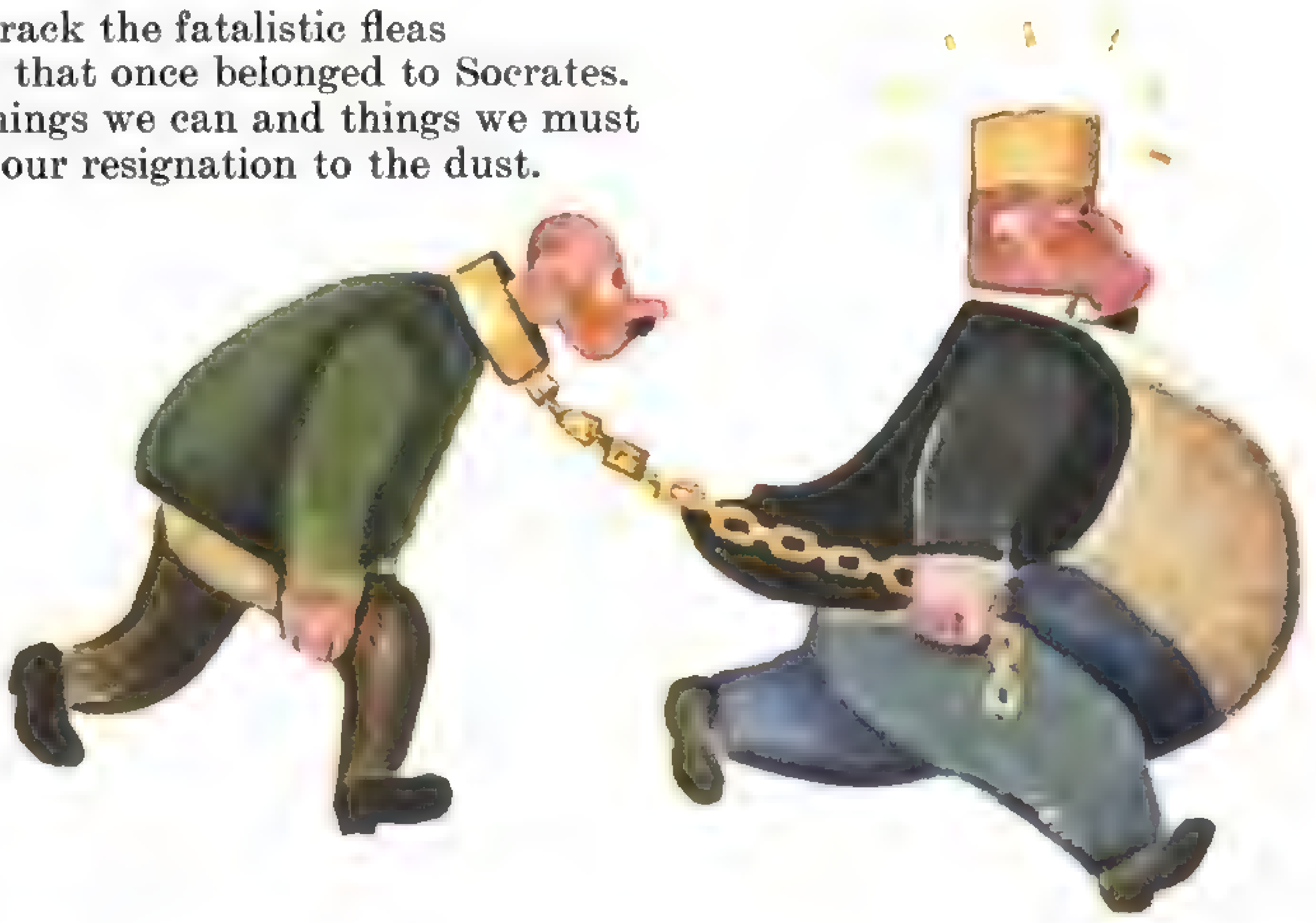


SHADES OF DONNE

Some of us, while we're idolizing Death,
Refuse to die before our noble breath
Has chiselled fame in that immortal line
Where "bone" and "stone" create the final rhyme.

NEO-FATALISM

Some of us crack the fatalistic fleas
With nails that once belonged to Socrates.
We do the things we can and things we must
And hand our resignation to the dust.



MONOTYPES BY JOHN GROTH

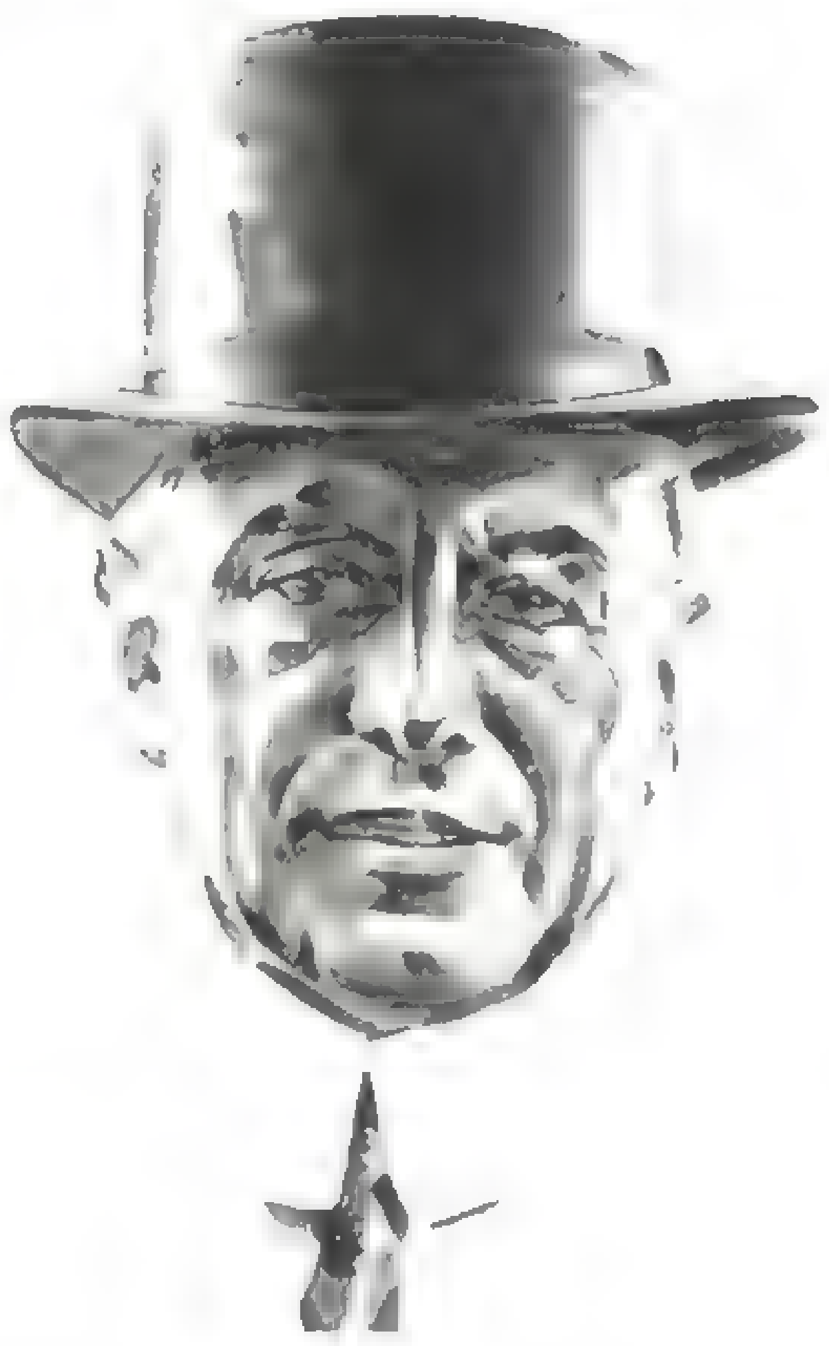
The Man Behind Hitler

Sketch of the life—and plans—of Germany's sinister Fritz Thyssen, with hints of bloodshed to come

by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

• ARTICLE •

WHO dictates to a dictator? In the case of Mussolini, the shade of Machiavelli stands behind the uplifted arm of the Fascist salute. Stalin relies on the sainted Marx. Other dictators have more material mentors. The "iron men" who govern banana republics in the Caribbean are backed by the fruit companies. And in Germany it is Thyssen *uber* Hitler.



Fritz Thyssen is the most powerful coal and steel magnate in the Reich. He rules 200,000 workers in his mines and factories. Officially he is just one of the numerous members of the Grand Economic Council of the nation. But in reality he is the moving spirit not only of this organization but of the whole country. Virtually everyone, from the humble government inspector of mine shafts up to the dread Führer himself is a puppet of this powerful industrialist.

He is a Robber Baron of the Rhine—new style. His rule, like those medieval prototypes, is truly patriarchal over the vassal miners and factory hands. He, too, lives in a gloomy castle in Landsberg, on a high hill overlooking his industrial fief. And like the robber barons, he looks hungrily across the Rhine at the rich soil of France.

How did this little man, with the air of an absent-minded *privat dozent*, assume this formidable role?

Superficially, he looks like a combination of businessman and scholar. He has the sunny smile, the frank expression of the more amiable type of industrialist. At his desk in Mulheim, in the Ruhr, he slouches a bit academically and his utterances are carefully phrased like those of a savant. But when he issues orders, they are curt and imperious; they come from one obviously born to command.

Born to power, that is the best explanation of the phenomenon of Fritz Thyssen. For he is not the traditional self-made man of business. He inherited his position as head of the Steel Works from his father. His father endowed him with wealth, prejudices, hates, ambitions. He made Fritz what he is today.

August Thyssen, the father, was a German composite of Carnegie, Ford and Rockefeller.

He was steel-wise like the little Scotchman; he knew the ways of the sooty puddlers. He was a genius for organization like the Dearborn giant; he built his pyramid of power from the ground—from the depths of the ground—up in the form of coal, iron, forges, railways, factories and marketing enterprises: in other words, Ford's perpendicular form of industry. He craved monopoly and power in foreign lands like the never-satisfied John D. His motto was, "When I rest, I rust."

Old Thyssen never rested, never wasted time or money. Like Rockefeller, his fingers stuck to the thin pfennings. He walked from his castle to his office in boots shod with iron, rather than take a street car or risk sole leather. He ruled his workmen with a firm hand. Yet, he was democratic in his fashion. He drank beer and munched cheese with them in smoky rathskellers. He liked this atmosphere and he refused to be presented in the gaudy court of Kaiser Wilhelm.

But he manifested his loyalty to his monarch in other ways. A European war nearly broke out three years before the celebrated murder of the Archduke at Serajevo. France and Germany were bitterly disputing about a strip of territory on the Moroccan coast. Germany began to run guns to native tribesmen in revolt against the French.

German secret agents were at work. One day in 1911, the German cruiser *Panther* anchored at Agadir, center of this contentious region, as if to give support to the tribesmen. The overt incident, surely. For many days, war was very close. However, the diplomats worked adroitly and the danger subsided. But few knew that the smuggled guns of the Moroccan tribesmen came from the factories of Thyssen.

There was no secret, however, about his role during the Great War. Then he came forward as one of the great armament makers of beleaguered Germany. It is said that August Thyssen demanded of the Kaiser, in return for his services in making munitions, the French iron mines of the Briey district, and vast tracts of land in Australia, India and other parts of the British Empire. But above all he wanted those French mines. For just across the border in German Lorraine, he owned the other part of this mineral basin. He wanted to be the supreme master of ferrous metals in Europe.

This was the sort of parent that Fritz Thyssen had. Like thousands of other sons of industrial tycoons, he went to work at the bottom of the Thyssen ladder, at 50 marks a month. He ate liverwurst and drank seidels with Father and the grimy workmen. He learned with all the diligence of a scholar the intricacies of the business under the watchful eye of *Vater* and he listened to *Vater's* hopes and plans, desires and hates.

Particularly the latter. For had not the defeat of Germany in the Great War dimmed August's dream of acquiring those French mines in Briey? And had not the *verdammte* French taken possession of his Lorraine iron deposits? He kept his coal in Germany, of course, but iron had to come from across the Rhine to feed his factories. Every French *wagon* filled with ore that came to his mills was a bitter reminder of his personal and national defeat. August kept humming the Hymn of Hate and he taught it to Fritz.

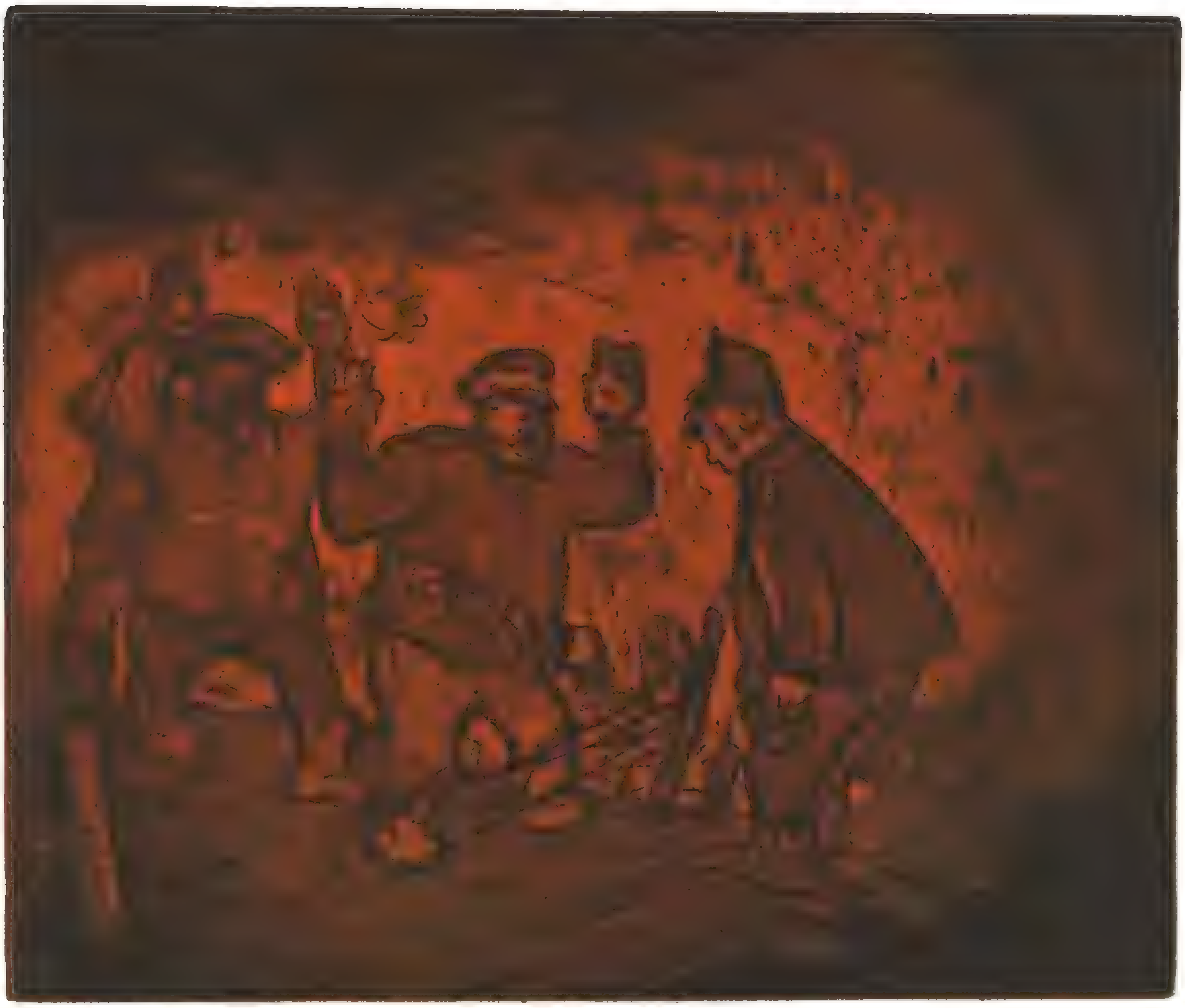
To make it worse, the Ruhr occupation came. The world remembers how the French marched in and took possession of this heart of industrial Germany in 1923 to collect reparations. But few recall what the Thyssens did when blue-coated soldiers took their stations at the head of the pits.

All the venom of thwarted ambitions, all the stubbornness of their race appeared. The Thyssens led the vanguard of German industrialists who refused to work their factories under the French flag. The French struck back. Fritz Thyssen was brought before a court of stern French officers and received a sentence of three months for his defiance. He served his term and emerged a national hero. But the episode neither improved his feeling for Germany's traditional enemy nor the condition of Thyssen balance sheets.

In fact, August's death at this time, marked a rise of the red against the black on the company's ledgers. It marked too a change in traditional Thyssen policy.

When Fritz took his punishment from the French, it was his last gesture in the role of the dutiful son. Not that he forgave the French—far from it. In that respect he remained a Thyssen. But like most sons of industrial magnates, he had long wanted to introduce new policies and methods, undeterred by the conservative restraint of his father. When he took his first steps as President of the Thyssen firm, old contemporaries of his father shook their heads, like all their counterparts the world over, when son succeeds father, at the new and revolutionary actions of that "*jugende* Thyssen."

Fritz no longer walked to his office from the Castle at Landsberg; he came in a motor car with a uniformed chauffeur. He disdained the company of the varlets and he fought their unions. Instead he sought the



AQUATINT BY JOHN GROTH

"What, already? How about that two months' contract we gave the munition makers?"

society of other industrialists and became a luncheon-club enthusiast. He sloughed off his father's "go it alone" policy and he played the game of mergers and consolidations. He joined the company of Samuel Insull and Charles E. Mitchell.

Like those magnates in America, he took the lead in Germany in the great era of affiliates, subsidiaries, and stock manipulations. From his hands arose a German trust, as cumbrous as the name it bore. The Vereinigte Stahlwerke, Aktion Gesellschaft became a steel trust which would have excited the envy of Judge Gary. Thyssen and his subsidiaries controlled 26 per cent of the stock, the rest being scattered among many little fellows, who could rarely agree on anything save to follow the leadership of Fritz Thyssen. Thyssen could glance confidently at those troublesome financial statements. It seemed like quite a stroke of business.

But unpleasantly critical persons observed that the Vereinigte was an extremely top-heavy organization, with massive overhead and armies of directors. So many, indeed, of these frock-coated gentlemen drew salaries for sitting around long tables and approving the commands of Thyssen, that it was said that they had to be introduced to one another. The old story of big-business.

And the same old story when the sun ceased to shine. The great pall, as thick as the smoke of Thyssen factories, of the world depression enveloped Germany. The Vereinigte began to wither. It fell into a virtual condition of bankruptcy with a debt burden which mounted to astronomical figures. It had to call on the government for aid, and the government took over a majority of the stock to save an organization whose fall would have meant the complete ruin of Germany.

Fritz smiled less frequently and his shoulders drooped even lower. Exports dropped, the mark began to quiver, and the banks became shaky. Other industrialists tried to get control of the Vereinigte.

World forces seemed to be too much for the titan of the Ruhr. It was a case of "Little Man What Now?"

Thyssen answered this challenge as all rugged individualists do when the economic system fails them and the banks begin to call loans. Thyssen, like all of his kind, turned to politics—but with a very perceptive eye. He saw that the republic was doomed in this Fascist era. He felt that a dictatorship in Germany was inevitable. Why shouldn't he be the real dictator?

There was another man who was also running into difficulties. Adolph Hitler's votes were declining in the national elections. His Nazis were simply an aggregation of toughs tolerated by the republic because they beat up communists. Hitler was by way of becoming a ridiculous figure, a Huey Long of Germany. He badly needed support.

Naturally, he did not develop much coyness when Thyssen approached him. Then as now, it was doubtful if Hitler's socialistic principles were profound. Thyssen suspected this. Nazi means National Socialist, but Thyssen sapiently guessed that the first word was the most important. Besides, it fed his long-standing venom against France. And, above all, the prospect of being the kingmaker was tempting.

It was a great day for the Nazis and Thyssen, when the latter introduced the Austrian house-painter to an assemblage of three hundred bejowled and formidable industrialists of the Ruhr. Something like Henry Ford introducing Commander Pelley of the Silver Shirts to the National Manufacturers' Association. It was Hitler's real coming-out party, under the wing of the paternal Thyssen.

The party was a success. At first the industrialists were jittery about supporting a man who tinkered with socialistic ideas. But Thyssen stressed continually the word

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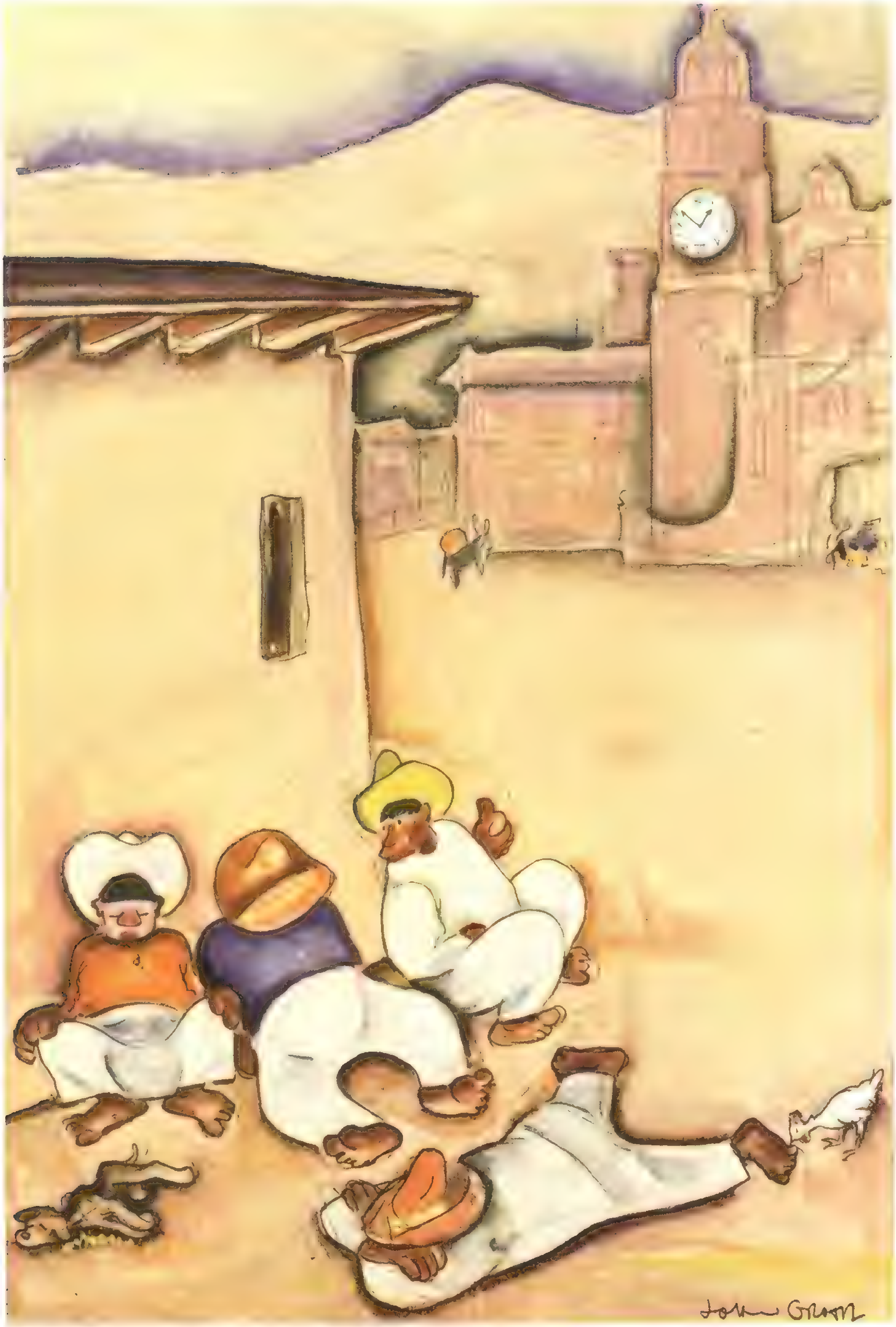


"Hot damn! Only ten minutes more and it's time for siesta"

The Two Brothers

In two conflicting loyalties a brother's hold proves stronger than that of a young girl's love

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

▪ FICTION ▪

As she came along the lane in the dusk the little wind from the lake blew back her thin dress against her body and there was still enough light to show the eagerness that was in her face. She came up to the fence where he was leaning so dejectedly, and never before had he felt so sure that she wanted to be with him.

"You're early tonight, Peg," he said.

"I knew you'd be waiting here, Tom. I tried to finish the work early. I was restless. I thought we might walk." Her voice was very soft in her eagerness to soothe him. Tonight she had made herself look more lovely than ever so that when he saw her he would think only of how much he liked her thick light hair, her full mouth and the splendid curve of her breast. Walking along in the dusk on the dirt road running up from the lake they had never felt so close together. They liked this new warmth of feeling between them. They were quiet listening to the crickets in the grass. They watched the darker shapes of cows moving lazily in the pastureland, and they knew they were having the same thoughts: they were thinking of yesterday in town, and of the courthouse and of his brother Frank: they were thinking of the last thing Frank did after the white haired judge, talking in a measured monotone, had sentenced him to a year and a half in jail for a drunken murderous assault on an officer. Frank had turned, smiling reassuringly at the crowd; and standing there in front of the big window that looked out over the lake he was young, dark and very splendid. Through the window behind him they could see the sweep of the blue lake with the sun on it and the thick bank of clouds overhead. When Tom and Peg went up to shake hands sorrowfully, Frank had said, teasing them, "You'd better marry Peg in a hurry, Tom, because I'll be seeing you both shortly." He was absolutely without shame, and they led him away laughing.

As they walked along so silently Peg wanted to show Tom all the sympathy she felt for him. She knew that young Frank had always spent most of his time in town with the girls while Tom worked hard on the farm and worried about what his brother might do, with his wild ways; Tom had carried around year after year a knowledge in his heart of something fearful impending. Peg could not bear to have Tom walking beside her so lifelessly like that, with such dark, sad thought of his brother, and she said, "I know you'll miss him. But a year and a half goes quickly, Tom."

"It's what it may do to him I'm thinking of," he said. "We were always together. You get used to being together no matter what happens." He was ashamed of the way his words were breaking. "I mean it doesn't matter really what he did. We've been a long time together, that's all."

"I've been wondering all the time what he meant when he said, 'I'll be seeing you both shortly.' What did he mean?"

"I don't know," he said uneasily.

"You don't think he'd try and get away?"

"Maybe he'd be just that crazy. It's bad enough now and it would be worse for everybody then with everybody chasing him. Please, Peg, let's stop talking about Frank. I want to stop thinking about him. I seem to have been thinking about him all my life. I want to stop." His words came from him in such a jerky, agitated manner that she was afraid, and she was silent for a while, pondering, and then she brushed close against him, patting his arm, stirring him so he would think only of her.

His troubled thoughts made his thin face haggard and she longed to comfort him and show him plainly that there was a depth of love in her for him that he had never known. She said simply, "Let's go over there by the old elm and sit down."

Leaving the road he helped her over the wire fence, and when they sat in the thick grass by the tree the moon shone out on the fields and there were hardly any sounds. Tom began to think that the silence and the peace between them was beautiful. Peg, who was lying full length on the grass, was looking up at the sky with an expression of tender sadness on her face, content to be there with him. As he stared down at her so solemnly he marvelled that she could have such a simple peace. After a long time he touched her thick hair timidly with his hand, brushing it back from her temple, and then he looked away over the field. "Look at the moonlight on the buckwheat, Peg," he said. They both looked over there at the buckwheat which in daytime in July was like a field of separate white flowers; now with the moonlight flooding it, it glistened like a field of bright snow in the sunlight, but so much softer, more like a bank of light just on the other side of the road. They were both full of wonder and in Tom there was an unexpected elation. "Isn't it beautiful," he heard her saying, and then her head was sinking back and she lay with the same light shining on her face, only there was a marvellous softness and willingness in it that he had never seen before. For two years he had been wanting her for his girl, but he had always been afraid that she would never in any way show that she completely accepted him: it had been hard for him to believe that she would ever want to marry him. Yet now she was smiling up at his sober face, glad of what was so surely in him. With his heart beating heavily he bent down and kissed her, feeling her hands holding his head tenderly as she drew his face close to her. Never in his life, which had been full of hard work and laconic ways, had he felt such happiness. But he did not know what to do, he was so afraid that she might move, or that something would happen to spoil it. There was such a little shadow on her eyelids. Then her eyes were open, watching him, and she waited. After a time the clouds which were getting thicker obscured the light.

The fields were stirred by a strengthening wind from the lake. There was no longer a bank of light on the field of buckwheat.

"It's going to rain," she said.

"I don't think it's going to rain."

"Yes, it is. We'd better go," she said and she got up reluctantly. As they walked along the road she was swinging her body a bit and humming. She had picked up a blade of grass and kept holding the stem to her lip.

Continued on page 101

The Epic Sinclair

A sympathetic portrait of the most widely publicized politico, written on the eve of balloting

by THEODORE DREISER

• ARTICLE •

Probably when this article appears, Upton Sinclair will have been elected Governor of California. I hope so. I wired him that at the beginning of his campaign. To me he is the most impressive political phenomenon that America has yet produced. He recognizes fully what no one now in office, or recently running for office does or has—or if so, they have not said so—that the capitalistic machine that got under way at the close of our idealistic Civil War, has run its course and is ended. He, as every other economist worthy of the name, knows that at least thirty per cent of all of the workers who were employed by the American industrial system in 1928 and 1929 will never again be re-employed. Ralph E. Flanders, former President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, has said that if an Engineer Dictator over Industry could be appointed and given complete control over raw materials, machinery and trained labor, he could flood and bury and smother the people of America with an avalanche of goods and services such as no Utopian dreamer ever conceived of.

Charles P. Steinmetz, so-called wizard of the General Electric Company, said before he died, that a two-hour working day for American labor was enough, and that it would supply all that Mr. Flanders is thinking of. Right now, between ten and twelve millions of men and women engaged in the various technologic activities of America produce and distribute all the raw materials and finished commodities required by our population of one hundred and twenty-five million people. And Howard Scott, our industrially abhorred technocrat, figures that when electricity is applied to the best machinery already invented, six hundred and twenty-five thousand workers can, and will, produce in equal time, what the twelve million above referred to do now, and more!

Anyone who has followed the activities or the history of Sinclair from his youth upward, would know that by temperament and inimitability he was practically ordained for the job he has performed. Let me briefly review them. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, September 20, 1878. Southern background. Ancestors connected with Navy—Commanders, Admirals, etc. Desperate poverty. Father, ashamed of not being able to make a decent living, taking to drink and staying away from home. One of Upton's early jobs was to go from saloon to saloon looking for him. A mother who sought to instill religion and fear and hatred of liquor. With all that, rich family in Baltimore, the cast-off clothes of one member of which, as a boy and later, Sinclair wore. With all that, poetic and introspective. His three Gods—Jesus, Shakespeare and Shelley. Also like Jesus and Percy Bysshe Shelley, his poet God, obsessed by the thought of a real Democracy; so much so that when at the age of twelve he left a New York East Side common school which he had attended, he took all of the books that he owned up to that time—Christmas and birthday presents—and presented them to the school so that a library could be founded. With this gesture, he left in a blaze of glory.

In 1892, by lying about his age, he entered City College, New York, but at once declined to join a fraternity, because he felt it the democratic thing to do. As the time for graduation neared he decided that the so-called education of the hour was not only time worn and moth eaten, but the bunk, so took a room in a lodging house and spent two months reading for himself. His family were Episcopalians. "As poor as they were," he has said, "they always went to a fashionable Fifth Avenue Church, and admired the clothes of the people as they went out." This he bitterly resented, calling it all sham, and there and then began to declaim agnostically of conventionality and respectability in general. He was a doer, but with a purpose which was not acquisitive. For several years, from fifteen on, he was, as he has written, making from four to five dollars a week writing poems and jokes for the magazines of that time. Yet he is not a humorist.

To be individual and free, he took a room away from his family and spent, I quote him, "Twenty-five cents a week for clean collars and cuffs and newspapers." He wore the cuffs up high to keep them from showing too much and getting soiled too fast. He still did not have to buy clothes. "My cousin, H———— used to send me his cast-off ones. My meals cost me three a week." At that time he decided to become a lawyer, but his poetic and democratic moods were fatal to that. A little later he attempted to master the violin and did well enough as I have heard. At Columbia College, where he undertook post-graduate work, he was always walking out on his English classes, once because, as he insisted to his professor, writing could not be taught, which happens to be true, and again because another professor admitted that he had not read all of Shelley's poems. Depend on it, he had few friends. He himself said so.

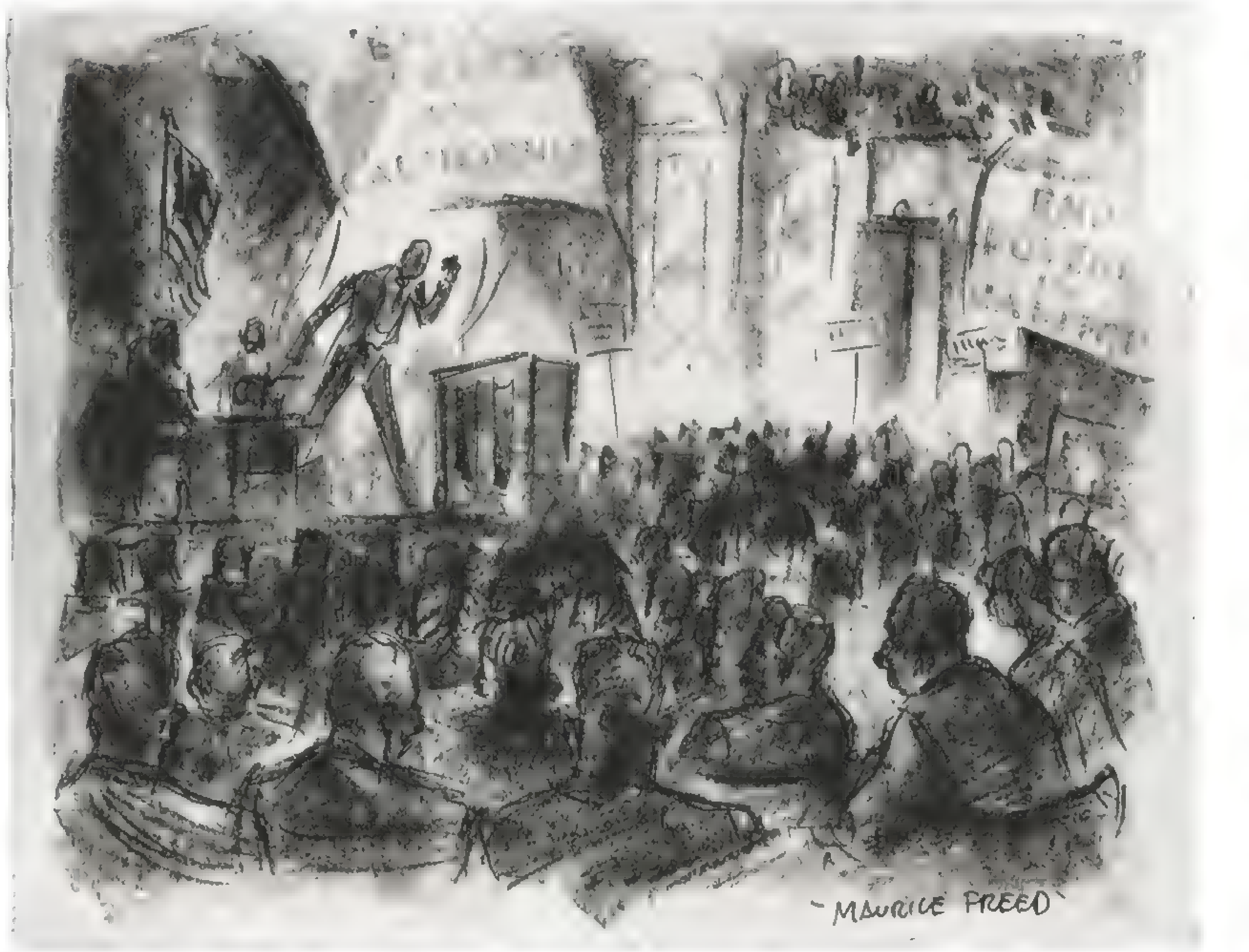
In 1901, when he was not yet twenty-three, he had already written *Springtime and Harvest*, a not too-mature novel. Also *King Midas*. By 1904, when I knew of him in New York, he had already married Meta H. Fuller and had added to his staff a son David, who grew up to dislike his father's switch from Socialism to the Democratic party. Also he had added more books—*Prince Hagen*, *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*, *Manassas* and *Captain of Industry*—five books which grossed him less than $1000. During that time around New York, his love and early married life were talked of as an illustration of independent, even semi-radical and philosophic rebellion, against the established theory of love and marriage. According to rumor, his mother had first visited him somewhere, bringing with her a spoiled, wilful, lazy but attractive girl—

SINCLAIR
UPTON

Meta. Sinclair, in some ways apparently attracted to her, still began a line of criticism of her which induced quarrels but caused her to learn German! Their long walks and talks in woods late at night having given rise, in the community where they were, to gossip, this caused him to follow her to New York and somewhat fearfully and dubiously propose marriage! Yet with nothing to go on. And when married and during all this book writing, they lived with his mother, and on five a week.

Yet at that he did not want a job and made no move to get one, shamelessly writing to philanthropists asking for subsidy.

It was at that time that I met him—wide-eyed, poetic, over-flowing with Napoleonic vanity, that was matched in the very same mind with a boundless desire to democratize the world. And after a fashion, he proceeded swiftly to try, for in 1904 he went to Chicago to get the material for a book about the packing town and produced *The Jungle*, as significant a novel at this hour as it was then, and evoking not merely a literary sensation but an economic and social explosion! It was the day of Roosevelt as President, who, as much because of the book as anything, proceeded to try to regulate our national industries.



From the book, though, and onto this lover of democracy, descended thirty thousand dollars in cash, and swiftly. At once, over in New Jersey, in an empty rich man's boys' school, he founded what he called his Co-Operative Helicon Home Colony, which he dedicated to the sustenance and comfort of reformers, radicals and lovers of the people in general. Among other things, Helicon Hall contained a twenty-five thousand dollar pipe organ, a swimming pool, theatre, dining room, children's dormitory, and thirty-five bedrooms. The reformers, poets, artists, would-be workers, and what not who came there were lodged for three a week without meals, or five with—four if they only had two meals a day.

It was a gang that arrested the attention of all America and quickly. In fact, the press foamed with news of it and Sinclair. In short, because of this broad and dreamy approach to his social ideal, which admitted men and women, boys and girls to his Home Colony, he was charged with being a Radical, Socialist, Anarchist, what you please. Also—and in addition—in the newspapers of the day, Helicon Home Colony, because of some trouble between himself and Meta, became Sinclair's love nest. Probably those who were not invited envied, or those who did not like him scoffed.

At any rate, at the end of six months, the whole experiment was wiped out by fire, possibly of incendiary origin as charged at the time. Unfortunately with the Colony went Sinclair's thirty thousand dollars. A sort of 1905-1907 American Shelley, you see.

Then more wandering. In 1908, summering in the Adirondacks and writing *The Metropolis* and *The Moneychangers*, two books covering that financial Sodom—Wall Street, and its companion love nest Gomorrah—Newport. They were not books in his best manner—not documented or crammed with that knowledge and sympathy and love of fact that previously in the *Jungle* and afterwards (1911) *Love's Pilgrimage*, *Oil* (1927), like *Boston* (1928)—arrested the lovers of great books. But at that they were fair symbols of what was what financially at that time. But alas, by that time, he was already so low in the estimate of financial and industrial America and their newspapers, that only a new and then considered almost shady publishing company, which had also ventured to republish my "Sister Carrie," would publish them for him.

None the less, in the winter of 1909—California, and organizing a theatrical company to produce socialist drama, but more particularly three of his own socialist dramas. How Sinclairish! Your real egoistic reformer as the best of them must always be.

Then, in 1910, back to Arden, Delaware, where existed the Economic Club of Arden, and also, according to Sinclair, an anarchist shoemaker philospher, whose greatest pleasure was to rise in public meetings and explain his ideas on the physiology of sex. And now, take a load of this! The Economic Club of Arden, of course, invited the anarchist shoemaker to shut up. They were not interested in sex—the beginning and end of life (what it's all about) as you know—but the wherewith to finance it, and so excluded him from its meetings. When the shoemaker persisted in coming and talking they had him arrested as is made and provided in all such cases. Sinclair was not a member of the club, just a visitor. What was true was, members of the club were also members of the local baseball team, and played ball on Sunday mornings. Hence the anarchist shoemaker, yearning for revenge, repaired to Wilmington, nearby, and swore out warrants for all on the ground of their gaming on the Sabbath. Sinclair, who did not belong as I say, did play tennis, and on Sunday. So that morning the anarchist shoemaker and the police included him. All were fined, but refusing to pay were clapped in jail for eighteen hours during which time Sinclair composed various poems dedicated to liberty. "When we came out," he writes, "we were met by twenty-two newspaper reporters and three camera men and everything we had to say took the front page, top of column. For years I had written poetry but had never been able to get it published, yet now I found that by the simple device of writing in jail I could get it on the front page of every newspaper in Philadelphia or New York." And he adds that that taught him something about reaching the people via arrests, jails, etc. Is he telling us?

In 1911 he was divorced from his wife and thereafter, for the time being anyhow, appears to have comforted himself with the writing of books, books, books. To read the list of them staggers even me. Take a look. *The Fasting Cure*, 1911; *Love's Pilgrimage*, 1911; *Plays of Protest*, 1911; *Sylvia*, 1913; *Damaged Goods*, 1913; *Sylvia's Marriage*, 1914; *The Cry for Justice*, 1915; *King Coal*, 1917; *The Profits of Religion*, 1918; *Jimmie Higgins*, 1919; *The Brass Check*, 1919; *100 Per Cent*, the Story of a Patriot, 1920; *They Call Me Carpenter*, 1922; *The Book of Life*, 1922; *The Goose-Step*, 1923; *Hell*, 1923; *The Goslings*, 1924; *Singing Jailbirds*, (a drama) 1924; *Mammonart*, 1925; *Bill Porter* (drama) 1925; *Letters to Judd*, 1926; *Spokesman's Secretary*, 1926; *Oil*, 1927; *Money Writes*, 1927; *Boston*, 1928; *Mountain City*, 1930; *Mental Radio*, 1930; *Roman Holiday*, 1931; *The Wet Parade*, 1931; *American Outpost*, 1932; *I, Governor of California*, 1933; *Epic Answers*, 1934.

Just the same, among them *The Profits of Religion*, a smashing blow between the eyes for conventional religion—a fair presentation of just what the title says . . . material profits, and right now forty years ahead of the religious understanding of the American public. Also *The Brass Check*, which deals with the newspapers and which even at this hour, is perhaps ten years ahead of the American mass understanding of their newspapers and how they are betrayed by them. So too with *Goose-Step*, which pillories our regimented and money-controlled educational system. And *King Coal*, which showed up the coal barons. And *Mammonart*, a somewhat exaggerated and yet sixty percent correct estimate of what is wrong with most of the literature of the world, and for that reason perhaps a hundred years ahead of its time right now.—Actually, the man has done more real downright honest, country-loving thinking on America and its problems than anyone else. And yet laughed at and belittled by our petty liberals and literati throughout.

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Sleeping and Waking

Of terror in the night, at that darkest hour when a run begins in the raveled sleeve of care

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

▪ ARTICLE ▪

When some years ago I read a piece by Ernest Hemingway called "Now I Lay Me," I thought there was nothing further to be said about insomnia. I see now that that was because I had never had much; it appears that every man's insomnia is as different from his neighbor's as are their daytime hopes and aspirations.

Now if insomnia is going to be one of your naturals it begins to appear in the late thirties. Those seven precious hours of sleep suddenly break in two. There is, if one is lucky, the "first sweet sleep of night" and the last deep sleep of morning, but between the two appears a sinister, ever widening interval. This is the time of which it is written in the Psalms: *Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejas: non timebis a timore nocturno a sagitta volante in die, a negotio perambulante in tenebris.**

With a man I knew the trouble commenced with a mouse; in my case I like to trace it to a single mosquito.

My friend was in course of opening up his country house unassisted, and after a fatiguing day discovered that the only practical bed was a child's affair—long enough but scarcely wider than a crib. Into this he flopped and was presently deeply engrossed in rest *but* with one arm irrepressibly extending over the side of the crib. Hours later he was awakened by what seemed to be a pinprick in his finger. He shifted his arm sleepily and dozed off again—to be again awakened by the same feeling.

This time he flipped on the bedlight—and there attached to the bleeding end of his finger was a small and avid mouse. My friend, to use his own words, "uttered an exclamation," but probably he gave a wild scream.

The mouse let go. It had been about the business of devouring the man as thoroughly as if his sleep were permanent. From then on it threatened to be not even temporary. The victim sat shivering, and very, very tired. He considered how he would have a cage made to fit over the bed and sleep under it the rest of his life. But it was too late to have the cage made that night and finally he dozed, to wake in intermittent horrors from dreams of being a Pied Piper whose rats turned about and pursued him.

He has never since been able to sleep without a dog or cat in the room.

My own experience with night pests was at a time of utter exhaustion—too much work undertaken, interlocking circumstances that made the work twice as arduous, illness within and around—the old story of troubles never coming singly. And Ah, how I had planned that sleep that was to crown the end of the struggle—how I had looked forward to the relaxation into a bed soft as a cloud and permanent as a grave. An invitation to dine *a deux* with Greta Garbo would have left me indifferent.

But had there been such an invitation I would have done well to accept it, for instead I dined alone, or rather was dined upon by one solitary mosquito.

It is astonishing how much worse one mosquito can be than a swarm. A swarm can be prepared against, but *one* mosquito takes on a personality—a hatefulness, a sinister quality of the struggle to the death. This personality appeared all by himself in September on the twentieth floor of a New York hotel, as out of place as an armadillo. He was the result of New Jersey's decreased appropriation for swamp drainage, which had sent him and other younger sons into neighboring states for food.

The night was warm—but after the first encounter, the vague slappings of the air, the futile searches, the punishment of my own ears a split second too late, I followed the ancient formula and drew the sheet over my head.

And so there continued the old story, the bitings through the sheet, the sniping of exposed sections of hand holding the sheet in place, the pulling up of the blanket with ensuing suffocation—followed by the psychological change of attitude, increasing wakefulness, wild impotent anger—finally a second hunt.

This inaugurated the maniacal phase—the crawl under the bed with the standing lamp for torch, the tour of the room with final detection of the insect's retreat on the ceiling and attack with knotted towels, the wounding of oneself—my God!

—After that there was a short convalescence that my opponent seemed aware of, for he perched insolently beside my head—but I missed again.

At last, after another half hour that whipped the nerves into a frantic state of alertness came the Pyrrhic victory, and the small mangled spot of blood, *my* blood, on the headboard of the bed.

As I said I think of that night, two years ago, as the beginning of my sleeplessness—because it gave me the sense of how sleep can be spoiled by one infinitesimal incalculable element. It made me, in the now archaic phraseology, "sleep-conscious." I worried whether or not it was going to be allowed me. I was drinking, intermittently but generously, and on the nights when I took no liquor the problem of whether or not sleep was specified began to haunt me long before bedtime.

A typical night (and I wish I could say such nights were all in the past) comes after a particularly sedentary work-and-cigarette day. It ends, say without any relaxing interval, at the time for going to bed. All is prepared, the books, the glass of water, the extra pajamas lest I awake in rivulets of sweat, the luminol pills in the little round tube, the note book and pencil in case of a night thought worth recording. (Few have been—they generally seem thin in the morning, which does not diminish their force and urgency at night.)

I turn in, perhaps with a night-cap—I am doing some comparatively scholarly reading for a coincident work so I choose a lighter volume on the subject and read till drowsy on a last cigarette. At the yawning point I snap the book on a marker, the cigarette at the hearth, the button on the lamp. I turn first on the left side, for that, so I've heard, slows the heart, and then—coma.

So far so good. From midnight until two-thirty peace in the room. Then suddenly I am awake, harassed by one of the ills or functions of the body, a too vivid dream, a change in the weather for warm or cold.

The adjustment is made quickly, with the vain hope that the continuity of sleep can be preserved, but no—so with a sigh I flip on the light, take a minute pill of luminol and reopen my book. The *real* night, the darkest hour, has begun. I am too tired to read unless I get myself a drink and hence feel bad next day—so I get up and walk. I walk from my bedroom through the hall to my study, and then back again, and if it's summer out to my back porch. There is a mist over Baltimore; I cannot count a single steeple. Once more to the study where my eye is caught by a pile of unfinished business: letters, proofs, notes, etc. I start toward it, but No! this would be fatal. Now the luminol is having some slight effect so I try bed again, this time half circling the pillow on edge about my neck.

"Once upon a time" (I tell myself) "they

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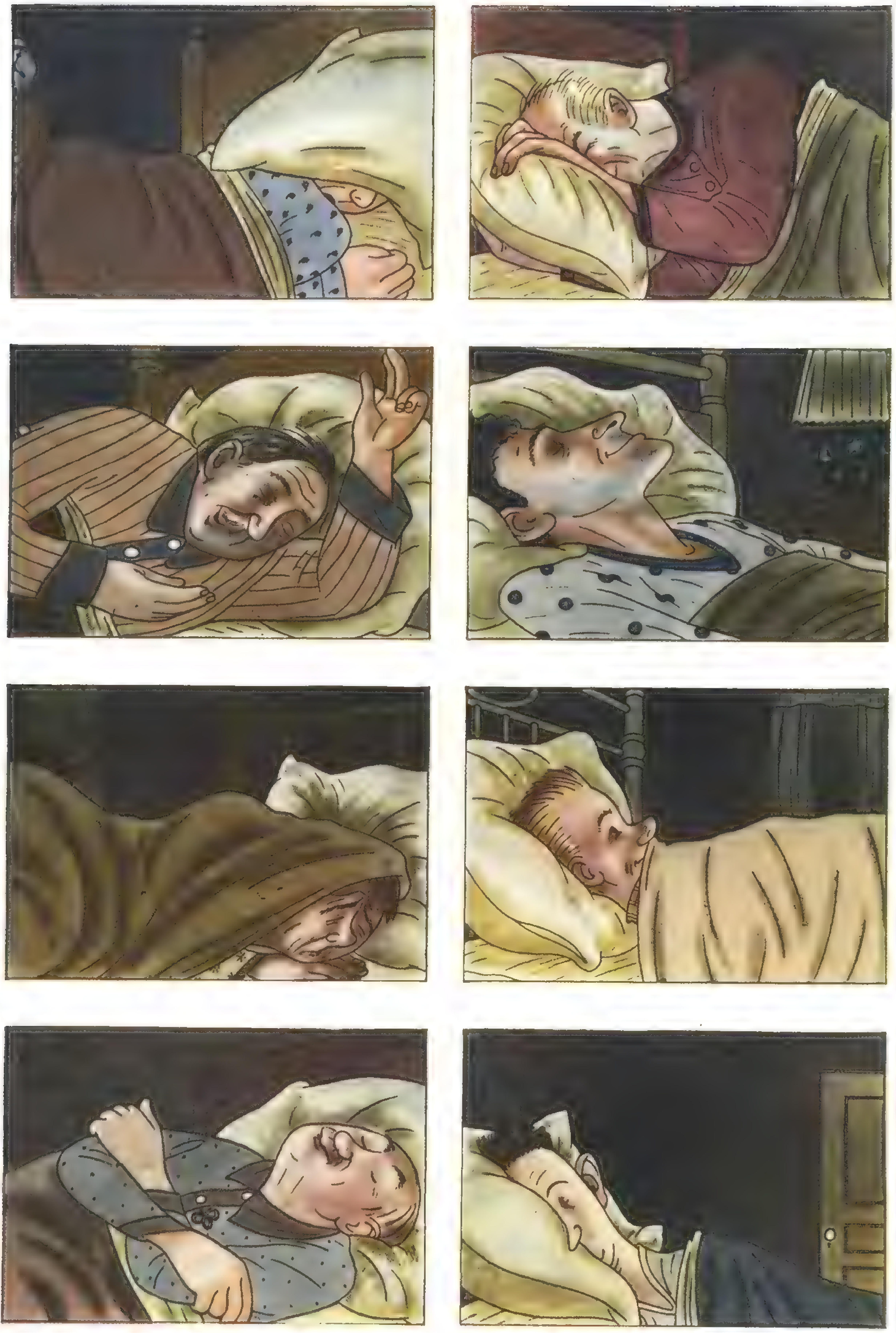
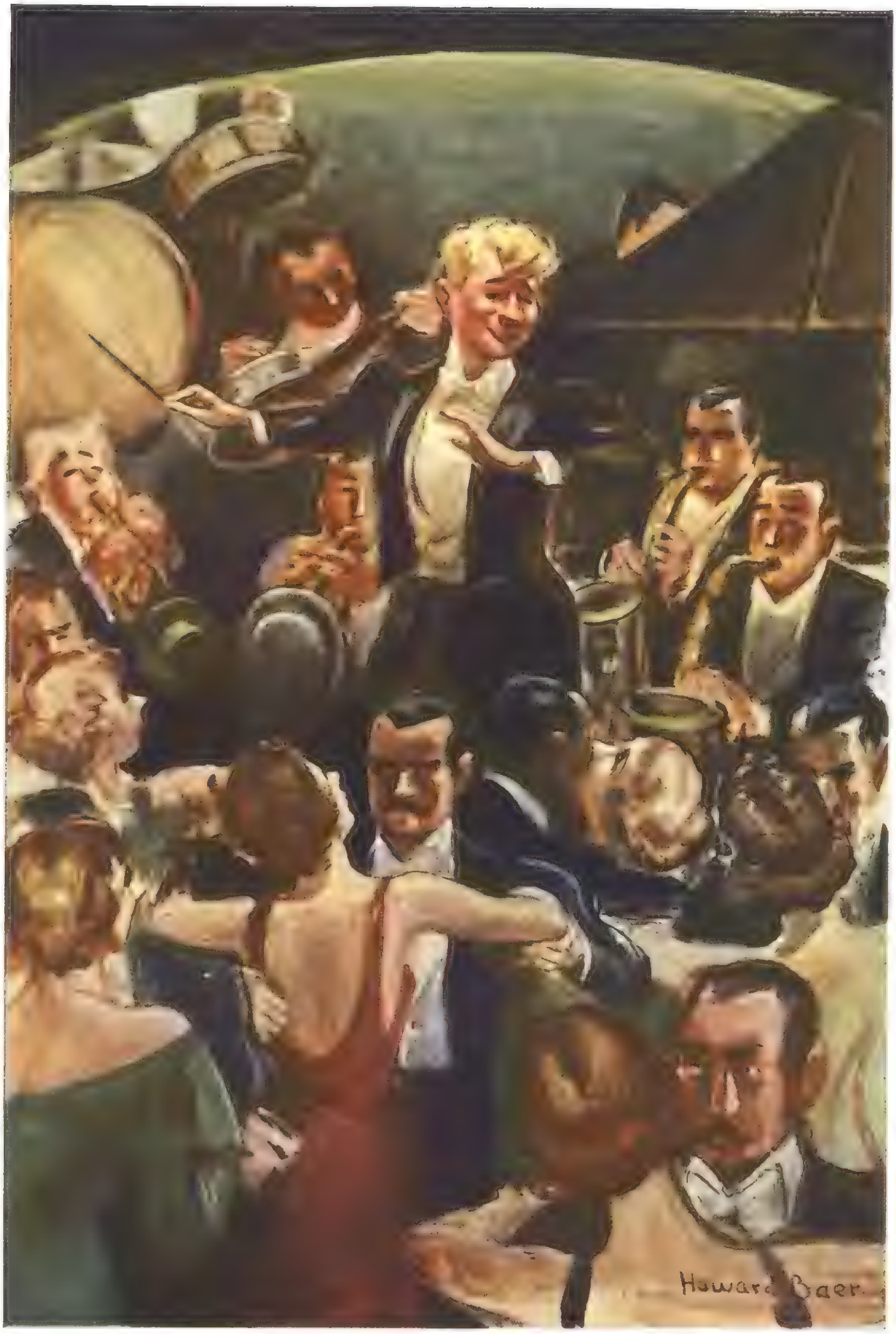
*Editor's Note: *Very roughly: "You must not be afraid of either the terror of night or the arrow flying in daylight." 91st Psalm.*




Howard Baer.

ENEMIES OF MAN No. 8: APOLLO OF THE NIGHT CLUBS

On the way, she said she wanted to come here because "we're never more alone than in a crowded place." And now you agree. You're alone all right. Three's a crowd and you're the third. She's missed completely that last purposive remark that you accompanied with a little squeeze. You might as well be dancing with a mannequin from Macy's window. Silent but starry-eyed she watches him. Hold your tongue, grit your teeth, and bide your time. Soon she'll have a word for you. It will be "Suppose you could get him to come over to our table for a drink?"

Little Miss Universe

In eleven starts in one month she had come in sixth or worse and yet she was Willie's choice

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

FICTION

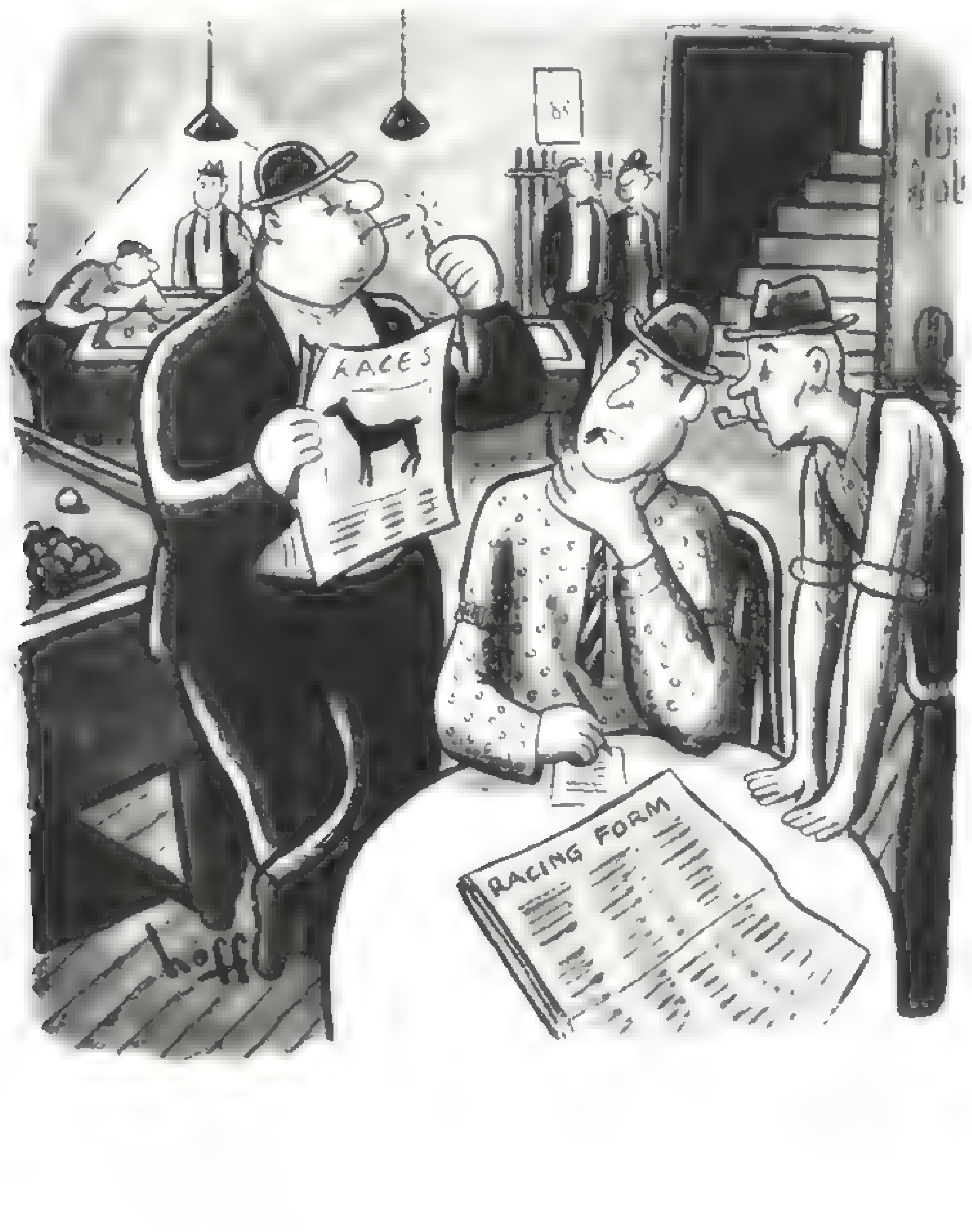
THERE were three authorities on the horses at The Kentucky Pool Room, number One Opera Alley, in San Francisco: Mr. Levin, a fat gentleman of fifty, affectionately called *The Barrel* because he resembled one; San Jose Red, a nervous, thin person of sixty-five; and a neatly dressed young man of twenty who was known as Willie. These three gentlemen knew more about thoroughbreds than any other three people living, or for that matter, as someone had suggested, more than the horses themselves knew. Nevertheless, they were almost always broke. Each kept an accurate record of what he would have won if he had had money with which to bet, and the profit for each day was fairly amazing; for a month it was breathtaking. A month ago, for example, if Willie had had a half dollar to bet on the nose of *Panther Rock,* today he would be worth—well, to be exact (he opened a small book full of neatly written figures)—ten thousand, two hundred and eighty-six dollars and forty-five cents.

"And," said Willie, "I could use it, too."

Willie had a system. He looked up the horses in every race and chose the one with the worst record. "That horse," he explained, "has been loafing. He has been going around the track as a spectator, watching the race from a good position. But he'll win today. Even a horse has got to break the monotony. He'll win out of sheer boredom. His mother was *Ella Faultless,* and you know what she did."

"No," somebody said. "What did she do?"

"Well," said Willie, "five years ago she started twenty times and wasn't once in the money. She ran beautifully but never exerted herself. Then all of a sudden she woke up and won six races in a row."



Willie looked into the faces of his small audience with an expression of profound wisdom, as if by divine grace he alone of all mortals had been blessed with the faculty of understanding such a remarkable performance.

"Bang," he said with emotion.

"One.
Two.
Three.
Four.
Five . . . SIX!
In a row. Think of it." He spoke the small words distinctly, sending them from his mouth with the precision of a hen producing an egg.

"Somebody must have got the horse mad," said a young gambler named Blewett. He was a barber by profession.

Willie smiled at Blewett and whispered confidentially, "That's just it—some horse must have got her mad. We can't figure these things out because they're not in the dope sheets. But it's a cinch one horse can get another horse sore. Remember Mr. Goofus? He was a card."

"What'd he do?" asked Mr. Blewett.

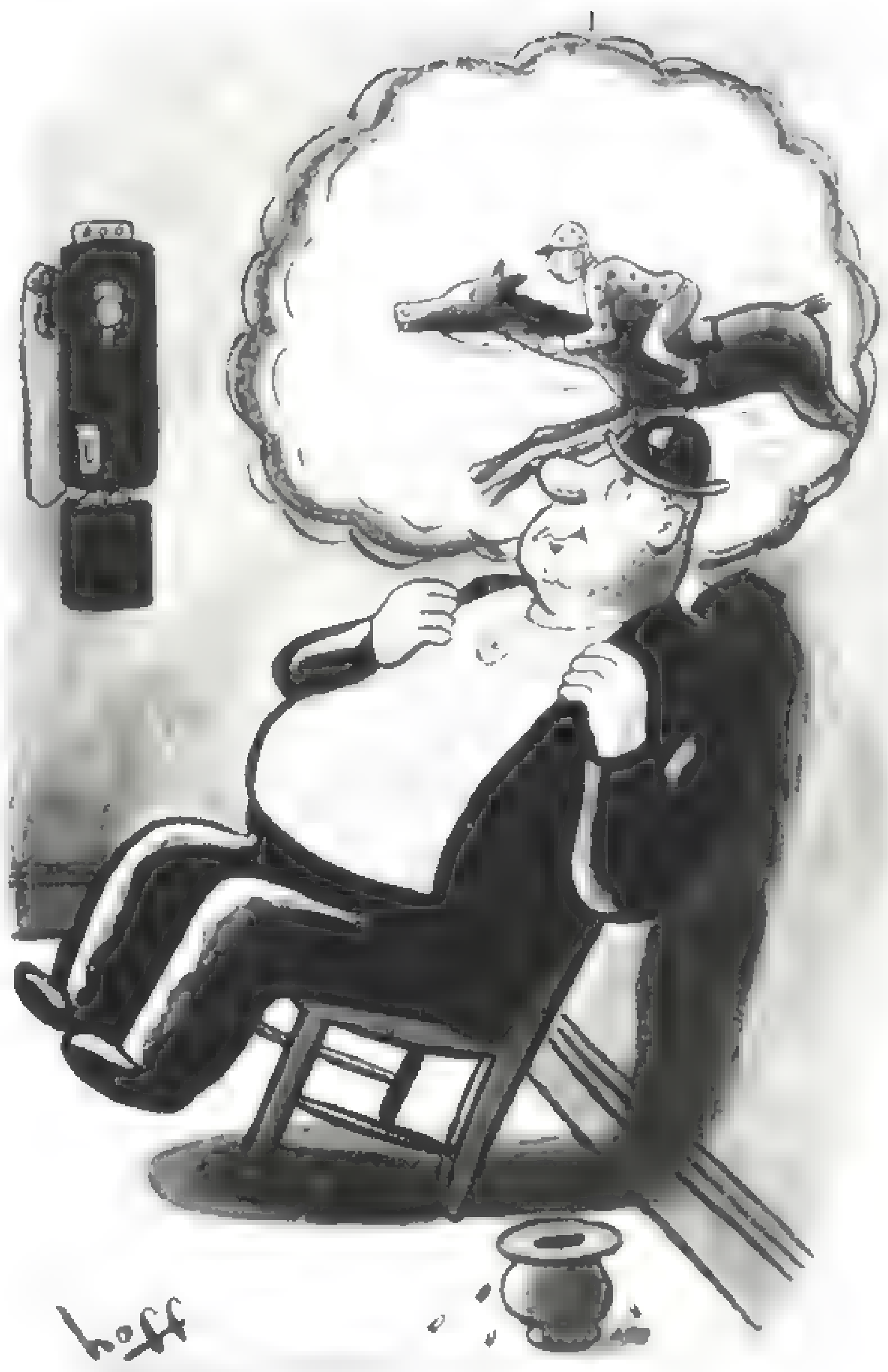
"There was a horse," said Willie. He paused to catch his breath for the remarkable statement he was about to make. "There was a horse," he repeated, "that was almost human."

"Ridiculous," said D. L. Conrad, an accountant who had passed out cards to several of his pals of the pool room. "Who ever heard of such a thing? How can a horse be almost human?"

"Let me explain," said Willie with the imperial air of a duke addressing a peasant. "It is characteristic of human beings to compete, is it not? In athletics. In commerce. In life itself."

"Granted," said Mr. Conrad, the accountant. "But what has that to do with Mr. Goober, or whoever it was you mentioned?"

"Allow me," said Willie impatiently. "If you will let me proceed for a moment, you will soon know. Now then: I said Mr. Goofus was almost human. I mean just that. There was a horse that had the soul of a man. In short, he was vicious. He was a bully. Don't interrupt me. If Mr. Goofus was leading the field and another horse tried to overtake him, why, he would turn around and bite the horse. It made him mad to have another horse pass him. He didn't like it. Of course they disqualified him a couple of times, but that didn't matter. He had all the horses scared, and it wasn't often they would try to get in front of him. He had a terrible eye, they say. One look and it was all over. Mr. Goofus won a lot of races and he beat horses that were much faster than him. You've got to work on horse personalities. That is an element almost always overlooked by handicappers. Psychology. Horses have it. No use being oldfashioned. There isn't a single race horse that hasn't better breeding than the average man. You can't expect such beasts to remain uncivilized for long. They're bound to get vicious after a while."



"Nuts," said Mr. Conrad with a laugh. "A horse is a horse. Tell me who's going to win the third at Arlington and we'll have a beer together."

"I do *not* tout," said Willie with pride. "I like *Miss Universe.*"

Mr. Conrad made an ugly face. "Why," he said, "that horse has started eleven times in the past month and hasn't once been better than sixth."

"I know," said Willie. "I am aware of the facts. Nevertheless, I like her just the same."

"I'm playing *Polly's Folly,*" said Mr. Conrad. This horse was a hot favorite; her odds were a paltry six to five to win, whereas the odds on *Miss Universe* were twenty to one. Nevertheless, Willie said:

"I hope you have luck."

Willie sat at a table and produced his note-book and a pencil. Under the classification "Tired Horses" he wrote the name *Polly's Folly.* Among other names under this classification was that of the great Equipoise. In Willie's humble estimation this horse was tired of everything; of win-

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How to Carve that Bird

Prime essential in getting a turkey apart is speed, so step on it, brother, this way

by JAMES M. CAIN

• ARTICLE •

Friends, if you want the cook to take the bows after that turkey dinner, list and learn somewhere else, for there is a mighty literature on how to get this bird ready for the table; but if you want to take the bows yourselves, you will do what I tell you, for carving a turkey isn't as easy as it looks, and it doesn't look any too easy, at that.

The first consideration in getting a turkey apart, then, is speed. Step on it, brother. And if stepping on it compromises your impressive, leisurely dignity, step on it anyhow; for what your impressive, leisurely dignity will look like if you take too long about it, and the party at the other end of the table calls time on you, and comes rushing around to take charge of things herself, or worse yet, summons a pinch hitter to relieve you at the platter—is something too dreadful for words to describe. You will have piled up a fiasco on yourself that will haunt you to the last day of your life.

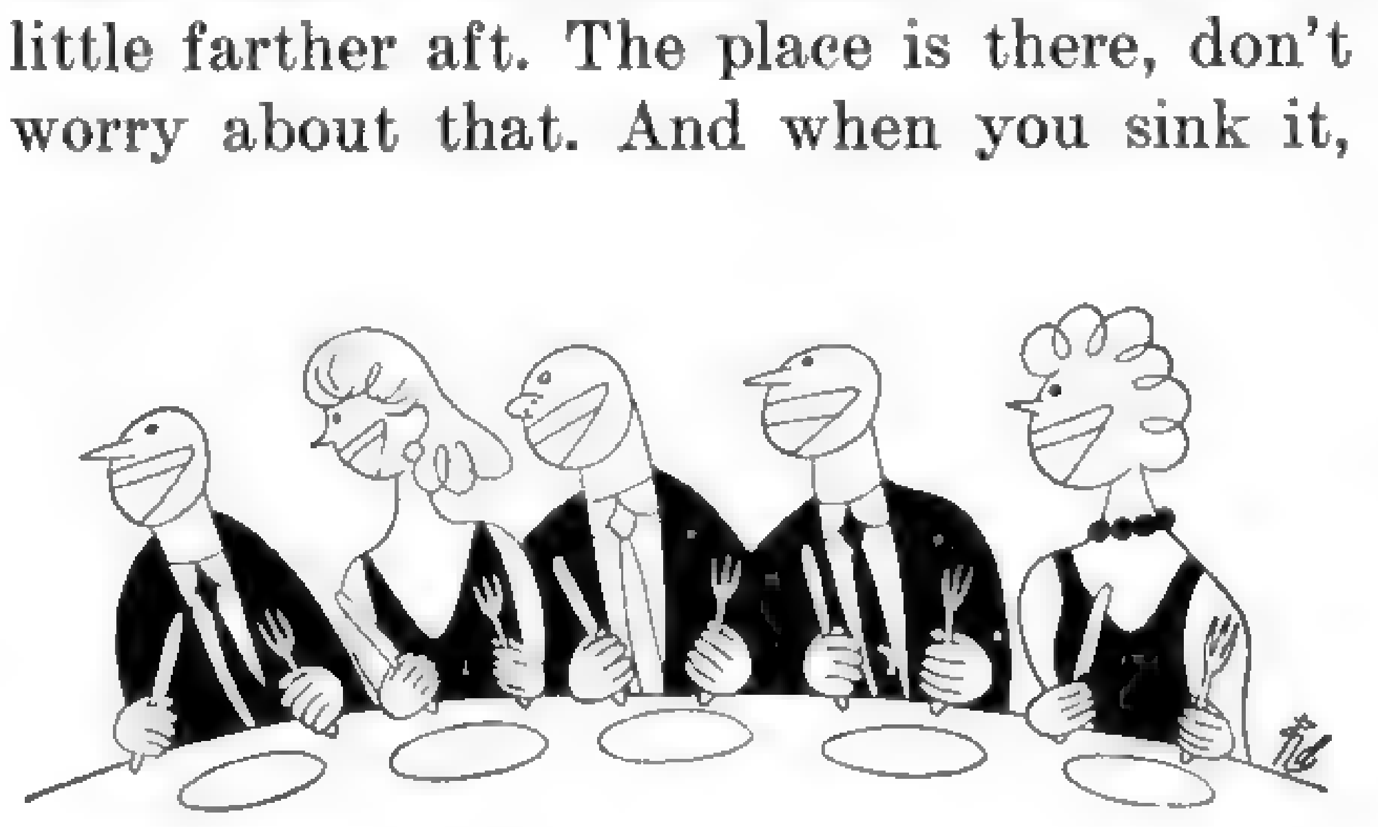
It is advisable, in view of this, to pass up the $25 gift carving set you got for your last birthday. It will work, of course, but by the time you have figured out what all the gadgets are and have whetted the knife twenty times, to make it cut, and have straightened the fork where it twisted in its buckhorn handle, and have discovered that the steel is really a rat-tail file, it will be too late, and you will wish you hadn't. Go to the best hardware store in town, or still better, to the best restaurant supply house, and get yourself some tools that a chef would be proud to own. Never mind what they look like. Here again it is a question whether the jewelry store takes the bows, or you do. Get a knife of the best steel, one that balances nicely when *you* take hold of it. Don't get a knife too big: this is a turkey, not a whale. A blade nine inches long is about right; it should have some depth at the hilt, so you have plenty of knife; it should be only slightly curved, and should taper gracefully to the point, as this shape knife is best for slicing. Get a good big fork with curved prongs, one that will stay where you put it, and lift if you want it to, without slipping out and dropping a carcass in somebody's lap. Get a steel. Get an emery stone. Don't bring this to the table, but use it before the guests arrive, this way: using the fine side of the stone, lay the hilt of the knife across it at about a thirty-degree angle, the edge toward you. Draw the knife across the stone, *toward* you, lightly, without pressing on it. Reverse and do the same for the other side. About a dozen strokes sharpen it. The steel you will have to use at the table. Here again, whet *toward* the edge, not away from it. With the steel in your left hand, the knife in your right, put the point of the steel against the hilt of the knife. Draw the knife across the steel, reverse at once, do the same thing for the other side. Keep this up smartly, for about a dozen strokes, which will be enough. Perhaps you had better practice this in secret. If you make a mislick with everybody looking at you, and cut your thumb, it would be rather unfortunate.

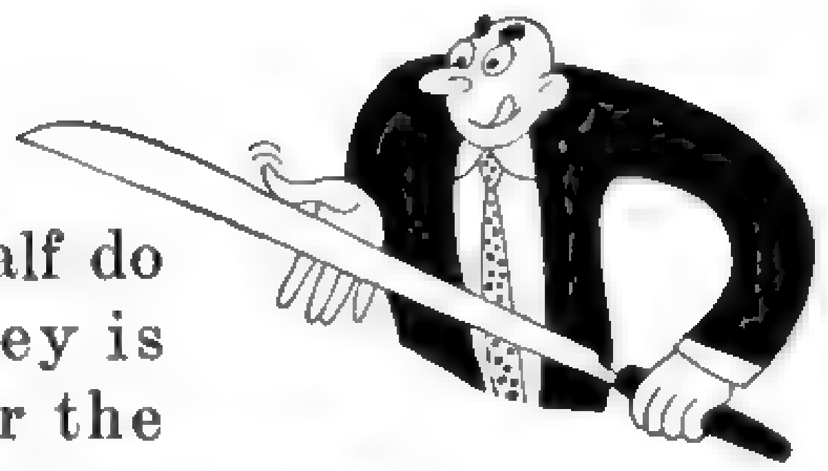
We are still, remember, on the subject of speed. To that see that the maid doesn't wait until all the soup plates have been removed before she brings in the turkey. As soon as your plate is taken, have her bring it in. This will give you a precious two- or three-minute start. If you are right-handed, see that she sets it down with the tail and legs to your right; if you don't watch her, she will do it backwards, and you will have to right it, and will lose what you have gained. If you are left-handed, have the legs and tail to your left.

See that no garnishings of any kind whatever are served on the platter: with brown potatoes, or a pile of wild rice, not even Delmonico himself could manage the dish without making a mess of it.

You can now stand up, for I wouldn't attempt the bravura of carving while sitting down. The gag you stand up on is up to you, but the best gag is none at all. Let others do the gagging, for not all your wit can save you now, unless you deliver some turkey with it, and deliver it pretty quickly at that. Hear what they say, but smilingly, not laughingly; a turkey is there looking at you, and it won't march on the plates by itself. So once more: step on it, brother, step and step again.

First, sink the fork at a spot an inch or two abaft the point of the breastbone, squarely across the middle, one prong on one side, the other prong on the other side. If you hit bone, come out at once, and try a point a little farther aft. The place is there, don't worry about that. And when you sink it, sink it. Don't half do it, so the turkey is skating all over the platter, like a gun loose at sea.





Slip the point of the knife under the far wing and make an upward cut, as far as you can. And here again: when you cut, cut. Decision counts more than anatomical accuracy, for remember this is a cooked bird, not a live one, and its inclination is to come apart, rather than stay together. As soon as you have made this cut, make a downward cut, for the joint that holds the wing to the turkey, a straight cut well toward the neck, so as not to undershoot the joint. The wing should now drop off. If it doesn't, get the knife into the joint at once and get it off, by breaking if necessary. I caution you right now that the underdone turkey, with tough joints, and the overdone turkey, which falls apart, are both hazards that you must be ready for. What with the late cook and the late guest, there is hardly any such thing as a perfectly cooked turkey, and you had better be ready for grief, whatever way it comes.

When the wing drops, let it stay where it is, and don't do anything about it for the time being. It will come into the picture only when it is time for second helpings, and it only slows up the show to cut it up now. Step on it, brother, and keep stepping: you are out in the middle, they are all looking at you, their cruel gaping jaws want turkey, and turkey is the only thing that will satisfy them, so you haven't time even to think about that wing. Cut off the leg, and do it at once. Make a straight cut for the joint that holds it to the turkey, first cutting away all strings. Cut an inch or two above the pope's nose, going as far as you can. Now slip the knife behind the leg, and cut for the joint again. The leg should now fall. If it doesn't, get the knife in the joint, turn it, and break the leg off. You have to get it off, and get it off quick. If you can't do it gracefully, get it off anyhow, even if it makes a loud crack: a laugh is better than a stage wait, and the show doesn't go on until that leg is off.

Once it is off, what you do with it will tell the whole story as to how well you are going to do this job. The next step is to get it in half, one half called the second joint, the other half the drumstick. Get the fork in the second joint, and cut for the joint that holds the drumstick, holding the knife so you can brace against the drumstick. As soon as you have cut, turn and push the knife outward so you break it. Break it, and break it quickly. As soon as it is broken,

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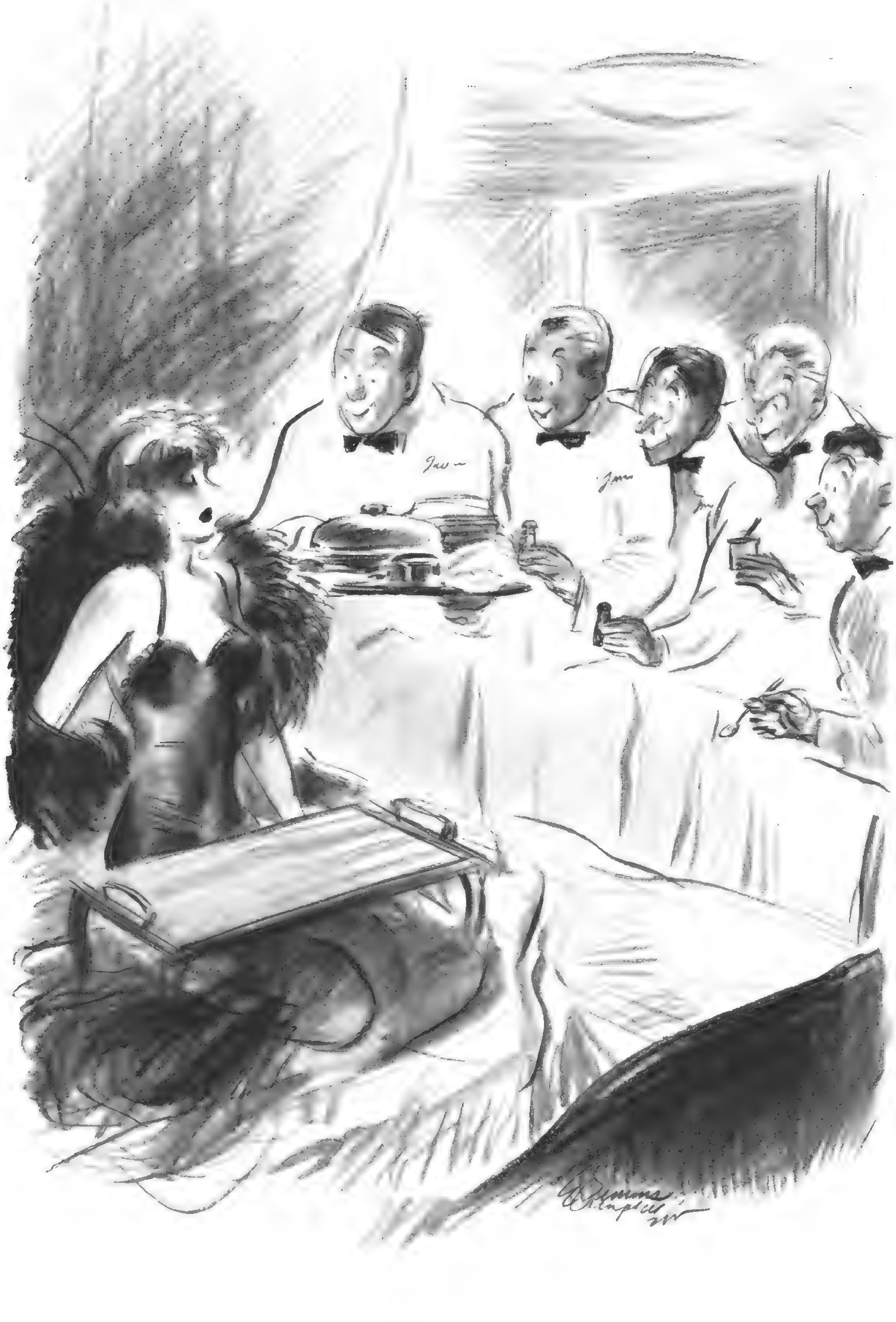

Ten Best Cocktails of 1934

The rules for the composition of the cocktail should be as strict as those for composing a sonnet

by FRANK SHAY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

In America one either slugs as we all did during the Dry Decade or one drinks. Drinking in itself will never become an art; to drink one merely lifts from the table or bar the glass containing his potation and applies it to his lips. This may be great but it isn't art; it is merely a reflex or voluntary action.

The art, if any, lies in the preparation of the drink, and this art reaches its high perfection in the American cocktail. Here is a great inspiration whose origin is shrouded in mystery and confused by doubt. The name, it is asserted, is derived from the original vari-colored ingredients which resembled a cock's tail. The supplementary legend has it that an early American, meaning one who arrived befo' the war, hosting to some visiting Europeans and ashamed of the low quality of his liquor, invented this form of mixed drink so that he might keep face.

The yarn is a good one and will serve. If history repeats itself, as so many allege, it performed just that feat during the Great Drought. During those ill-begotten years certain well-intentioned but misinformed zealots began mixing the ingredients at their hands; originally in laudable effort to make their grog potable, later succumbing completely to the lure of adventurous compounding. They ceased to place ingredients sympathetic to each other in their cocktails. Such concoctions may have been made all in good fun but who does not shudder when the results are recalled. If the origin of the name was due to vari-colored integrants, by the same analogy the only name to be given these later manifestations was Pain's Fireworks.

Candor compels the admission that the corruption of the cocktail did not begin with prohibition. It started with some lads who had but lately graduated from the soda-fountains and who found themselves at New Haven or Princeton Junction or Cambridge away from parental and expert guidance. They called their callow concoctions "Chorus Girls" and they were already a major criminal problem in 1921. From then on it seemed to us professional topers that all art in compiling cocktails had been jettisoned. Some of us condoned these devices. The basic raw materials then available, and I use the term raw advisedly, made it imperative that they be polished or doctored or decorated. Also it was essential that their rougher edges be smoothed down in order that they might pass to their true goal without too great distress to the drinker. The results of these compoundings were misnamed cocktails, and made strong men cry and caused little babies to shudder at the thought of their own futures.

Then came Repeal.

Package stores and bars opened and reopened. Spread before our jaundiced eyes were the long-forgotten fruits of far-flung vineyards, of aged vats and cobwebby cellars. There was even put within public view a sixteen-year-old whiskey, that was smooth as a maiden's cheek and as subtle as Fascist propaganda. Now appeared in bottles and at bars liquors long forgotten or else remembered only by the doddering. Came, too, new distillations, new concoctions and newer headaches. Stomachs that had been strained to the breaking point now collapsed and with only slight shudders gave up the unequal struggle.

But now, after a year of experimentation, a year that will be known to spade-callers as The Age of Pain, we can report that reason and sanity have been restored. Certain professional drinkers who have survived are now able to place a palsied thumb to their reddened noses at all amateur inventions. They have done with the combustible mixtures and avoid all friends and places who have not reformed.

Out of the welter of doubt and experimentation the worthwhile drinks emerge. There are many who still insist upon taking theirs straight or as a highball and more power to them. The old time American cocktail has come through its ordeal by fire and in certain manifestations is happily recapturing its old time loyalties.

The cocktail is always a social drink. It is an appetizer, a restorer and a work of art. There are, including the "pansies" we are busily forgetting, several hundred cocktails and only a few dozen are legitimate. The laws and rules for mixing one are as strict and implicit as those for composing a sonnet. The cocktail is not a free-for-all in its composition and discretion is more necessary than imagination in its proper concoction.

Taking the ten best cocktails of the first year of Repeal as indicative of the return to sanity we find that some old-timers can shout: "Look, we have come through!"

THE OLD-FASHIONED

To Chicago, of all places, goes the honor of rediscovering the true Old-Fashioned Whiskey Cocktail. It is in one bar in the Loop that this best known drink reaches an all-time perfection. In New York, St. Louis and San Francisco it is also found in a highly cultivated state. The barman in this Loop cafe brings out a beautifully polished heavy-bottomed glass into which he drops a single lump of sugar. This he wets down with an adequate dash of Angostura Bitters, crushing the result with a wooden muddler that never has been washed nor used for any less worthy purpose. A lone lump of crystal clear ice joins the company, then this artist places the glass before me. It is for me to call my own brand of whiskey, though always it must be a Bourbon. Further he lets me pour the quantity I desire and I assure you, my attentive reader, that in such a crisis I am likely to be a wee mite heavy handed. The benevolent sinner behind the bar then twists a bit of lemon peel over the top and never does he offend by stirring or adding assorted fruits or seltzer. When he asks: "An old-fashioned, sir?" I stand with the Spirit of Chicago and murmur: "I will!"

THE DRY MARTINI

In New York the Martini seems to be the Citizen's choice at the best bars, and by best bars I mean not only those places whose patrons realize a Martini at a quarter or thirty cents is a good buy, but those places that have sent the olive back, without comment, to wherever it is olives belong. With me the man who first placed an olive in a Martini is no more popular than the guy who introduced barbed wire to Texas.

These best bars do not dash one part of French Vermouth into a bar glass, then add twice that quantity of gin and think, because they *stir* it, that the result is something special. When these barmen are asked for a *dry* Martini they give you just that. Reducing it to mathematical terms they half fill a glass with broken ice over which they snap a restrained dash of orange bitters. Finally one part of French Vermouth and three parts of a damned good gin. This is stirred without great heat and then poured into a large cocktail glass. The final gesture is to take a small segment of lemon peel measuring, to be exact, one inch by one-quarter inch, twist it

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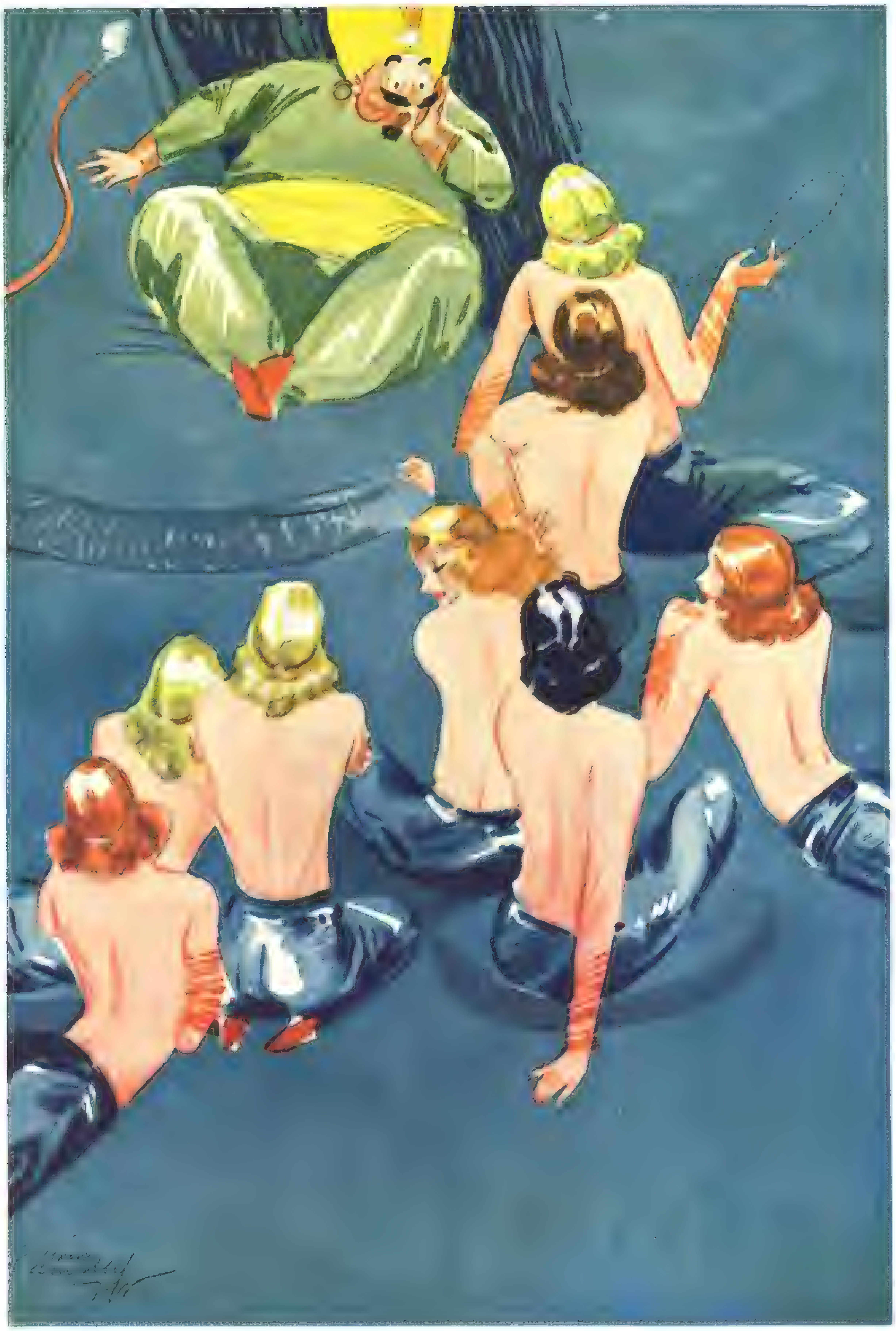
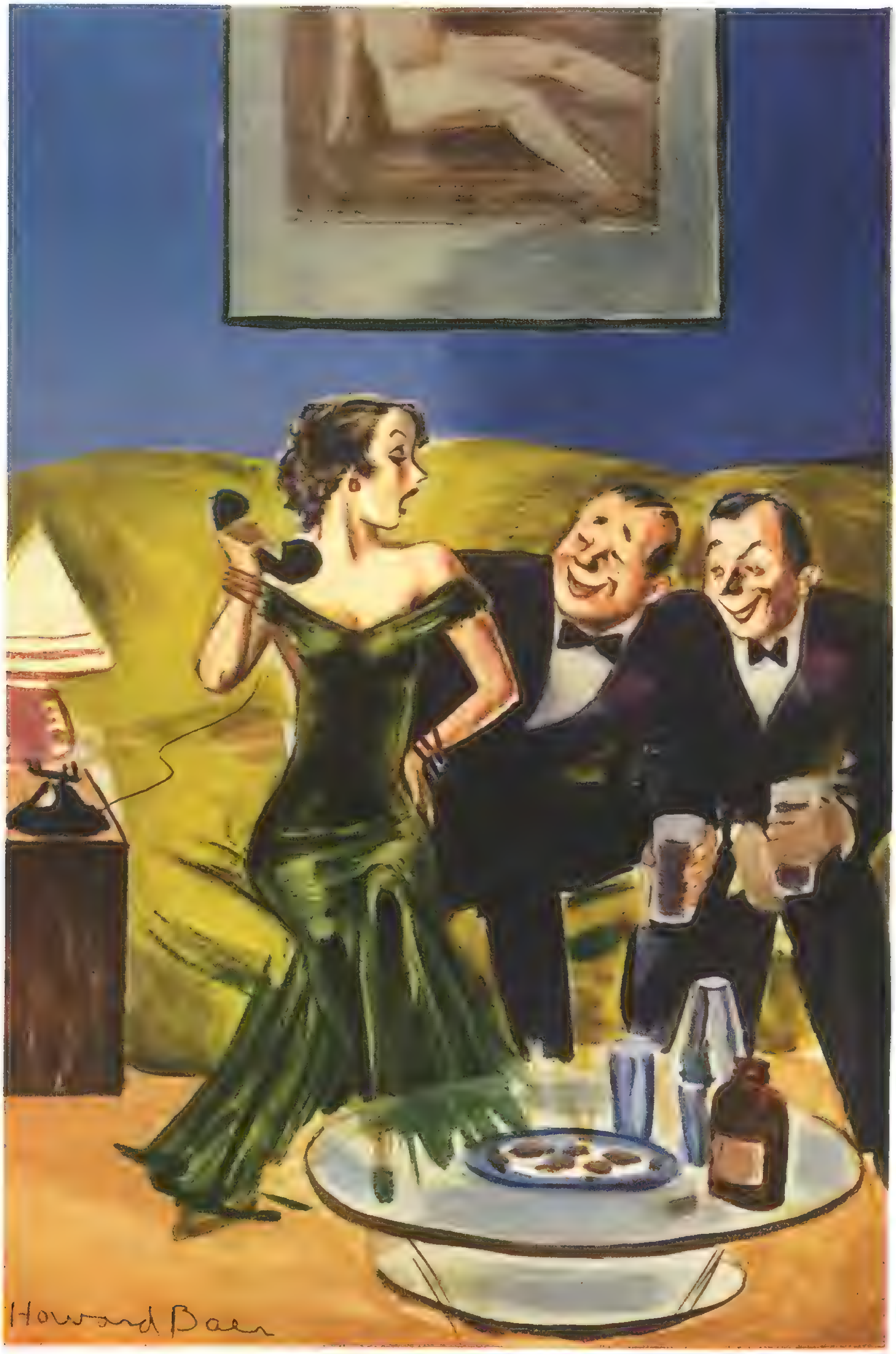


"Cecil B. deMille! . . . and you signed the papers, all you girls?"


Howard Baer

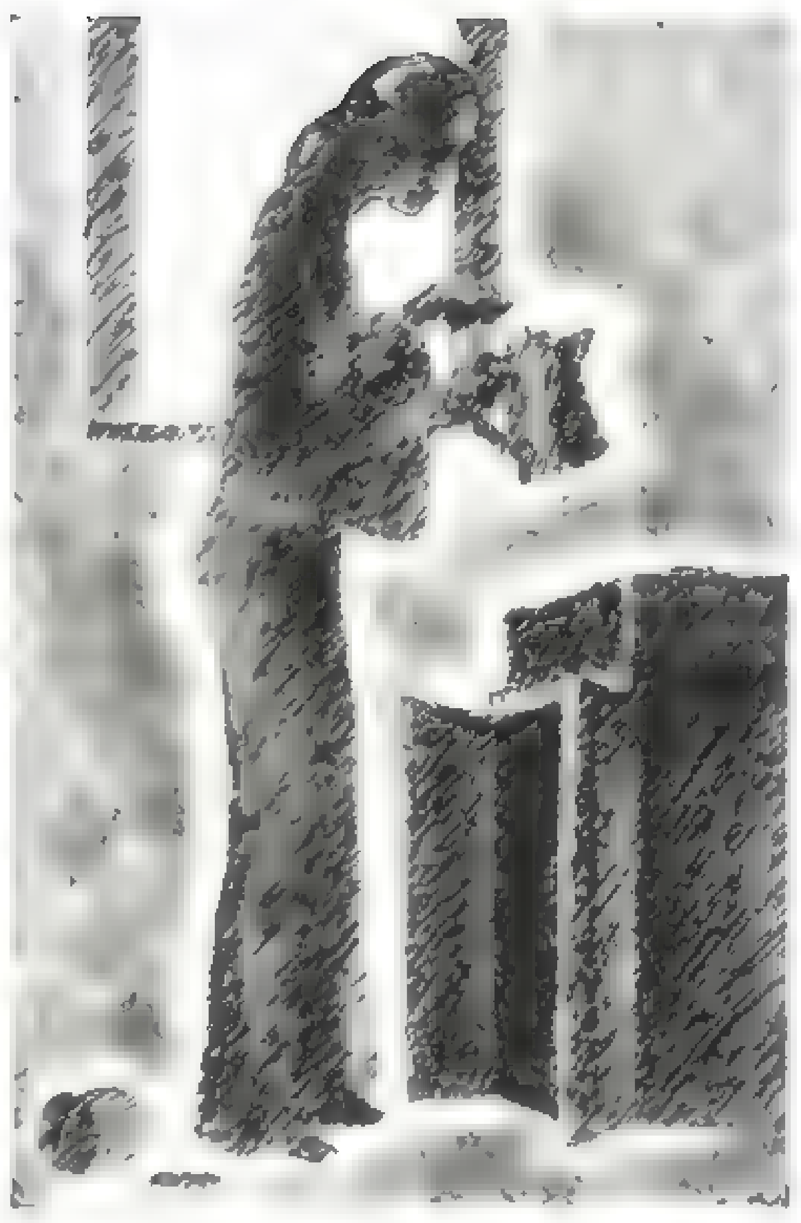
"Oh no—she's a nice girl, she works"

On Part Time

A story that's as old as Adam's rib, or at least as old as the need for money to keep alive

by ROBERT SMITH

▪ FICTION ▪



THEY hardly spoke to each other any more. Gladys crept out of bed at six, snatching her quilted kimono off the bedstead and wriggling into it, shivering. She hurried over to shut the window down and then went out into the chilly kitchen to put a match to the gasplate to warm the place a little before she got up to stay. She felt as if she could go right back to sleep and stay in bed all day. But once she got into bed again she merely lay very still on her back looking up at the cobwebbed ceiling. She didn't close her eyes at all. She could hear the clock's tinny clicking and the steady blow of the gas.

After a while heavy footsteps overhead made the chandelier tremble and she heard the rush of water and the strangling gargle of the toilet upstairs. Then she got up.

It was a little less clammy now and her nostrils and throat felt dry. She took the coffee pot out of the sink and set it right over the flame. There was about an inch of coffee in it from yesterday. There were no more fresh grounds. She opened the window and took the milk bottle off the sill. One thing about cold weather was that milk lasted over. She ran the water on a cup and a spoon and put them out on the set tub. Then she put her shoes and stockings on and put on her coat and tucked her hair up under a beret and trotted downstairs. She had a quarter of their sixty cents in her fist and she tried to think what you got the most of. The A. & P. was right beneath them. It was just opened and men were out front taking joints of beef off a big red truck.

There were no other customers in the store. Two young fellows in aprons at the rear glanced at each other when she came in and then one of them came forward with his head back, looking her boldly in the eye and grinning faintly as if he were going to share a joke. She stood there hesitant for a minute, avoiding his eyes. Then she saw the big package of corn flakes with a tag marked 6 under it.

"A package of corn flakes," she said.

Almost without taking his eyes off her and without changing his expression, he flicked a package off the shelf and set it before her. She set her quarter down.

"That's all," she said.

He slipped the package into a bag and laid her quarter on the register. "Six out of a quarter," he said, and after a while the other man came down and counted out her change.

When she got back upstairs Fred was up and had his trousers and wool shirt on with his shirt-tail out and hair sticking up and his eyes still sleepy. He was pouring the muddy coffee out. There was just a little more than half a cup. He filled it with milk, making a dirty grey and lukewarm mixture. She got a chipped bowl down from the shelf and, with a little flourish, she filled it with corn flakes. He blinked at it as she poured the rest of the milk over them.

"Swell," he murmured.

She watched him eating it and she could almost feel the stuff chill his empty stomach. She brought the clock out and when he saw it he began gulping his food. He stood up to finish his coffee, tucking his shirt in; and then he combed his hair with a piece of comb from his breast pocket.

He put a sweater on and then his coat, turning his collar up. He looked cold already although she supposed he would be warm enough with his wool shirt and sweater underneath.

"Suppose you'll get a day today?" she said.

"I don't know," he said. "I got to be there."

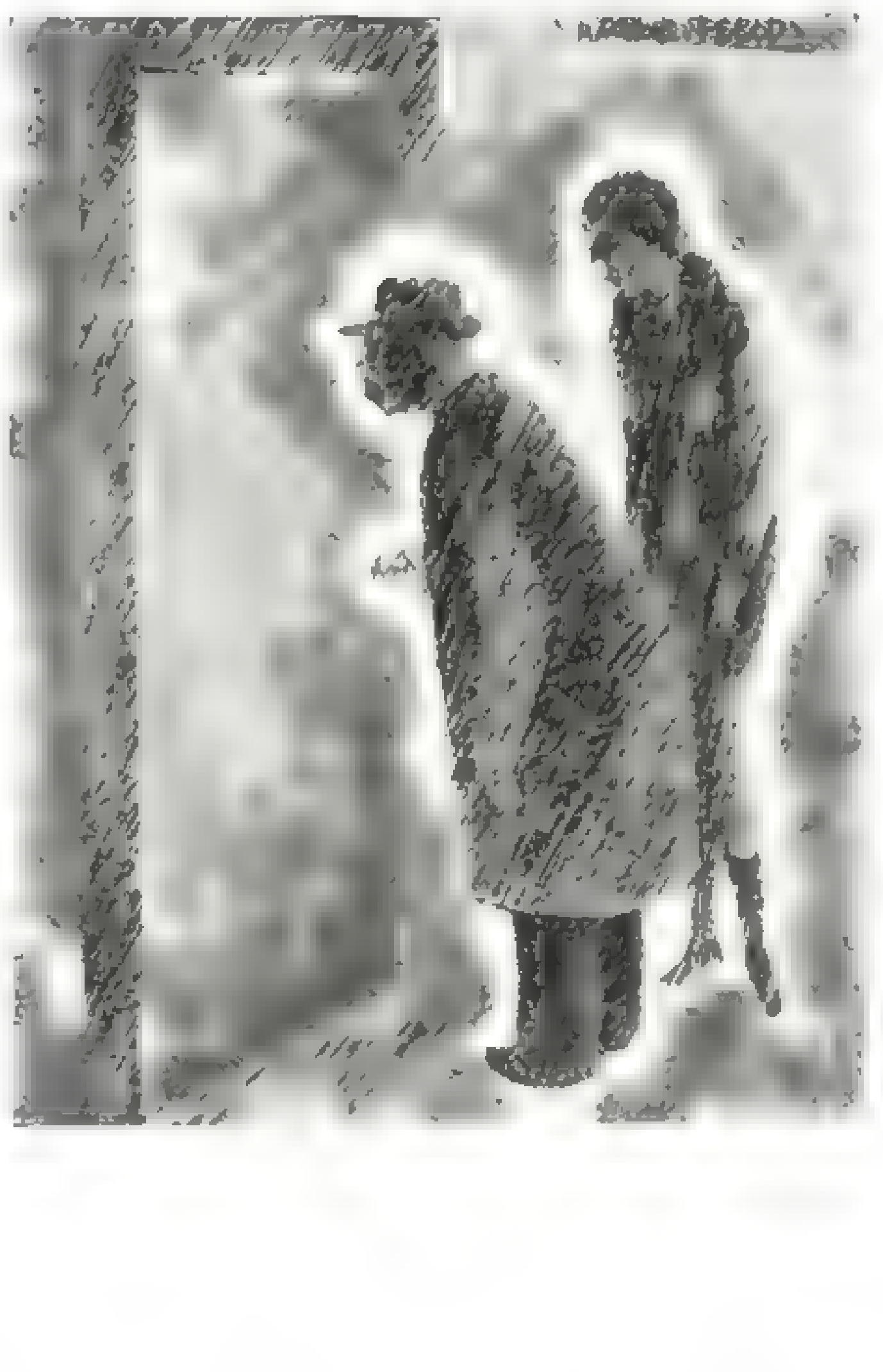
She went in and took the thirty-five cents out of the bureau and brought it to him. He took it doubtfully.

"Listen," she said. "Get a pair of gloves today. I got a chance to help Isabelle out today and maybe I'll get a dollar."

"What if you don't?" he muttered.

"I'm pretty sure I will. Yeh, I know I will. Go ahead. You need them."

He took the thirty-five cents and grunted and went out. She found a stale bread heel in the drawer for her breakfast. Chewing it a long time made it taste sweet and good. She took her shoes off then and went back to bed. She didn't have to be there until noon. She didn't go to sleep but lay thinking of what was coming, even while she was trying not to think of it.



At about eleven she got up and began to get dressed. She went over her good dress with a damp cloth and got most of the big stains off. Then she ironed it and stitched up the hem where it had come loose. She brushed her coat off very carefully and caught up the lining in two or three places. The fur looked awfully frowzy but if she kept the collar turned up it would not be so noticeable. It was her shoes that worried her. Everywhere she went she imagined people were looking at her run-over heels. In the subway she always tucked her feet back under the seat and kept watching to see if people noticed.

When she got all dressed she stood in front of the mirror and practiced fixing her collar and her beret so that they looked right. She ran her tongue over her lips and wet a finger tip and rubbed it over her eyebrows. She had schooled herself to smile with her lips closed so her yellowed teeth would not show.

She decided not to take any money. In case anything went wrong they would want the whole nineteen cents for dinner. She could walk over to Broadway and she could go right up to his office instead of spending a nickel to telephone. She started out finally, nervous enough to cry, with the feeling she used to have when she left for the dentist's.

After a few blocks the wind, not bad at first, seemed even colder. She could feel it especially in her ankles and nose. She put her head down and hurried along, scurrying sometimes to get out of a strong blast and struggling to keep her coat together at the knees. It took her about twenty minutes to reach the building on Broadway but it seemed an hour.

She found the name Interstate on the board. It was the eleventh floor. She found it difficult to call out the number in the elevator, she was so embarrassed. Outside the door of his office she hesitated long enough to rearrange her coat, then she pushed the door open slowly.

There was a little reception room with a desk and a switchboard, but there was no one in it. She looked through it into another room and saw Mr. Margolies in his shirt-sleeves at a desk. He looked up just then and caught her eye. He half rose, startled, and glanced warily about him. Then he beat the air with his hand, signalling her to back out. She groped behind for the door-knob, then slipped out into the corridor again, crimson with mortification. She wanted to go away at once but she knew she couldn't and when Mr. Margolies came out, smiling but still looking alarmed, she had to keep her head down while she blinked away some tears.

"Gee, kid," Mr. Margolies gasped. "You shouldn't

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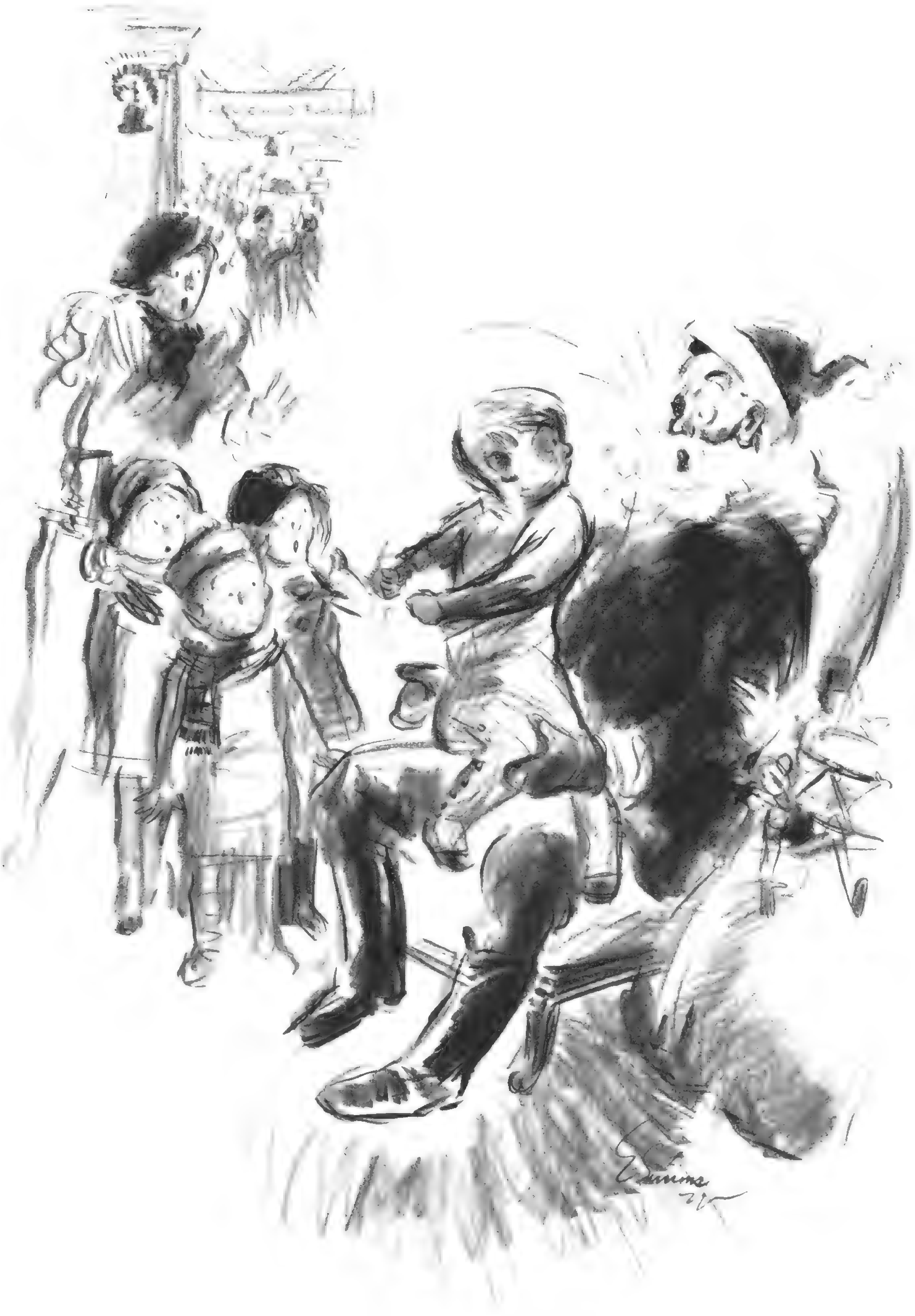


"That's for last Christmas!"

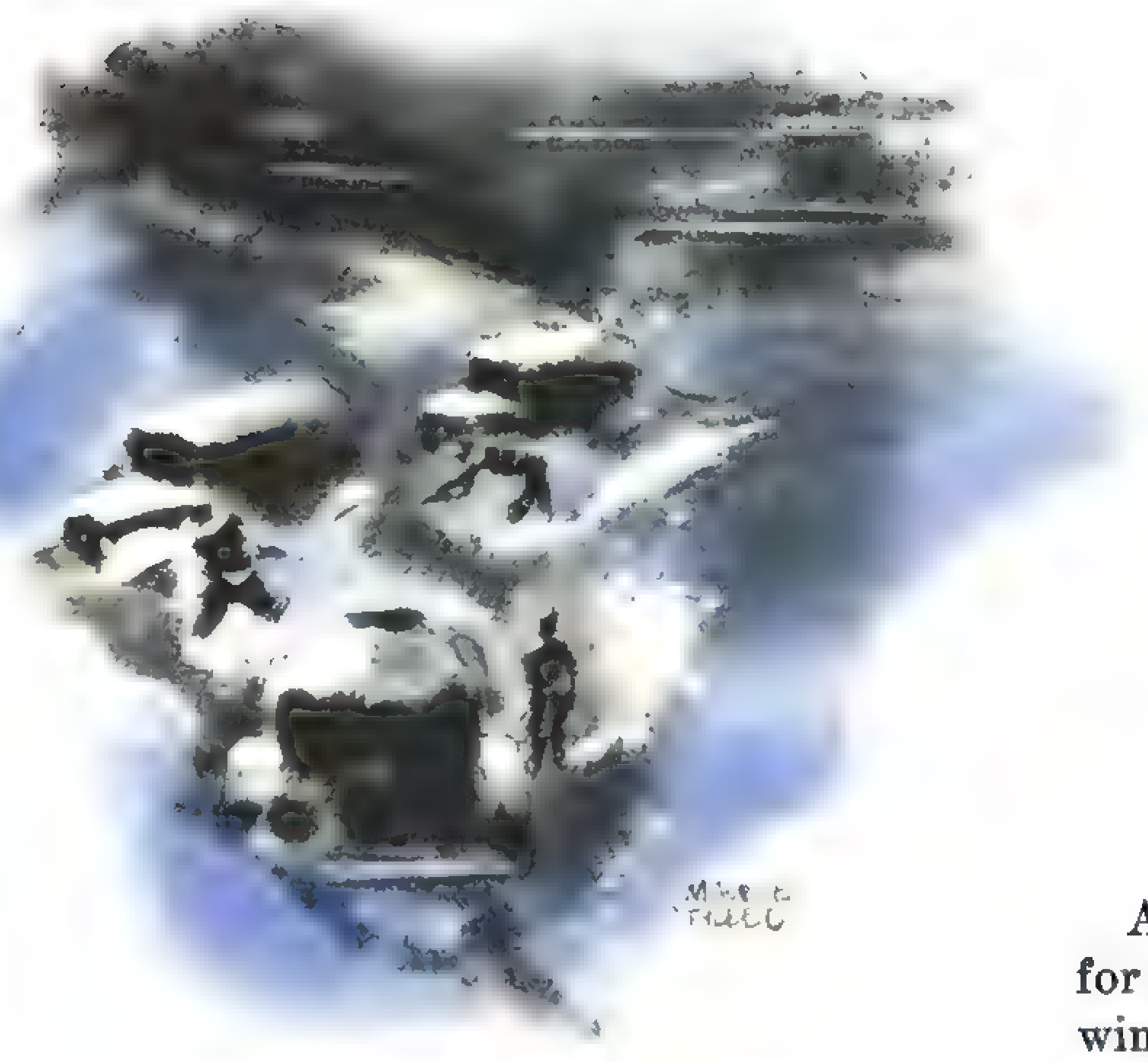
The Perfect Stranger

The story of sweetness and light, of faith in the far-off places —nevertheless a story for men

by ERNEST POOLE

▪ FICTION ▪

UP IN northern Wisconsin, in a blizzard on a winter's night, a roadster came ploughing through snowdrifts on a little country road and stopped, for the way was blocked by two other cars half buried in a drift ahead. Their owners, one short and the other tall, in heavy jackets and top boots, had been taking turns with a shovel, but it seemed a hopeless job. The newcomer, a wiry lad, leaped out of his car and impatiently floundered through the snow to them.



“Hello, men!” At the sound of his voice, the short man abruptly turned.

“Hello, Ken. What you doin' here?” he asked, in a tone of grim dislike.

“Oh just travelling.”

“Where to?” The young one shot a look of impatience.

“Well, Marsh, if it's all the same to you, I'm getting through to the State road—about eighty rods from here!”

“Some eighty rods!” the short man said, and then, in a malicious tone: “Got sick of life in Chicago, eh? And so you quit an' come back home. No work for you in my garage—I filled your place a year ago.”

“Yeah? Well, that's O. K. with me! Life in Chicago suits me fine!”

“Does, eh? Then maybe you've come back to court that little gal of yours. You've chose a hell of a night for it, boy; but if you'll hoof it down the road, maybe you can get her Dad to hitch up that team of his an' come, an' yank us out of this before we get all froze to death.”

“I don't believe he's home tonight.”

“Don't you? Why not? How do you know?”

“I'll go and try him! If he's out, I'll get a shovel anyhow!”

And the wiry lad called Ken went quickly floundering down the road. In a few minutes he came back with a snow shovel and announced:

“Her father's out and so's the team.”

“Then we're sunk,” the garage man said.

“I ain't—I'm go'n' to get out of this!”

And throwing off his ulster and taking his place by the tall man, who had been digging all this time, clearing the road ahead of the cars with slow steady powerful sweeps of the snow shovel in his hands, Ken tackled the job at a speed which soon had him breathing hard. The big stranger turned and smiled

“Why the hurry, son?” he asked.

“I gotta get out of here tonight!”

Marsh meanwhile had gone down the road. In a few minutes he returned.

“You're gettin' nowhere,” he announced. “This drift goes clear around the bend.”

“All right, we got nearly half of it cleared!” cried the boy Ken in a desperate tone.

“Have, eh? You ain't begun. To clear this road will take us till daylight.”

“Not if you quit talking, it won't!”

“I ain't stayin' *here* to be froze to death.”

“Then grab a shovel and get warm!” But Marsh turned to the tall man and said:

“We're gettin' nowhere, stranger, we might as well quit right now an' here. I run a garage in Woodsville. I know this country like my hat an' I tell you there ain't a thing we can do—not against a snow like this. It's comin' down about as fast as you can throw it off the road. So the sensible thing for us to do is to go to that gal's house an' get warm. It's only just around the bend.”

And despite the angry urging of the boy whom he called Ken, the two men were soon on their way. Ken followed them. Around the bend, at the crossroads, they came to a small farm house and barn, lonely, gaunt and bleak in the storm. There was a light in the kitchen window. As they ploughed through heavy drifts in the yard, the youngster got ahead of them and threw open the kitchen door. And a dark pretty girl inside, fully dressed in hat and coat and with bright excited eyes, sprang up to meet him.

“All ready, Ken?”

“No—look who's here!” At his low warning voice, she turned and saw the short man coming in. Marsh gave her a look of grim surprise.

“Hello, Ruth, what you doin' here, all dressed up like this?” he asked. With a tension that she could not hide, she said:

“Good evening, Mr. Marsh! I was just comin' out to bring you men some good hot coffee! Ain't it an awful night?”

“I'll say so. Where's your Dad tonight?”

“Out at a meeting of the Grange.”

“Not at Woodsville, he ain't, this ain't the night.”

“No, he's over at Jackson's Falls.”

“That's bad,” said Marsh. “Then we're sunk for the night.” As he settled heavily into a chair, a stocky man with a square tight face and little hard suspicious eyes, the girl looked at him in dismay.

“Where's that coffee, Ruth?” asked Ken. Wiry, with a shock of black hair, his anxious friendly face and eyes seemed to steady her.

“Here it is, right on the stove! You poor things, you must be frozen!”

And she moved eagerly about getting cups for the three men. From his place by the window, the tall powerful stranger sat watching her with interest. He had a lean big-featured face and a poignant quality in his clear understanding eyes. When Ruth brought him his coffee, he thanked her with a friendly smile; and with a look of liking, she said:

“I guess you're a stranger around here.”

“Yes, I'm travelling,” he replied. His deep voice was low and kind. “Sorry to bother you like this.”

“Oh, it ain't any bother, none at all! There's lots more on this stove! It'll help you get warm!”

But in the next few minutes, by the eagerness with which she pressed more hot coffee on the men, while Ken put more wood in the stove and urged them both to come and warm up, it was plain enough that Ruth and he were anxious to make the visit brief.

“Got another shovel, Ruth?” he asked.

“Yes, there's one right out in the barn!”

“What good 'll that do us?” inquired Marsh. Ken turned on him impatiently.

“Why, we can't stay here all night. And with all three of us digging,” he said, “we'll soon break through to the State road!”

“Then where'll we be? That road's blocked, too—all drifted over,” Marsh replied. “We got to sit right here an' wait till the motor plough comes through from Woodsville—and that may not be till daybreak.”

“Oh, no, Mr. Marsh, you're wrong!” eagerly the girl put in, with a tension visibly growing now. “In as bad a storm as this, they often work right through the night! I know, for they stop in here to get warm!”

“Well, seein's believin',” Marsh replied. “We'll wait till it comes.”

“What for?” cried Ken. “The plough don't work on this little side road, so we gotta dig out of that ourselves! And it's go'n' to take us an hour or so! So why not get to work ahead?”

“Look here, youngster, why the hurry?”

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Sunday Morning Signal Callers

Disgruntled alumni decide in a week what a quarterback should have done on one second's notice

by R. E. (DICK) HANLEY

▪ SPORTS ▪

"Did you ever see such putrid quarterbacking . . . Say, I could have scored myself that last 10 minutes . . . Why didn't they run instead of kick . . . Why the 'ell won't that team change systems and win some games . . . Of all the lousy. . ."

Well, lads, here we are again. Flush into another football season, the college stadia filled on Saturdays and the Sunday morning quarterbacks going stronger than ever as successive games are checked off the schedule, into the records of won and lost.

Did I say the second guessers are strong? They are mighty. Listen. You can hear them now in Market street, San Francisco; Peachtree street, Atlanta, and on the levees of New Orleans, to mention only a few of their habitats. Even staid old Beacon thoroughfare, down Boston way, is filled with this peculiar cult that football has spawned. Broadway is buzzing with what they have to say.

Our Sunday morning quarterbacks, doing today what their particular college quarterback failed to do yesterday, ought to be the happiest fellows alive. Bound for church—we hope—they skim through the traffic with the greatest of ease on a crisp Sabbath forenoon. Sidestepping another car here, outrunning a pedestrian there, stiff-arming their way through traffic, they play over again the game of the day before with never a mistake of plan or execution.

More power to the cult. Let's be generous to its disciples. Their intense, if peculiar, interest firmly fixes football's immense popularity. Their only handicap is that they are exactly a day late in unleashing the powerful generalship which bags all of these mental gridiron contests.

The Sunday morning board of strategy has had almost twenty-four hours to mull over a decision some college boy made in four or five seconds the previous day. The collegian had about 15 seconds to execute his play.

This boy may have been on the receiving end of a hard tackle or block, a moment before his judgment was formed. But what of that? Second guessers would have the 19- or 20-year-old lad call the play exactly as they see it next day. But cheer up, college quarterbacks, the Sabbatical experts rarely agree. Their guesses diverge the distance that the Washington State Cougars are removed from Florida's 'Gators; from the site of Tulane's Green Wave to where the boys croon the stein song of old Maine to celebrate a victory. There is no doubt about it. The second guessers have their weaknesses, too.

Sunday morning signal callers, for example, may have overlooked the difference between football and golf. In golf, likewise in tennis, galleries must maintain a genteel restraint. Hoots and catcalls are distinctly taboo. A discreet silence, greatest of aids to an athlete's concentration, prevails over all.

Inhibitions like these are absent from football. Perhaps a punt is getting under way. From 50,000 to 60,000 potential Sunday morning quarterbacks lean forward in the stands and give full tongue to their emotions. The kicker is out there on one leg, attempting to boot out of danger. At least a half-dozen healthy, energetic young men are endeavoring to break through on him. His kicking toe is aimed at a moving instead of a stationary object. Tell me about your bad lies in golf!

How about the forward passer? He aims at a swiftly moving target. He must gauge this speed, the wind, the charging maniacs on defense. If this passer fails to get away with it, he's a dub. If successful, he will just as surely be hit by the chargers.

That sort of setup is what caused Walt Holmer, one of the best college passers I have ever coached, to tell me that he had never seen even one of his passes completed. Yet Holmer flung many accurate tosses through the ranks of the Big Ten.

Think of some of these stymies, you energetic Sunday morning signal callers. Remember the seasoned story of the rabid alumnus who arrived in his stadium well fortified from frost or snake bite. He announced to his companion how well he knew the personnel of the team, and this particular coach's strategy. He would, he promised, tip off in advance all that was to happen.

The team was in a huddle, and our Joe Doak remarked: "Well, they'll run off tackle this time." But the team bucked through the line for a 12-yard gain.

Recovering his breath, Joe stated: "That one worked. This time they'll pile through the same hole." But the team threw a forward pass, and completed it for a 15-yard gain. "Nice work," quoth the grandstand strategist. "This time they'll pass—they've found a weakness."

But the team smashed off tackle to its opponent's 4-yard line.

Old Joe Doak was too busy to call the next play. Despite its wonderful drive, he felt that his team had thrown him down. He was diving into the flask again. So the team plunged inside tackle the next two plays and gained a yard on each.

"Well, Joe," observed his companion, "what'll they do this time?"

The determined answer was: "Let them shift for themselves. I brought them down this far."

A Northwestern alumnus brought a customer to the 1930 football game between his alma mater and Wisconsin. The mixup was staged at Dyche Stadium, not far from Lake Michigan. Weather conditions prevented a decent view of the game from stands or press box.

Heavy fog cloaked the field. So dense was the atmosphere that the late Knute Rockne, taking a day off to scout Northwestern personally for virtually a national championship match the next Saturday, remarked that the teams were playing under secret practice conditions. But this failed to stem the alumnus in his informative chatter to the prize customer.

When the game had locked in a 7-7 tie, Northwestern's quarterback called a double reverse around the Badger right end. Reb Russell, portrayer of Western roles in the movies now, but then a fullback of many parts, faked to the quarterback, started a spin into the line, then flipped the ball to his right halfback, who ran with it.

"Don't let Russell fool you; he's carrying the ball inside tackle," said the loquacious alumnus.

"Yes," agreed the prize customer. "But what's that man doing with the ball across the goal line?" And he pointed to the right halfback, many yards away.

But it's all right, fellows. Pick your plays on Sundays. Smear the other eleven all over the chalk marks. Remember, however, that no one set strategy can be followed in a football game. The Saturday quarterback, on the field, must consider

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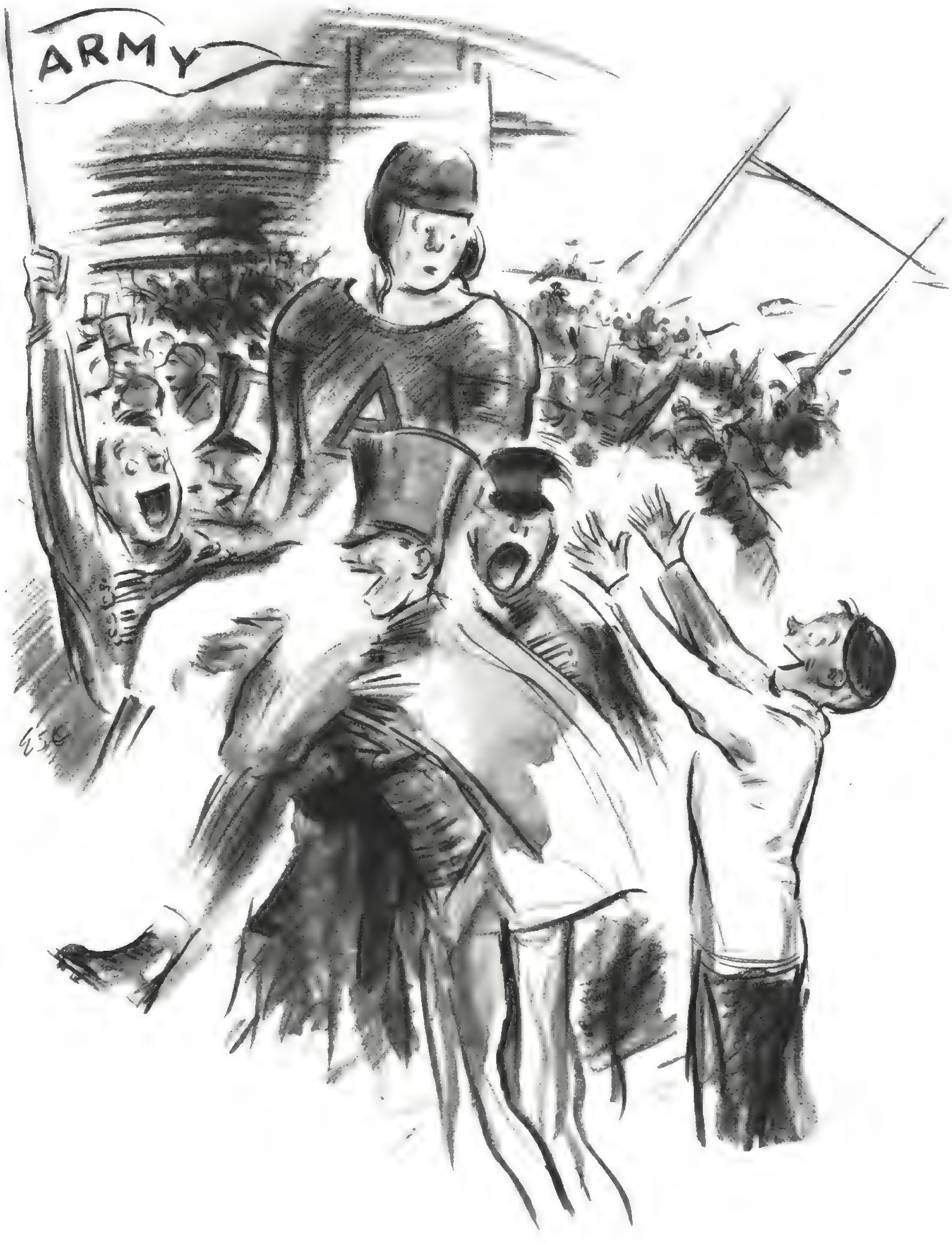
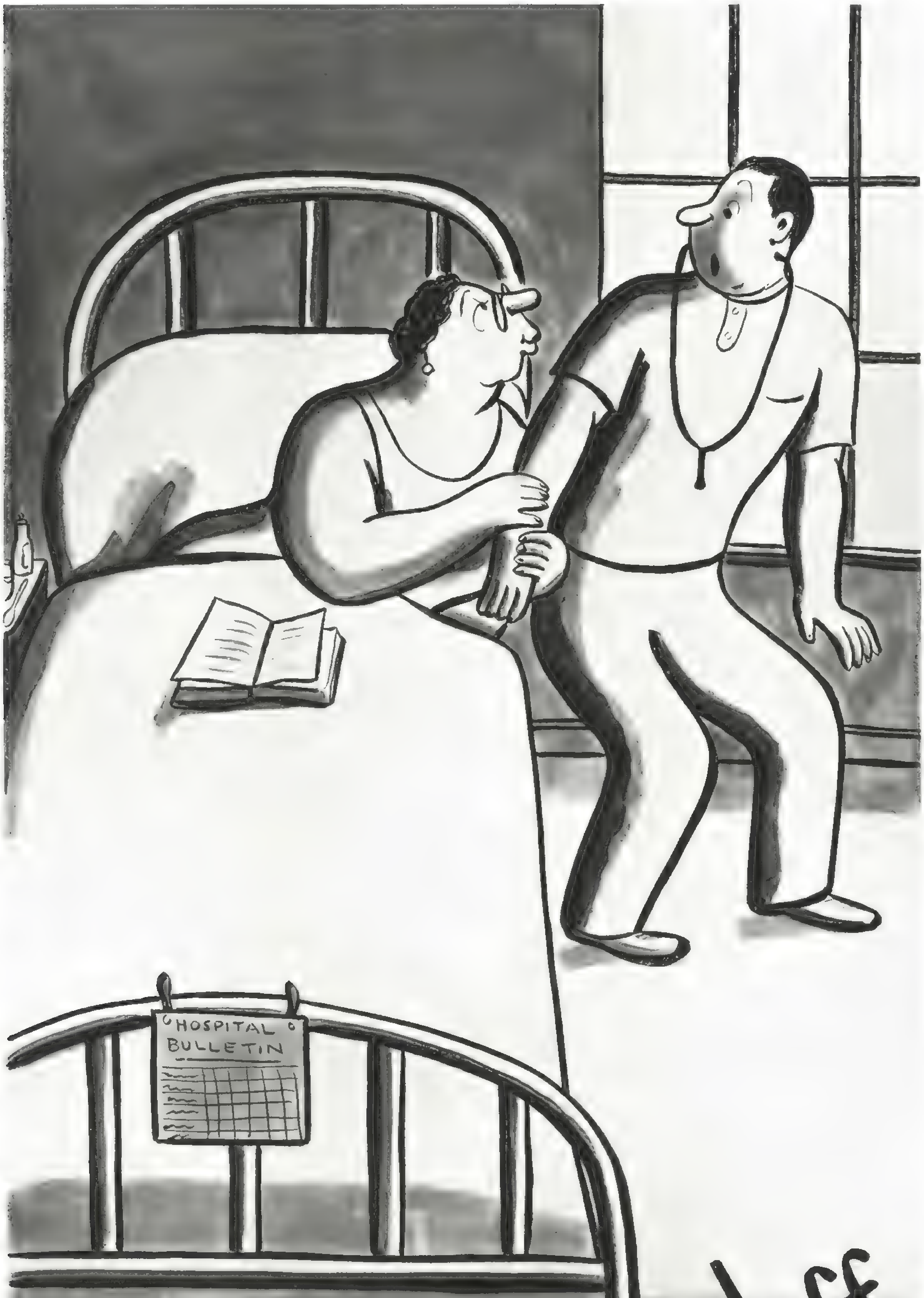


"Papa!"


HOSPITAL
BULLETIN
hoff

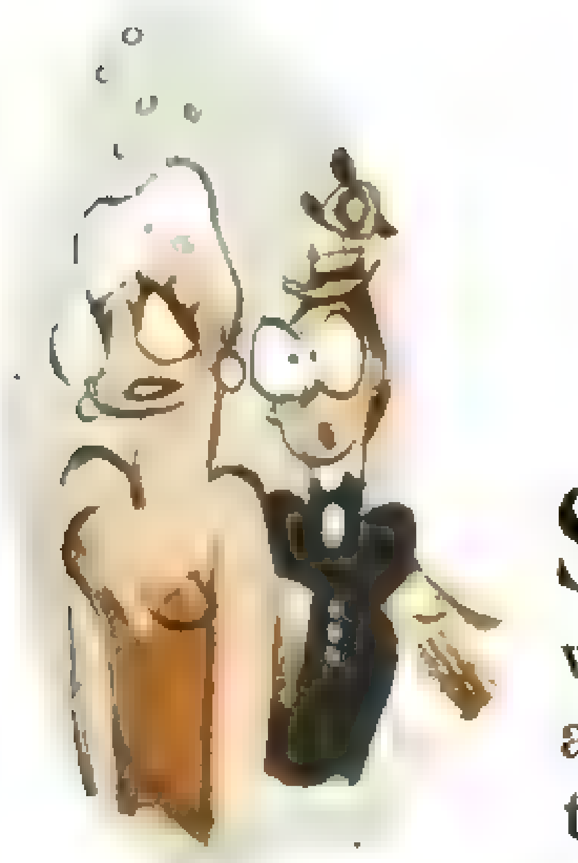
"Madam!"

The Beaut from Montana

Dr. Scully, from behind his bushy beard, unloads this case-history that ought to end case-histories

by FRANK SCULLY

HUMOR



STRIPPED—her favorite pose, incidentally—she was a featherweight, and a fraction under five feet tall. But nobody ever measured her s.a.—in Hollywood or anywhere else.

In Butte, Montana, where she was born and raised, she was known as Sadie Ostromar, but a press agent in Hollywood gave her the nice New England name of Sally Alden. The story was she had seduced her first male in Butte before she was out of pinafores. And whether that's true or not, it's a laughable fact that after she got in pictures every man in Hollywood was scared to death of her. Her five husbands swore to a man that she was *insatiable*, and unfaithful to boot. It is difficult to say which appalled them the more.

While still in Butte, when she was fifteen in fact, she was assigned to the best house in town. No procurer enticed her there. She got in on her own merits. But she was an absolute failure in the business.

When you realize that she was even prettier then than she is now, the thing becomes fantastic. Where now she has a trace of double chin, at that time her features were gently chiseled in Elgin marble. Where now she has to wear an uplift *soutien gorge* to affect a youthful bosom, at that time her body was as firm as an August apple. Today even the cleverest cameramen can't streamline completely her matronly hips, but in those days she was as slender as a birch tree.

ARCH BANTON

From those good old days, however, only her gorgeously slender ankles remain. They're as perfect today as they were twenty years ago. Well, maybe you could add the mass of lovely yellow hair, big blue eyes, uptilted nose and peach-like complexion to her ankles as still being about what they were in Butte.

And yet with all that in her favor she simply couldn't wait to be asked to say yes. The original of the Dorothy Parker girl, "who could speak fourteen languages and couldn't say no in any of them," has always been believed to have been Sally Alden. Nothing could be a greater libel on the Casanova of her sex. It was her impatience and that alone, which caused her to be thrown out of Montana's bawdy houses and into California's picture studios.

From the beginning in Hollywood whenever she came on a set she looked the crew over, and no one from prop-man to producer was safe.

By the time she was forty you'd have expected that sex as a subject would have begun to lose its interest for her, but no victim of Sally's rapacity ever testified privately to that effect. Any of them could show you permanent scars as proof that they had fought for their honor—and lost.

It would not be portraying her fairly at all to call her "vampire," or a "gold-digger," or simply as her discarded lovers did, a "glamorous bitch in ermine." She openly bragged that she had made them all and any man who said anything else was a fairly transparent liar. And you'd be further from truth if you imagined she liked girls. No, her sex-life was conventional enough, except for the *force* behind it.

In the light of all this, can you imagine anything funnier than the story that after the cleanup campaign had driven her out of pictures (she was beginning to skid anyway) and she had decided to try Broadway for a new build-up, she had entered a producer's office and with the terrified eyes of a deer at bay had fought for what the old-fashioned girls used to call something dearer than life?

Why do press agents circulate such yarns? It was, if anything, the producer who put up that old-fashioned fight. I can understand such stories where an old *madame* essays *Little Eva* or *Peter Pan* or the *White Sister*, but Sally was going to play the bag-slinger in a revival of *Rain* and it wouldn't have hurt to let the public know that she had plenty of what it takes, especially since it was true.

It happened in Arch Banton's office. Most chorines who have worked for the oversexed Arch de Triumph will admit that they never were hired without at least a mauling, and any extras waiting in the outer office knew he was through casting when the couch was carried out of his inner office and put back among the props in the wings downstairs.

But in Sally's case they carried Arch out on his own couch like a wounded Spartan warrior being carried home from battle on his shield. Any way you figured it, the scene must have been a howl.

Imagine Arch leering at the sight of a buxom blonde entering his office, licking his thick, loose lips, slyly getting up from his desk so that he could get between her and the door, and then imagine that lecherous look of his turning to terror as he faced a female look more lecherous than his own!

If a bigger belly-laugh could come from mortal man than from the person who might have been privileged to watch Arch hypnotized into a corner—the *couch* corner—gripping his clothes around him, while Sally, the super-sex sensation, started coiling around him like a cobra, I'd like to hear it.

After she had run Arch through the wringer she decided she ought to get a divorce from Stetson Handler, her fifth husband. She decided to do it quietly in Paris if Stetson would take an outright settlement of $25,000 instead of a monthly alimony. Being no fool, Stetson signed for the settlement.

Sally decided she wasn't going to be bothered with husbands any more. As "fronts" they had cost her too much money. Henceforth, she said, she'd live with her men till she tired of them, and then, like a Henrietta the Eighth, toss them aside. Her mother, who had old-fashioned ideas, said that would be her undoing.

"I'll be damned," cried Sally, "if I'll be trapped into marriage any more."

When pressed about "consequences" she replied, "I've had five, and the little bastards can become bank presidents for all I care. I'm through with marrying with an eye to 'consequences'."

When her mother suggested that might be all right for sons, but daughters need society's protection, Sally glared.

"Nuts," was all she would say.

It was really a sore spot with her. Though she was feminine to a fault, it burned her ego to cinders that she couldn't produce a daughter. The one she claimed as her own was a phoney. It was really her maid's. They had gone abroad together, entered a Swiss *clinique*, Sally registering as the maid and the maid as Mme. Sally Alden, and when the baby was born it was officially registered as: *Saline Alden, fille de Mme. Sally Alden de Butte, Montana; père inconnu.* Daughter of Mrs. Sally Alden, father unknown! What malarkey! All hooey, even protected by the official records of a friendly republic.

That, in brief, was Sally's real career up to the time she arrived in Paris to divorce Stetson Handler, America's best-kept gigolo, as the newspaper boys privately called him. Then she learned about Lady Mary Fitton, one of

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End of a Journey

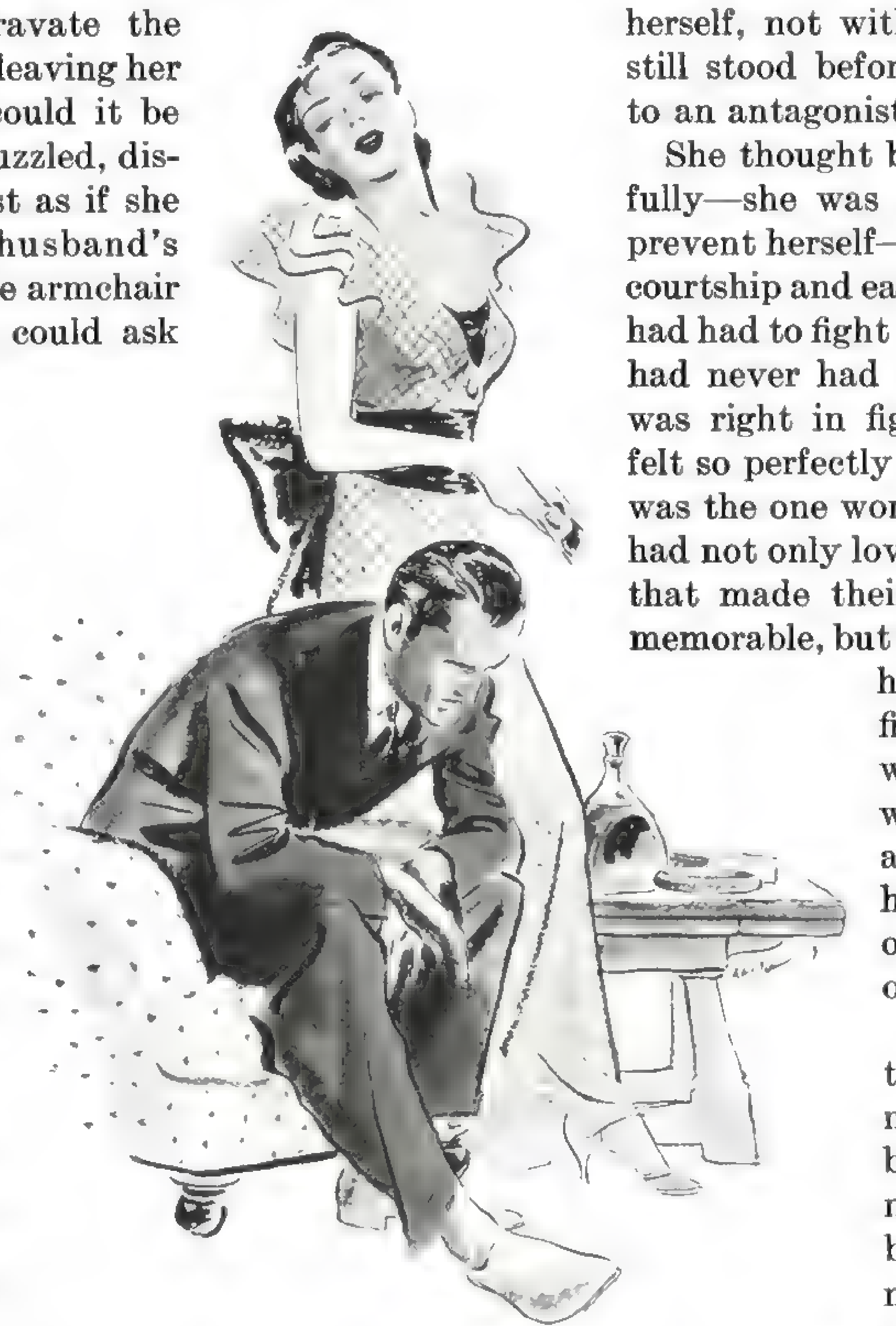
A story of understanding and of the way it knit together a bond that had been broken

by L. A. PAVEY

▪ FICTION ▪

SHE looked round the room, vaguely at first, then critically, as though she was seeing it for the first time, or with a pair of eyes newly focused. She had not until then broken the chain of the thoughts that had absorbed her since she had put Barbara and little Paul to bed an hour before. She began to look at each object, the table, the armchair opposite, in which her husband sat every evening, the etchings of farms and seascapes, the slender brass jug on its stand in the far corner, as though they were part of a neighbor's possessions and not her own. "Or Paul's," she added with resentment. She listened to herself, and was sad with this growing bitterness.

Yet throughout the long hours of that day suspicion had grown and grown, so rapidly that it seemed to her now a certainty, with nothing to stay the flood of conviction it carried. She felt a sudden wild resentment that the absence of Paul with his mistress should aggravate the wrong done to her by leaving her so lonely. Yet how could it be otherwise? She was puzzled, distressed—it was almost as if she wanted to see her husband's frame familiarly in the armchair opposite so that she could ask him, not for explanations, but for advice.



"But this is absurd, absurd," she said to herself, and sat stiffly upright as though that would bring her errant thoughts to order.

There was a book he had left open. What had he been reading? But she could not look, so intent was she on this new channel her mind had opened for itself, opened, it seemed, without any propulsion from outside. She marveled, was incredulous, now, that this had not happened to her earlier during those eight years of married life, a happy eight years. Her conviction was inexplicable but profound that he had gone on this same errand before, though he was so seldom away. Why had it not occurred to her? She did not know. She only knew that as she had kissed him Goodbye, she had for the first time felt the thrust of a separating force. This overwhelming conclusion of hers had sprung from that tiny seed of sudden conviction.

She was startled by the opening of the door. Had he—?

"Will you want me again, m'm?"

"No, Anne, thank you. Good night."

"Good night, m'm. I have locked up, as the master's not here. And the cat's in."

Did she see commiseration in Anne's face? She felt that that was the last thing she could stand.

"All right, Anne, thank you."

Was this all illusion? She thought of one or two women she knew who had twined themselves round their men like those horrible creepers in South American forests, needing hatchets to chop them away. Had she become like those? Did she need, she thought with a wild attack of humor, some severe lopping with a hatchet? Or, like all women, as the great German philosopher had said, a touch of the whip to bring her to heel? She felt a faint disgust, with herself, not with Paul. But he still stood before her, polarized to an antagonist.

She thought back, quite carefully—she was quite unable to prevent herself—to their days of courtship and early marriage. She had had to fight for Paul, but she had never had doubts that she was right in fighting. She had felt so perfectly certain that she was the one woman for him. He had not only loved her, in a way that made their courtship still memorable, but he had respected her clean, good fight for him, the way in which she was willing to avow herself, and her utter disdain of any of the tricks of capture.

But why should that bind him now, she argued bitterly, if he did not feel himself bound? There was nothing during the years, as she thought them over, at first carefully, then listlessly as concentration in this vague sea became so unprofitable, that could give substance to her suspicions, yet they refused to be shaken.

She went upstairs and prepared for bed, slowly. Little good-night sallies of theirs came filing through her consciousness, one after another. Now what, she wondered, did a man say to another woman on brief, fugitive nights? Could it be true that Paul was so committed, and had all the technique clear and ready? A different, fresher, quicker-moving technique it would have to be, she supposed. Yet she herself had contributed towards the perfecting of it—perhaps she had carried him most of the way? She was startled at this strange racing of her thoughts—it was as though she, and not Paul, was going up a different staircase to a haven that was not habitual.

Her sleep was broken by dreams, dreams of Paul addressing her by another name and speaking of the children remotely, as though they were strangers; of her neighbor entering to say with ill-concealed joy, "We are so sorry to hear you have lost your husband, Mrs. Sennett. One of the twelve disciples, too, was he not? That makes it so much more sad, doesn't it? You wouldn't know, Mrs. Sennett, what he's a disciple of now, would you?" and then disappearing through the door with a screech of satisfaction.

She lay staring, finally, at the light filtering in from their suburban road, waiting patiently for the hour when she could get up to make herself some tea without hopelessly scaring Anne.

Paul and Barbara quarreled at breakfast about the one pencil they had been able to find, and which both claimed positively could not be done without at School. "It's disgraceful," she told them sharply. "You should think of these things before. Paul, you go and look for a pencil." Paul was cheeky; he could not be persuaded to until he had attempted to hack the pencil in two and pretended to cut his finger instead.

She knew that this was because their father was away; he had a way with them, more particularly in the mornings, that did not allow these developments. Why was it, she asked herself forlornly, that she had come to be so dependent on his control?

"Where is Daddy?" asked Barbara sharply.

"He's away on business."

"I mean which town, Mummie?"

"He's not quite sure. It might be one of two or three he has to go to."

"But he never goes away." Barbara's tone was full of the grievance of one called too early to school in the morning.

"No, but why shouldn't he?" said her mother quickly, arguing against herself.

"I like him here," said Barbara.

"You wouldn't speak to him in that tone," she told her firmly. "Behave yourself, Barbara."

The postman brought a note from him. He would be home that evening, he said, for certain. He sent love in haste to all of them.

The day wore on with its certainty of desolation barbed in her heart, as though

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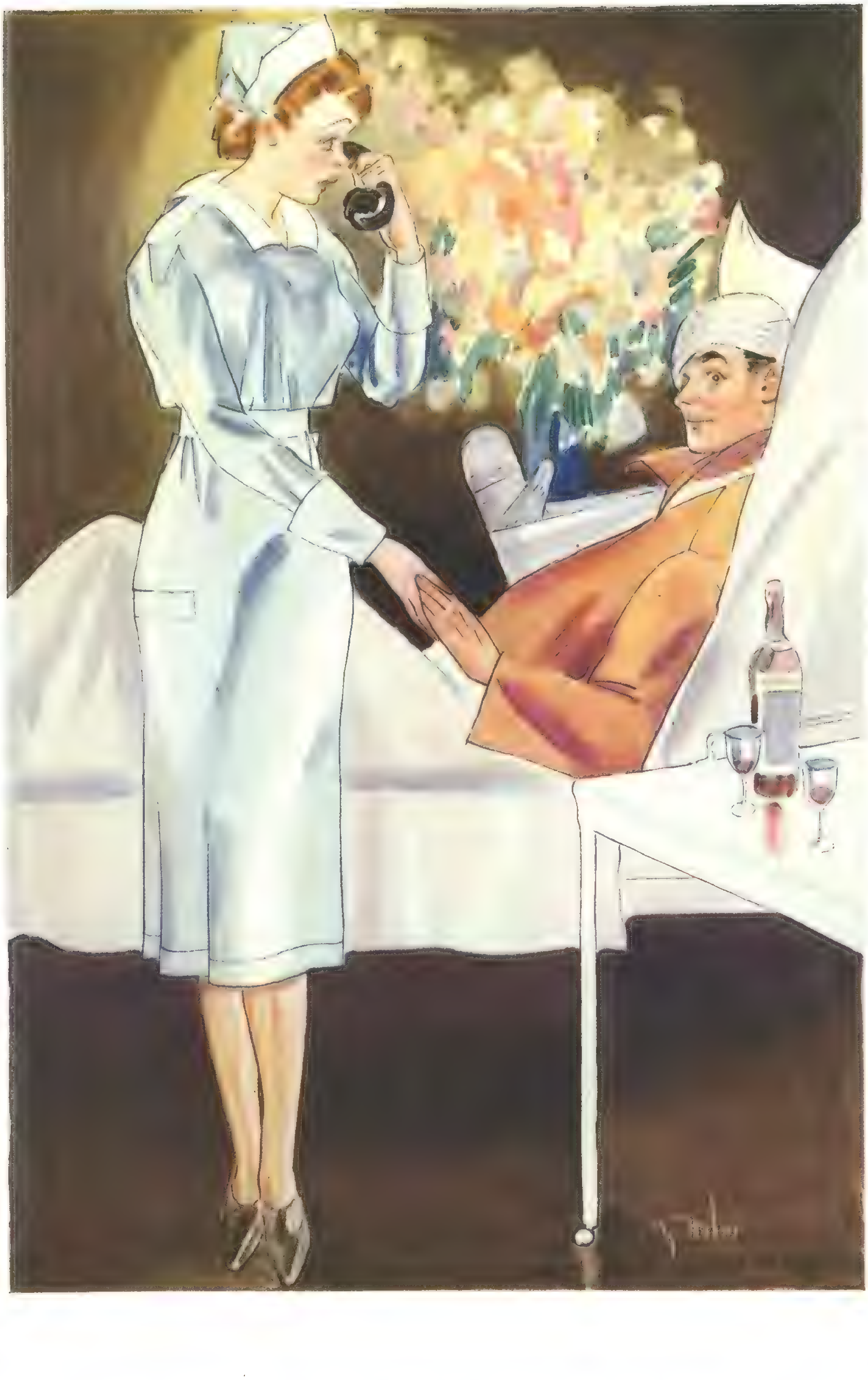
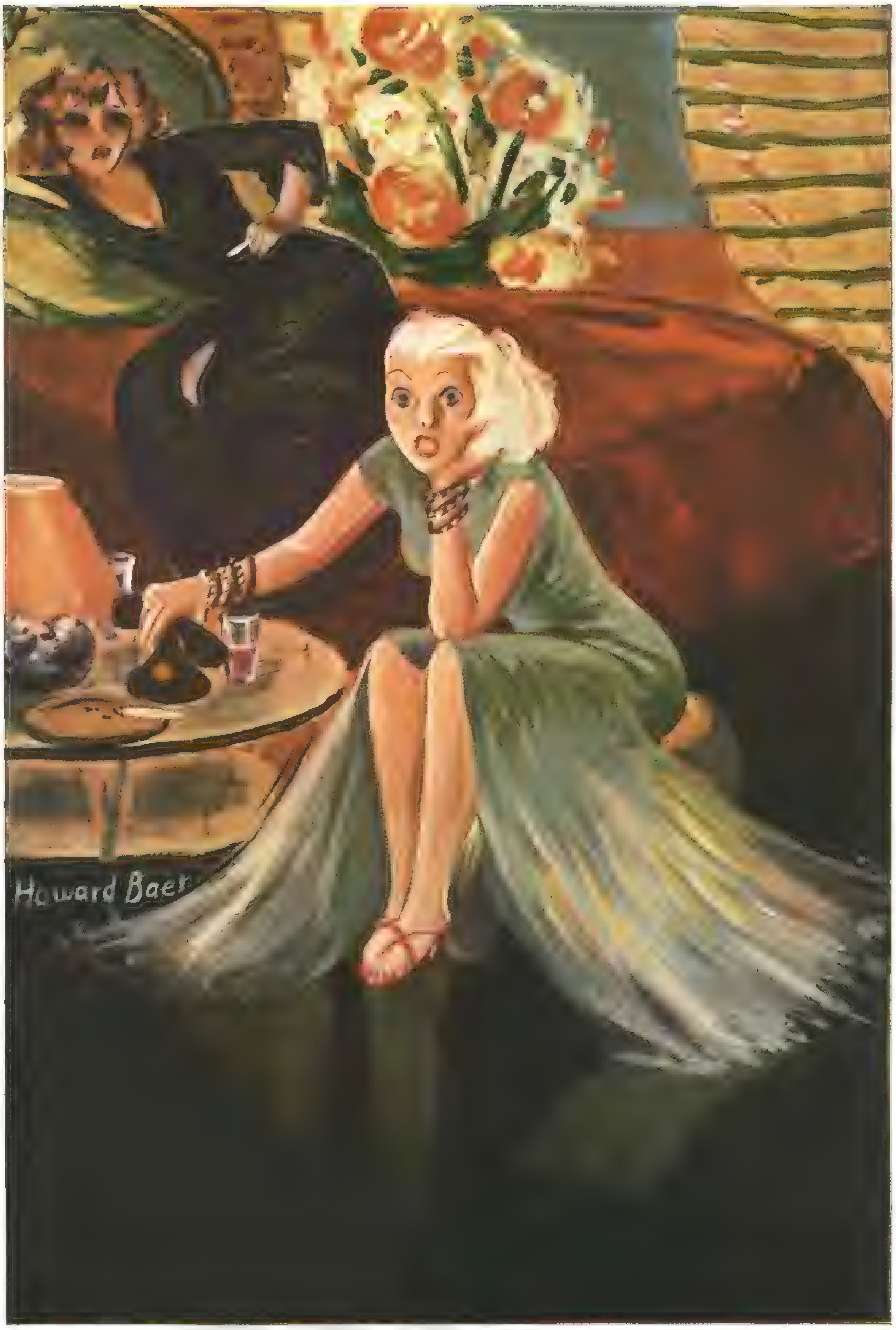


"Oh, yes, madam—he's feeling as well as may be expected"


Howard Baer

"There *are* *times when he'd give me anything"*

Soup to Sillibub

The story of sherry by one who has sought it, grail-like, from Savannah unto Jerez

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

“Wait! Stop! I won't allow it!” said my friend F. W., as though the mere fact that the world was his oyster gave him the right to come between me and my soup.

Gratuitous, that's what it was. Here I'd been seated at his table at the Club less than five minutes, and already he was trying his bulldozing tricks on me, acting thus cavalierly toward my ox-tail. Really, I found it hard to brook. Yet somehow my spoon, which had been about to take the plunge, was stayed.

“What's wrong with this soup?” I challenged, wondering if he objected to the subject matter as being a bit extreme—out of bounds as a beef joint.

“Nothing,” he retorted. “Except that among adults ox-tail soup rates as a vehicle for sherry. Without sherry it—well, it just misses the boat, that's all.”

“You're mixing your transportation,” I said testily.

Ignoring this thrust, he brazenly usurped the situation; issued commands to the waiter, with the result that my much-mooted plateful was borne away, re-warmed, and brought back accompanied by a glass of the Club's best Pale Dry.

“Now!” he said, seemingly well-satisfied with the way he was running my life for me. “Dump that in and you'll find you *have* something.”

“All of it?” I queried, getting nose-information which made me hesitate to jettison recklessly. “Or may I save some for personal use?”

He seemed to think it would be ethical. So, code or no code, my ox-tail and I, we shared that sherry. And the way matters worked out, I couldn't lose.

Such soup! Grand and guileful, it literally sped to one's ribs, imparting a feeling as of chest-reforestation. It had things that the humble ox just hasn't.

“My friend!” I cried, toasting him with a spoonful.

“Eat your soup,” he snapped, overbearingly, affecting preoccupation with his demitasse—for he was already at that stage of events.

That goaded me. Beckoning to the waiter—bristle-topped Demetrius it was, faithful humorer of the eccentricities of club members—I confided:

“Demetrius, Mr. W——— is in serious need and doesn't seem to realize it. Can't you get him some Old Brown?”

“One glass or two, sir?”

“Better make it a bottle,” I advised. “We'll bring back the roses to his cheeks if it takes all evening.”

The patient snorted.

“Drink your coffee,” I soothed. And when the Old Brown arrived, copperish-glinting and giving off announcements, his snorts became sniffs; greedy ones.

“This from you — a miracle,” he muttered in his chops, begrudging me credit; went at it with an obduracy equal to that of the parents of the heroine in the *chanson populaire*, “She Was Poor But She Was Honest” who “drink the champagne wot she sends them” but “never will forgive.”

Indeed, instead of learning humility, he waxed prouder and more splendiferous as the evening fruited; and I, presuming to vie with him, managed to become a bit grandiose myself—with the result that we ended up as a couple of supermen exchanging cosmic utterances over an emptiness. If he failed to recognize in me the greatest master he had ever met, it was his funeral, not mine.

The fact was, I *did* know something about sherry. Outside of soup, that is. For in the Savannah, Ga., of my infancy one's toddling approach to this social essential was steered, not toward the ox-tail end of things, but toward the after, or dessert, end—dinner's grand culmination. In every well-regulated Savannah pantry, and most especially in my grandfather's, there functioned a piston-like utensil by the name of sillibub churn, dearer to my heart than 2 gross old oaken buckets, moss finish; which treasure, operated bicycle-pumpwise amid a bowl of sweetened cream, produced an afflatus of sudsiness — delectable, indescribable — delicate as though Queen Mab, rather than grizzle-wooled Jack (my hero), had administered the whipping. And therein lurked sherry: plenty of it and not born yesterday, either.

The sillibub said so itself, provocatively, when brought to table fluffed high in the crown-rimmed silver stem-dish (Southern size); and when your helping arrived—so nice and pretty, the white foam upon the deep-red Bohemian glass—it mattered not that Grandmother had ladled it from the upper part of the heap, avoiding the outright liquid underpinning as being unsuitable for the young—it mattered not, I say: you could, even so, get the taste and a hint of the effect of that fascinating wonderfulness, and you felt privileged. A member of the grown-up world, no less.

Personally, my sillibub ambition was to get old quickly so that Grandmother would dip for me clear to the bottom, the way she did for Grandfather. I wanted the low-down of the thing, the straight of it, just once anyhow, sans flubdub. But my ideas were overruled. I was discriminated against, regimented, and told that little boys must wait.

Still, we under-pups had our rights as regards one thing. Its habitat was the old San Domingo mahogany wine-press, Row B. When *that* decanter was brought forth you could be certain that: (1) this was an Occasion, and (2) you were going to get some. Not *much*, to be sure—just a wee fingerworth in a liqueur glass; yet this sub-caliber shot was enough to confer a feeling of importance and a sense of participation.

What grand and grown-up stuff it was! Even uncles were reverential toward it, seeming to regard it as the Treat of Treats.

This was Savannah's famous Molyneaux Sherry—the “Molyneaux” being not the name of a brand, but of the British consul a generation earlier, host extraordinary and talented leader among sherry drinkers, who, bless his bones, had had the beneficent hobby of importing wines of Jerez de la Frontera — well-chosen butts, or double-hogsheads, of them. And these he had been willing to divvy with his local friends. No native ever did nobler by Savannah.

Now, alas, of Molyneaux Sherry and the civilization that went with it not a bottle remains. The last survivor known was one my grandmother put aside in a seemingly safe place, earmarking it for my wedding, as the custom was. With that in store, I counted myself fortunate. But an impetuous cousin of mine rushed into marriage early, and somehow *he* got the bottle.

Just a mistake, you understand. Nevertheless I did not condole when, due to corkrottage, the contents were found spoiled—shockingly so—constituting a flop at the

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Care and Feeding of Fathers

The epic of two fathers who conquered the fallacy that men can't raise babies, only to be defeated by woman's jealousy

by LYNN MONTROSS

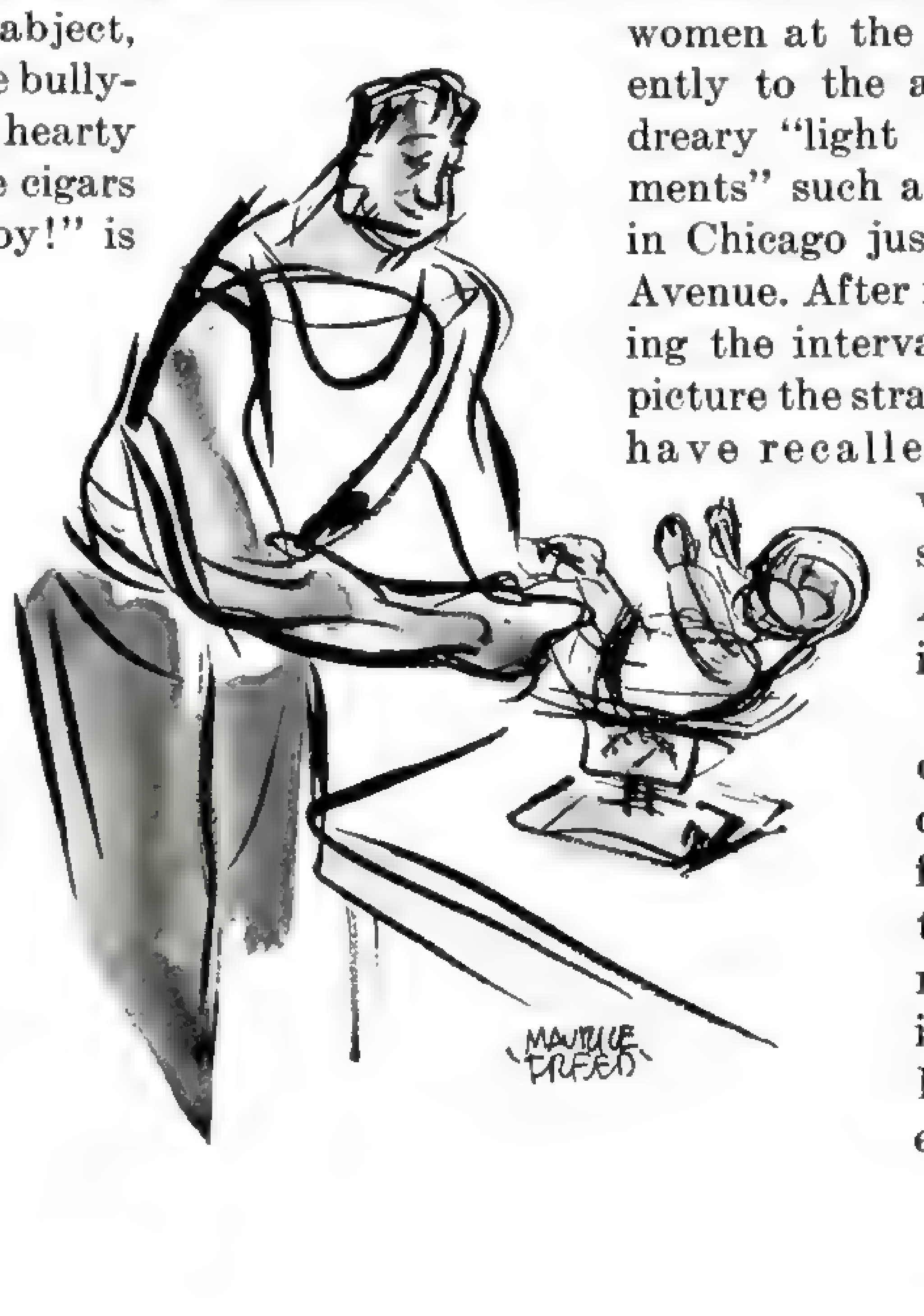
• HUMOR •

NOT very many years ago, about the time that the old-fashioned "modern woman" of the early 20's was getting married, it was thought as *gauche* to go in for parenthood as to rest an elbow in your hostess' soup. The theory was, no doubt, that maternity would interfere with the young wife's novel-writing, pillow-stuffing, china-painting or whatever other art she fancied. Those rococo days are past, happily, and now that babies are back in style again no husband need apologize for an impending blessed event.

One great fallacy still persists, however, and requires a thorough fumigation and cleaning up. That is the prevailing notion that the father's role is at best a minor one, merely a one-line part in which he mutters, "Won't you please come in and sit down?" and then exits from the biological stage to double as the silent butler during the remainder of the play.

This canard has been started, upheld and cherished by women throughout the ages, as even a backward correspondence school snoop might guess. It has been a last citadel of the feminine ego, a mighty wall of belief guarding the hypothesis that a man might exceed a woman at anything else on earth without ever being more than momentarily useful in the most important business of the race, reproduction.

The average male himself falls like a ton of brick for such rubbish. For nine months previous to the blessed event and a like period following he goes about with a guilty, hang-dog air. He starts when anybody speaks to him abruptly, and it goes without saying that he is the abject, cowering victim of female bullying at every turn. His hearty tone as he passes out the cigars and proclaims, "It's a boy!" is nothing but bluff and hollow bravado; he knows damned well that in the evening the missus, the nurse, his mother-in-law and the pastor's wife will soon put him in his place again. Even his own mother is very likely to turn against him under such circumstances, for maternity is perhaps the only sex experience which has ever united women in a common cause.



But it is my privilege to be able to explode the inflated myths concerning man's biological insignificance. In my day I have known two men who were veritable giants in the way of male maternity, nothing less than Paul Bunyans of the nursery! To put it that they could have done as good a job as the average mother would have been rank slander inviting a sock in the eye from their equally ready fists—these fellows were so adept that never for a second would they have entrusted their tiny charges to the care of most women!

It is a sad account because in the end it was inevitable that they would be ruined by women unable to stand seeing this last stronghold of their sex carried by storm. Yet it was my good fortune to have known the *maestros* in their vintage years before feminine vengeance finally overtook them.

The time was fruitful for the encounter, considering that in 1922 I was a young father of several months' standing.

My spirit was still bruised from the brow-beating of nurses and female relatives, my ego as shabby as last summer's fishing hat; but meeting Joe on the first occasion was more reviving than a stiff swig of brandy to a wayfarer lost in the storm.

It was a duty call. My wealthy Aunt Mae had written from Los Angeles requesting me to look up my second cousin Phyllis and her husband, "poor things, now that they have moved to Chicago and are so hard up and have twins and they say he doesn't amount to a row of beans and you simply must write and tell me what their place looks like."

Used as I was to being ordered about by women at the time, I went obediently to the address in a row of dreary "light housekeeping apartments" such as can be found only in Chicago just off Cottage Grove Avenue. After ringing the bell, during the interval when one tries to picture the stranger within, I should have recalled that Joe was a wounded and pensioned veteran of the A. E. F., a former infantry cook.

That would have explained a great deal. There is no profession on earth which tends to make a man more morbid and critical of human values. Even to a far greater extent than the judge or the hangman, the army cook is able to detect the malingering and deceit which lurk in every soul. He has seen men at their worst, condemned to kitchen police duty and prepared to evade, lie, filch or commit sabotage at the first opening. . . . It was this cynical background, I learned later, which had drawn Joe toward babies. He felt that nobody could be completely trusted after the age of six.

"Come in!"

It was a voice as compelling as a charge of dynamite in a canyon; the very volume of sound seemed to bulge the door out toward me. Still, that jolt was mild as compared with my first sight of Joe. He sat in the middle of the floor, his legs apart, starting to change an infant's diaper. Built from east to west with the façade of a gorilla, he was unshaven and clad in trousers, bedroom slippers and an undershirt. His gaze bored through me with inquiry, and I felt relieved when my halting explanation was accepted. "Grab yourself a chair," he said.

Before I could muster a likely beginning for the conversation I was held spellbound by as masterly an exhibition of skill as I have ever witnessed outside of a circus tent. For the first time I realized what a work of art changing a diaper could be! In Joe's big paws the unwieldy triangle of bird's-eye became an inspired poem of motion. All in a few adroit movements he fastened the last safety pin and tossed the infant high in air, catching it with his other hand.

I wouldn't have thought it possible, having seen only the painstaking and well-meaning efforts of women previously. The baby fizzed with delight.

"This one's Pug," said Joe, tickling it with an enormous thumb. "And I call the other Pooch." Afterward I learned that the twins had been christened Millicent and Melisande. "Want to watch 'em put on the feed-bag?"

I trailed him into a spotless kitchen, neat and shining as the rest of the drab apartment, and looked on with admiration while he skilfully sterilized the bottles and mixed ingredients. When the twins had taken nourishment he weighed them and scowled. "Pooch," he roared with ferocious amiability, "daddy's going to break every damn bone in your body if you don't gain—Pug's an ounce ahead!" Then he added hastily for my infor-

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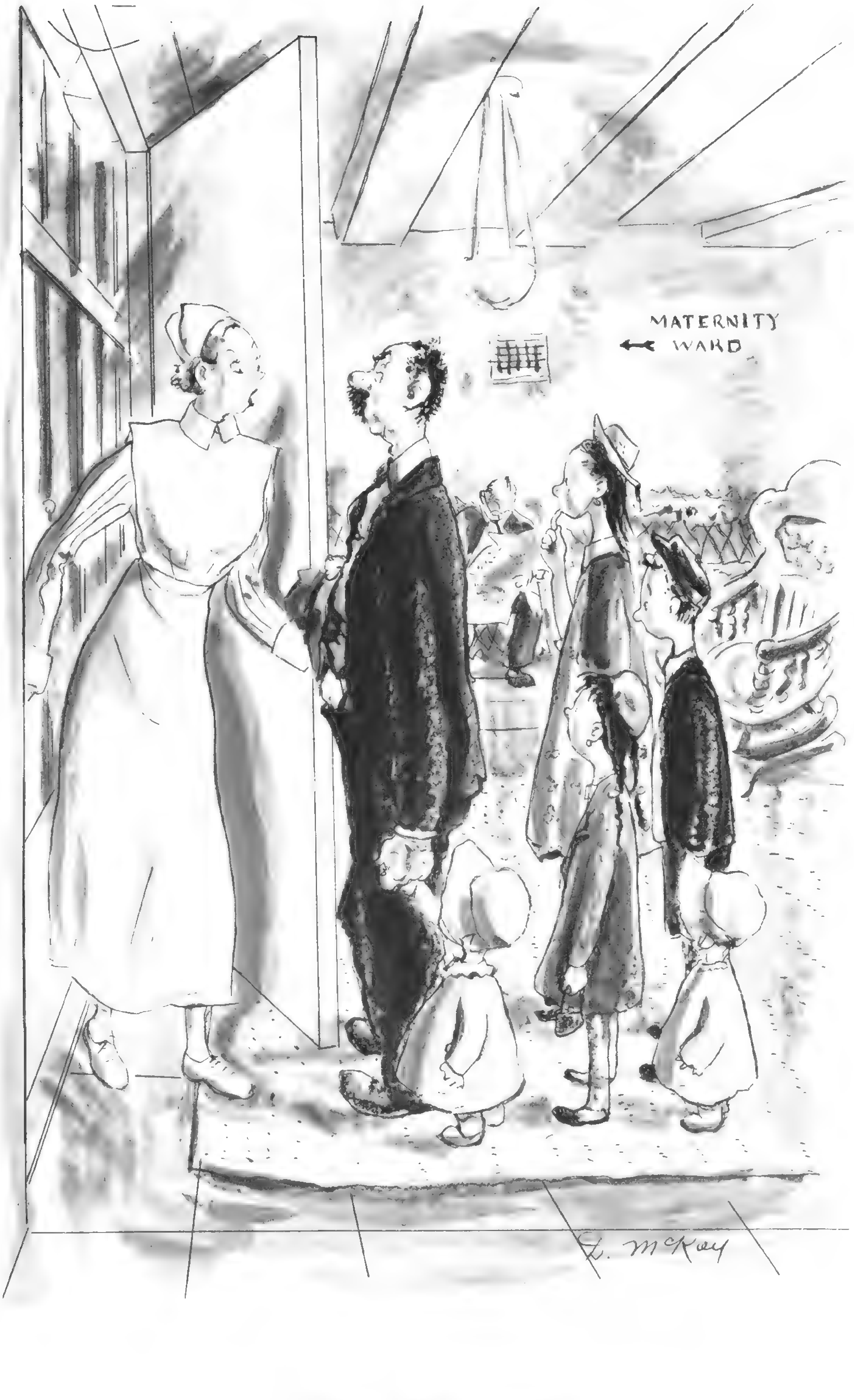

MATERNITY
WARD
L. McKay

"What! You here again!"

The Daring Young Men

Suggesting that the amateurs of the hunt race meets are better horsemen than the professionals

by LEWIS Y. HAGY

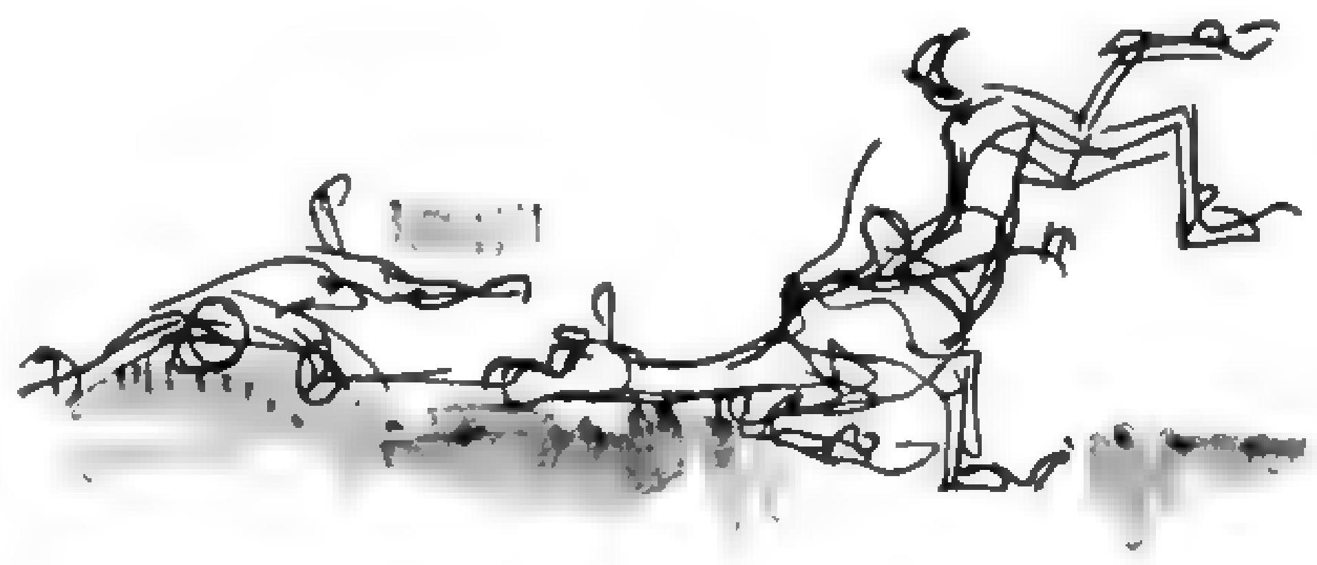
SPORTS

If you ever sit down to compile a list of popular misconceptions, right under the one that all icemen are Casanovas you can place the one that all fox hunting club members, male and female, devote practically their entire time to hectoring defenseless little red foxes by chasing the harmless animals all about the countryside for the better part of each calendar year.

It is not my intention here to do anything about the gross libels unthinking persons spread concerning icemen, for all the icemen I have ever met could take care of themselves pretty well, and furthermore, I suspect there are some icemen who would prefer to let matters stand as they are. However, this matter concerning members of hunt clubs chivvying little foxes is something else altogether, and I feel that steps should be taken forthwith to straighten out the entire misunderstanding. For one thing, many pillars of society, many leaders in industry and finance, in brief, many fine and worthy persons are among the hordes of pink coated hunters who may be found galloping around in pretty nearly any countryside of the better sort during the winter season.

You can see them any time in the crisp winter mornings, on days the hunt meets, mounted on horses of high and low degree, and perhaps crying "Yoicks!" or "View halloa!" or "Tally-ho!" as the case may be. Now merely because these ladies and gentlemen are galloping along yelling what to you is unintelligible jargon, while they chase after a baying pack of lop-eared, sad-faced dogs and an invisible fox, is no reason for you to assume that they are slightly deficient mentally. They like it – and the chances are, if the truth were known, that you played Mah Jong once. Furthermore, the members of fox hunting clubs do not just gallop around annoying foxes, to the exclusion of all other activities. They do many other things of a vastly more serious nature, foremost among which is that they provide America with its only horse racing where real horsemanship plays a part of any importance whatever.

If you are one of the thousands and thousands who flock to Saratoga, or to Belmont Park, to Maryland's historic Pimlico or Chicago's beautiful Arlington Park, and yell yourself hoarse at the sight of a lot of immature kids smacking away at a lot of horses with bats, then you will probably consider that statement in the nature of sacrilege. All right. Go ahead. But I am telling you that the insignificant little race meetings, given annually by most hunt clubs, are about the only places in America today where you will see exhibitions of real horsemanship—and by real horsemanship, in this case, I mean real race riding.



These annual hunt race meets mean nothing to the average race goer. He knows nothing about them, and one reason for that is that the hunt clubs do not care a hoot whether any spectators come to see their races or not. They are not being snooty about it—do not get me wrong. If folks want to come, they may come and welcome, but if they don't, that is all right, too.

There are a hundred or more of these meets held by hunt clubs, large and small, during the course of the season. No effort has ever been made, as far as I know, to compile any record of them, so you can only guess at their number. If you would say "hunt race meet" to the man on the street, he would either edge away from you in alarm or call a cop, probably. If he did neither of those things, he would look at you blankly, or the best you could hope for would be to have his eye light with vague comprehension. Ask him what the term means, and even if he has a Daily Racing Form stuck in his pocket, it will develop in nine cases out of ten that he thinks "hunt race meet" has something to do with the pursuit of foxes. If you were to enlighten him that there are towns which are no more than whistle stops where they have race meetings conducted by the local hunt clubs, and at which he could see racing that would make some of the stuff they put on at Belmont Park look like one of the smaller county fairs in the Pennsylvania Dutch sector, he would probably come right out with it like a man and call you a liar.

Of course, there is nothing remarkable about the average race goer's ignorance concerning the sort of racing the hunt clubs stage, for the average race goer is interested principally in holding a winning ticket. However, we will not go into that. I have never held enough winning tickets myself to discuss the matter intelligently. Of course, a little way back, I was discussing foxes, and I have never held a fox, either, but—now where were we? Oh, yes. Hunt race meets.

Say there are twenty thousand persons at Belmont Park to see the running of the Futurity. If you would tabulate the percentage of those present who had the least understanding and appreciation of real horsemanship, you would find it would about equal the percentage of residents of the lower east side of New York who own Rolls Royces. Why even one of the New York turf writers recently, describing a race run over a muddy track, related that the horses had raced in mud over their forelocks. Inasmuch as a horse's forelock is the little tuft of hair between his ears, that would have been by far and away the neatest trick of the week. Of course, by way of explanation, turfmen who refer to a race which has been "fixed" in advance call it a "boat race," and it may have been that the writer in question was being subtle.

Crowds at the race track want winners; they do not know or care a great deal about horsemanship. If the average race track patron holds a ticket on a horse, and the horse wins, that particular patron will assure one and all loudly that the jockey who rode the horse is one of the greatest little horsemen loose. Now it may be, and often is, a fact that the boy in question has been simply dirty with luck, and is just a young squirt with not enough sense to realize the danger in shoving a horse's nose through a small opening between two other horses, and then fanning the horse with a bat until he runs through the hole. That is not horsemanship; that is why I say you do not find much horsemanship around the major race tracks of the country.

You will never see an exhibition like that at a hunt race meet. The gentlemen riders, amateurs licensed by the National Steeplechase and Hunts Association, who ride at the big hunt race meets at Rose Tree near Philadelphia, Chicago's Onwentsia, over Long Island's courses, are horsemen. Of course, now and then a gentleman rider rich enough to afford the time will ride on the big tracks, in competition with the professional steeplechase jockeys, and when he does, the professional steeplechase jockeys look like chorus men swapping left hooks with Max Baer. Young Mr. Rigan McKinney, for instance, rode so many winners during the past season against the pick of the professionals that every time he had a mount the bookmakers cut the odds on the horse no matter whether it appeared to have a chance or not. Mr. Pete Bostwick

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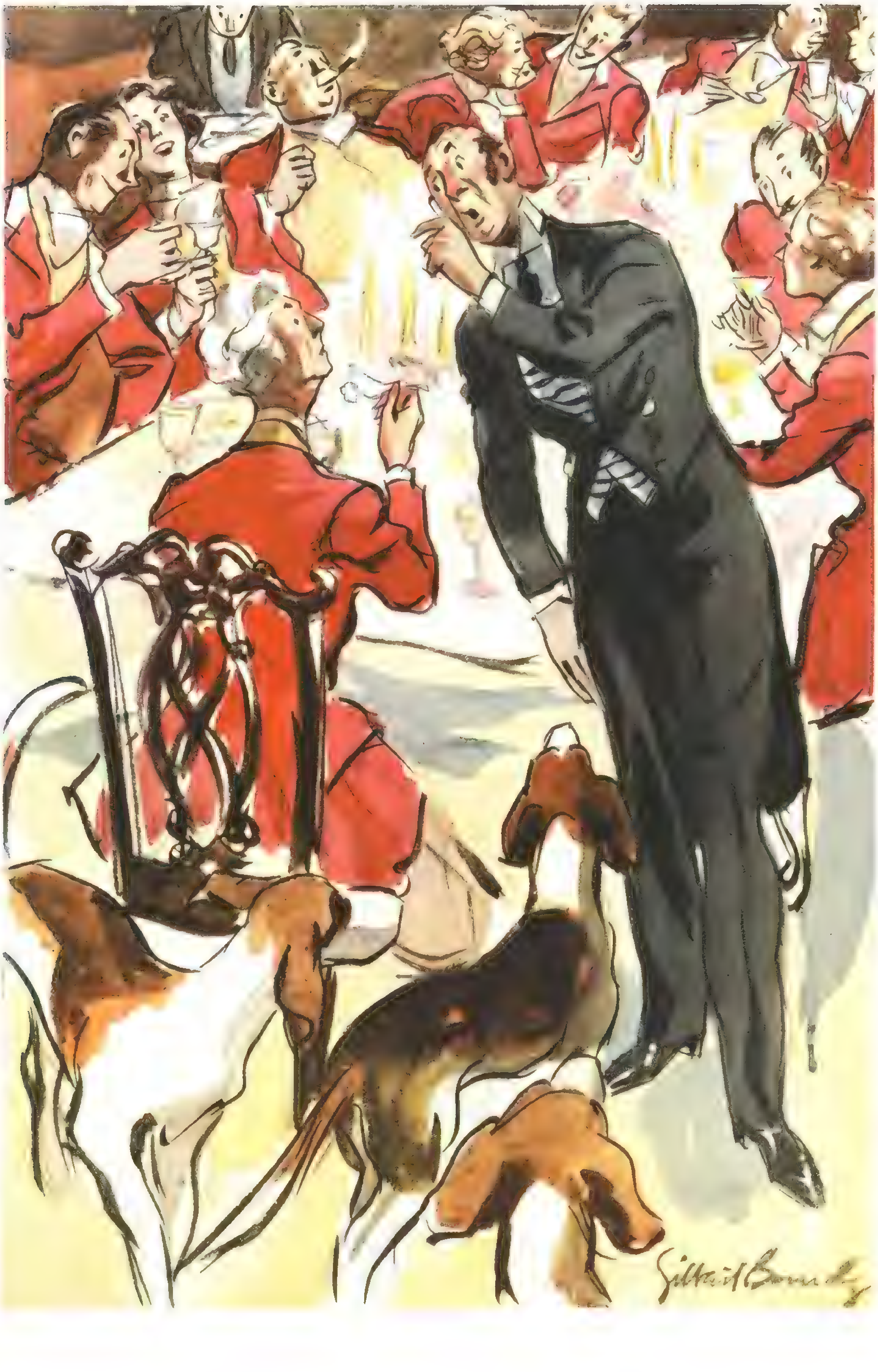
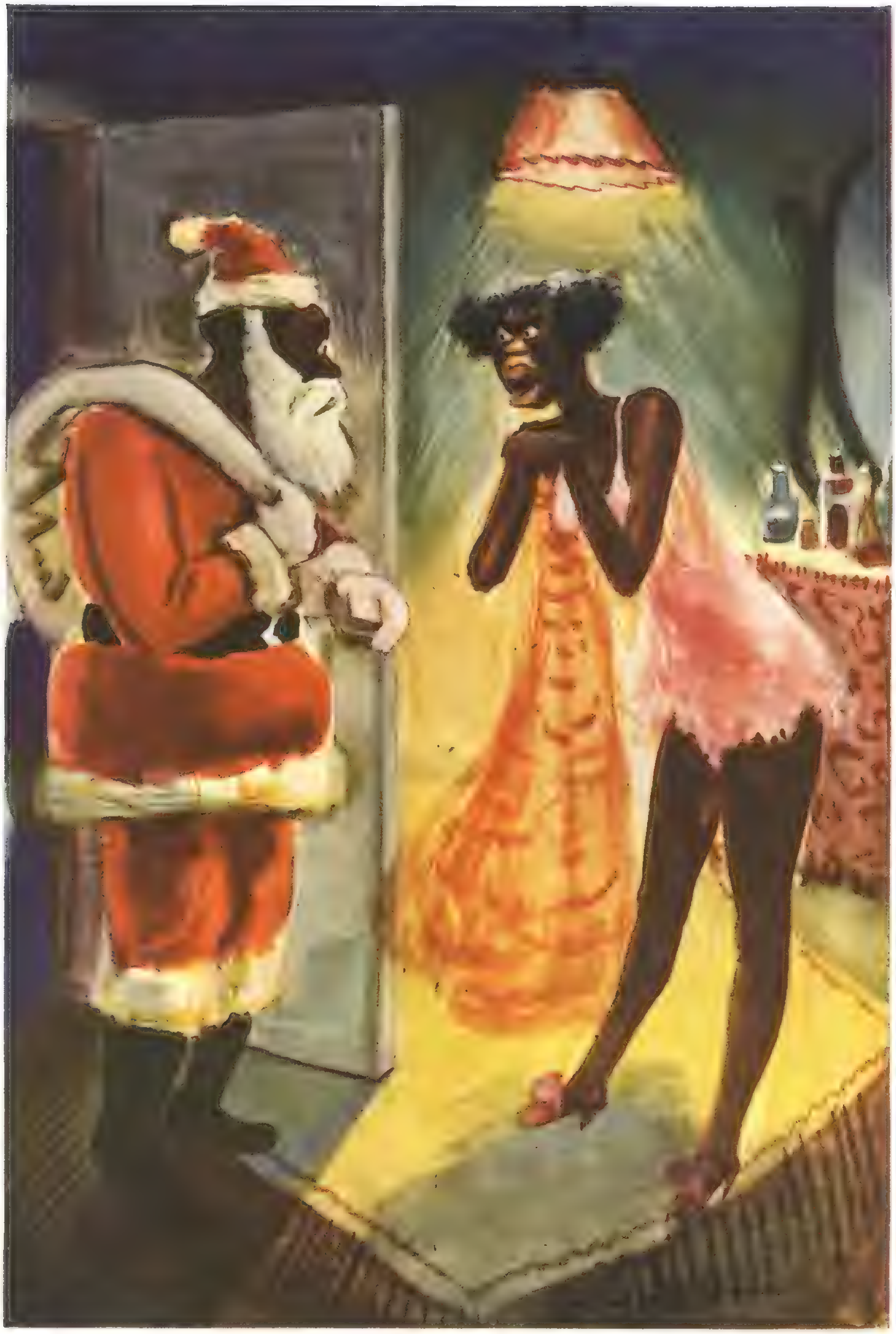

Gilbert Bundy

"Madam, the horses are getting impatient!"



"Santa Claus my foot, you get the hell out of here"

Glancing Backward

Revealing reflections on himself and on Hollywood, by one of its finest actors. Told to Jim Tully

by PAUL MUNI

ARTICLE •

My parents were strolling players in Austria where I was born. Before I was five years old I had accompanied them to such countries as Germany, Belgium, Holland and Rumania.

We came to America when I was about seven and I will never forget our arrival. The joy of my father and mother at the new land was something long to remember. We settled in New York for a few years, where I went to public schools. From there we went to Cleveland. Always, my parents were connected with the theatre. They thought and talked of nothing else. As a consequence, I absorbed the lingo of the stage and something of its history.

My father was a producer in a very small way. A rather sad, idealistic man, he managed and acted in his productions. My mother was also an actress.

I first appeared on the stage when I was in the second year of high school. There was nothing remarkable about it that I can recall. One of the actors had departed suddenly and I took his place. The play was one of the strangest that an Austrian Jew, but seven years in America, could possibly produce. It had the cheerful title of *Two Corpses at Breakfast*. It was all about a lodge in which a starving husband and wife conspired to collect the benefits due to each.

I was the president of the lodge. I wore long pants, a beard and a high silk hat. Walking on the stage I swung a cane nonchalantly. My father was of the old school of the theatre. To him all was sacred in the world of make-believe and he saw no humor in a fourteen-year-old boy in such a role.

My mother was horrified when I refused to take off the long pants after the play. For who would consider the president of a lodge, or an actor, in knee pants?

My father had mapped another career for me. I was to be the world's greatest violinist. His income from all his theatrical adventuring was never more than forty dollars a week. Out of that amount he spent at least six on violin lessons for me. "Some day, when you become a great player, I shall buy you a Stradivari." He would listen quietly while I made discordant music. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" he would say, while my arm became tired.

I had no especially strong desire for the stage until I had impersonated the lodge president. From then on, it was the all-absorbing interest of my life. As the months passed, I no longer cared for the violin. Finally I told my father. He listened without saying a word. Boylike, I did not realize that I had stricken him to the heart. Without a change of expression he took the violin and broke it with his hands.

The years may have given me much or little; but never the power to obliterate that scene. We never discussed the violin again. My father had wanted to become a great musician. The stage was his second love. I did not return to school, but played different roles under his guidance. He was kind and helpful.

My youth was against me. There were few juvenile roles in my father's repertoire. I was soon given character roles and among them were many "old men's parts".

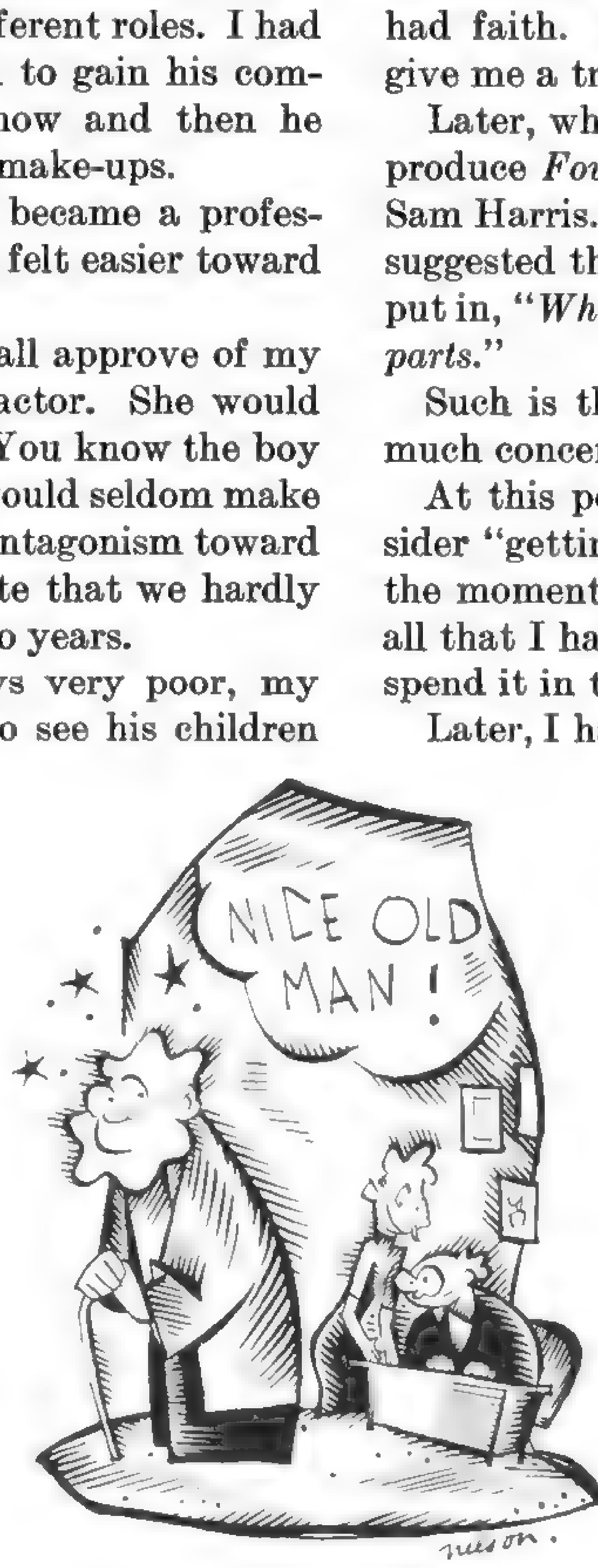
My father said to me, in Yiddish, the equivalent of "If you must be an actor, be a good one—don't be a ham." Life was not easy for him at this time. We played many shows each day. He was musician, actor, stage carpenter and prompter.

I spent ten and twelve hours a day in the theatre, making up for different roles. I had hurt my father too much to gain his complete approval, though now and then he would smile at one of my make-ups.

When another brother became a professional violinist, my father felt easier toward me.

My mother did not at all approve of my ambition to become an actor. She would often say to my father, "You know the boy cannot act." My father would seldom make comment. My mother's antagonism toward my career became so acute that we hardly spoke to each other for two years.

Though we were always very poor, my father had that passion to see his children get on in the world, so deeply inherent in the Jew. But, to his credit, he did not think of commercial careers for us.


NICE OLD MAN!

He died from overwork and worry when I was still a young fellow.

The family disbanded after my father's death. I went to New York. In that city and its environs, I played in burlesque and vaudeville.

For ten years I wandered about the country. The experience made a deep impression upon me. My roles were many and varied.

I had then, as now, a diffidence which verged on shyness. By an odd twist of life, I had chosen a profession in which this quality was out of place. Inculcated from my father, no doubt, was a deep yearning for something fine in life. I had also absorbed the Yiddish folk lore, the hopes, the dreams and the frustrations of my people. But neither in the early days, nor afterward, have I ever been made conscious that I was a Jew.

Always was I proud of my heritage. It was a reverent and not an arrogant pride.

With this background and long years of training, I became associated with Maurice Swartz in the Yiddish Art Theatre. Maurice Swartz was a splendid artist. As usual, I played many old men's parts, in which my years of "making up" helped me greatly.

The fame of our little theatre spread over New York. Sam Harris sent for me. He wanted an actor to play the part of an old man in *We Americans*. When I appeared before Mr. Harris, he walked away in disgust, saying, "*Why, he's just a kid!*"

The man who had taken me to Mr. Harris had faith. He insisted that the producer give me a tryout. I was given the role.

Later, when George Abbott was about to produce *Four Walls*, he talked it over with Sam Harris. When another man in the office suggested that I be used in the play, Harris put in, "*Why, Paul Muni only plays old man parts.*"

Such is the irony and the danger of too much concentration in the theatre.

At this period, as before, I did not consider "getting on" in my work. The role of the moment was sufficient for me. It took all that I had and if time were left, I would spend it in the theatre.

Later, I had a chance to appear in *Humoresque*. I could play the violin and as I was still quite young the role was considered ideal for me. An appointment was made for me to meet Miss Laurette Taylor, the star of the play, in the office of George C. Tyler's, the producer. As she was to appear as the mother of the young violin player chosen, she had insisted on the interview.

Miss Taylor was ten minutes late. When I started to leave the secretary said, with astonishment, "Aren't you going to wait for Miss Taylor?"

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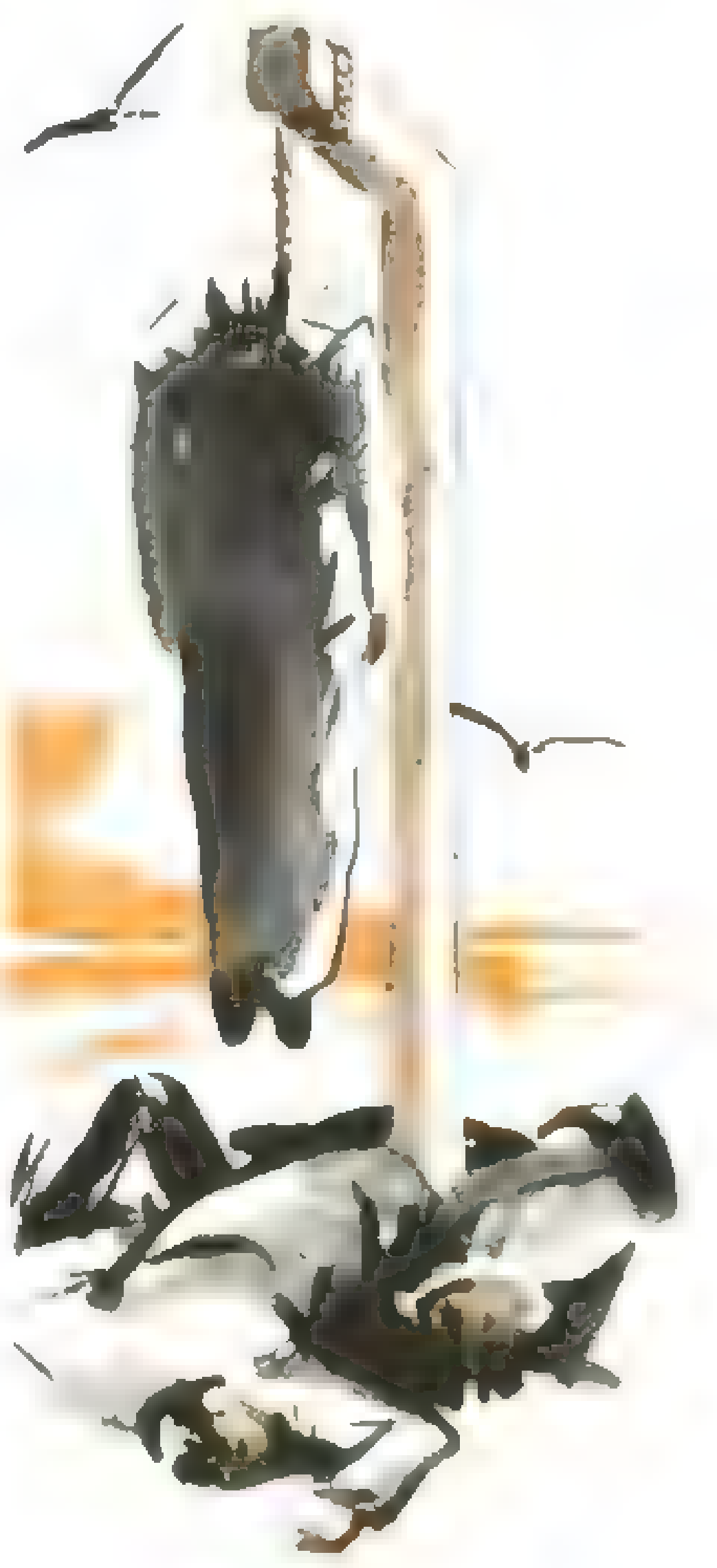
The Stockade

A strong story about life in a prisoners' camp during the war between the states

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

FICTION



The misery-pitched cry of "Raiders! Raiders!" threw the center of the Stockade into a new convulsion, but before the cry could become a general alarm it was choked by a smothering blanket of clubs and rocks. Without pretext or warning, a crushing gang fell upon six men seated at the door of a miserable tent, and when the attackers glided away, half a dozen prostrate figures lay crumpled on the ground.

As Corporal John Deyo stood at the opening of his hillside burrow and witnessed the unrelieved brutality of the assault, a tight-lipped curse rose deep from his viscera. He was a tall, horse-boned man of thirty or thereabouts, and if three months starvation in the Stockade hadn't gouged all the flesh off his muscular body, he might have weighed 200 pounds. On his tattered coat-sleeve he wore the insignia of the Third Illinois Infantry, and his face was stamped with the rugged die of the ploughtail preacher.

In civil life John Deyo was a Presbyterian minister, a peaceable man, too strong for bickering or profanity, but now he clamped his teeth together on an upswelling oath and dropped to the ground beside his companion, whittling at a hard pine club.

"Mallet," he choked, "it can't go on any longer. Jeff Gass and his mob have got to be stamped out. Rags and rotten cornmeal—all right, that's what you expect in a Rebel prison—but when one of our own men turns wolf and gets a pack of jackals to follow him, then it's time to spring the trap—hard."

Mallet pared a meditative shaving from his bludgeon and nodded. "I figure you're right, Dominie, only Gass ain't a wolf—he's a hyena. No self-respecting wolf would do some of the things Jeff Gass's done in the last six months. If we don't check him and his gang of bullying New Yaarkers, there won't be no Union prisoners left in this camp to exchange at the end of the war."

Deyo gazed out over the fetid stew of humanity that crawled and limped about the Confederate prison. "There's 15,000 men rotting on this eleven acres of hell, Mallet—and there ought to be 500 Christians among them who'd be willing to give Gass a battle."

"There prob'ly is, but we'd have to be careful where we looked for them, Dominie. If there was a leak anywhere, we'd get massacred raw and unmerciful,"—Mallet took time out for a grin—"like the lost tribe of Jereboam."

"Or like the last bunch that tried to lick Gass." Deyo's blue eyes went unnaturally hard and narrow.

"I just heard about it today. They say he kicked three Vermonters to death an hour after they started recruiting."

"How'd he come to find out so soon?"

"It's that Bowery muck; they're spies, every one of them." Deyo moved closer to the whittler. "But we'd get around all that Mallet, by picking our men from just three states: Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. We Westerners can trust each other, and that's about all we can trust in this preserve of misery." A religious fervor illuminated the voice of the Rev. John Deyo. "Mallet, tomorrow we start recruiting an army to wipe out Judas Gass and all his works. We'll bring Christian order into this camp if we have to stack corpses as high as those sentry boxes on top of the Stockade. There's going to be a battle, brother, and when it's over, a man will be able to sit in front of his tent and scratch his lice in peace."

On the first day of recruiting, Mallet led two gigantic Illinoisans—Carpenter and Miljohn—up to Deyo's hillside burrow. Dent Carpenter was the biggest man in camp; his left fist needed to travel only six inches to knock down a mule. Rafe Miljohn was nearly as big as Carpenter; he was a country-style wrestler and wore size 13 shoes. Miljohn was for challenging a single Raider champion to a finish fight, but it was soon agreed that this would alter or prove nothing.

"What we want," explained Deyo to the council around him, "is to break up the gang completely. That means a pitched battle in which we arrest the leaders and try them at a drum-head court."

"What about Stinky Stolz, the so-called Commandant of this here prison?" queried Mallet. "What'll he be doing all the time?"

"That depends on how neat we turn the trick. If we trounce Gass in a stand-up fight it's not likely Stolz'll care what we're doing. The more Yanks killed, the better. Of course if he thinks we're trying to rush the Stockade walls, he may open up the artillery on the whole prison. But it's a chance we have to take, that's all. Right now the job is to pick our men."

"There's upwards of 20 boys in the 10th Indiana that I can count on," drawled Carpenter. "I've ploughed and rassled with them; I know what they're made of."

"I c'n get 20 more just as similar from the 17th," pledged Miljohn.

"Pass the word to them," said Deyo, "but don't assemble them all at one time—it'd cause suspicion. We're probably being watched right now. Break up, men, and report here at dusk tomorrow."

For the next 24 hours, the leaders of the Regulators (as Deyo called his army) went about the business of pledging recruits. Drifting quietly through the camp they came upon huddled groups of Union prisoners sitting amid piles of decaying refuse, vaguely discussing the interminable themes of exchange and escape. Life in the Stockade had shorn many of them of the last shred of hope or courage; and the majority of them were apathetic to any appeal to rid the camp of Gass's tyranny. There were a few good men left, however—chiefly Westerners—men of sound physique and undaunted spirit, who made eager alliance with the Regulator chiefs. By nightfall of the second day, 300 Regulators had been recruited.

"Another day's work and we'll have our army," Deyo announced to his lieutenants as they sat in front of his burrow canvassing the plan of the approaching struggle. A small fire of chips flickered faintly in their faces, and an unusual silence lay upon the camp. Even from the Raider's hillock came no sound of the brawling and carousing that generally went on among Gass's sorghum-soaked cohorts.

"Sounds too suffocatin' quiet over there," remarked Miljohn. "Mebbe they got wind of our ungodly schemes and are rubbin' their heads together in council . . ."

He was interrupted by Mallet suddenly jumping to his feet with a low warning. "On guard boys . . . there's a gang of them coming up the hill."

They were coming, sure enough. A moving clump of men mounted the grade to Deyo's cave, and as they came into the campfire glow one of them stepped forward, in advance of the others. His long red moustachios and pock-marked face identified him as Raider McMulkin, Gass's favorite captain.

Standing straddle-legged near the fire McMulkin squirted a stream of tobacco-juice into the flame and inquired:

"Is there a psalm-singer by the name of Deyo hangin' around these parts?"

"What if there is?" It was Deyo himself who replied, rising to face McMulkin across the fire.

"Wal, in case there is, we got orders to do a little disciplinin'," said McMulkin, leering through his moustaches. "We sort of heard that this Parson Deyo was plottin' mischief against cert'n members of our peace-lovin' community—so we figgered we'd come over here and kind of cut his gizzard out." McMulkin massaged his moustache-ends while he waited for his victim to wriggle. But the victim showed no signs of wriggling, so the Raider applied further pressure.

"Hey, Jigger,"—he spoke to a subordinate behind him, "jes' hand me over that rooster-stabber, the fresh-whetted one, the one we use on sons-of-bitchin' interferers."

McMulkin extended his hand to take a long-bladed knife from his henchman. It glistened in the firelight as he reached for it, but he never got his hand fairly on it. Deyo's fist shot out like a lunging wagon-tongue and McMulkin's jaw was broken when he hit the ground. As the knife spun in the red shadows Mallet grabbed it and thrust it into his boot. Then coming up swiftly he drove his granite head like a battering ram into the pit of Jigger's stomach, and the knife-carrier was through for the night. Meanwhile Carpenter and Miljohn lashed out with hickory clubs; the Raiders, believing that a larger force was behind the assault, broke into precipitate flight.

Two minutes later a swollen yell of rage went up from the Raiders' camp. It was a blast of acceptance to the Regulators' challenge, but whether the attack would begin at once, or tomorrow morning, was debated in hasty council around Deyo's fire.

"They won't attack till daylight," reasoned the Regulator chief. "Gass'll have to spike his gang with sorghum before they'll go into a finish fight. That breed don't fight unless they're drunk. As I see it, we've got all night to gather our men and get them into position." The farmer-preacher was disappearing in John Deyo as the commander came rapidly forward. "This hillside is where we form our lines; bring up your men as soon as possible and don't let them pick any quarrels on the way. We want all hands fresh for the showdown tomorrow morning . . ."

A groan from the prostrate McMulkin reminded Deyo that the red-moustachioed Raider was coming back to consciousness. Deyo walked over to the spot where he was lying on the ground nursing his jaw. Beside him, still in a coma from Mallet's pile-driving skull, lay Jigger the knife-carrier. With contempt in his gesture John Deyo kicked the Raider captain in the rump, then turning to Mallet he said,

"Bind these Gadarene swine together and set a guard over them; their grunting days are drawing to a swift, unscriptural end."

Long before the red forerunner of dawn, Corporal John Deyo formed his tattered army on the western rise of the Stockade. There were hardly more than 350 Regulators all told, and as they hitched their pants about sunken, breakfastless waists, they looked like men who had bitten off slightly more than they could swallow. A thousand feet away, at the furthest point of the enclosure, Jeff Gass's Raiders, 500 strong, howled their drunken threats in a mounting crescendo of rage. As daylight revealed the inferior force that Deyo had mustered, they let out fresh yells of derision mingled with promises of what would happen when the battle began.

It was not at the Raiders, however, that John Deyo gazed with most concern. Rather, his attention was riveted upon the host of onlookers, the inmates of the prison, who had ranged themselves in dense formations parallel to the high walls of the Stockade. There were 15,000 upturned faces in that silent assembly—a living mosaic of pallid masks, covering every spare inch of the terrain. Through fear or apathy they had failed to join the Regulators, and though most of them secretly hoped that Gass would be defeated, they were afraid of his revenge in case he won the battle.

It was to this horde of non-participants that Deyo made a last brief appeal.

"Union soldiers," he said in a clear, unrhetorical voice, "this is not a private quarrel between two gangs. We are trying to clean up this prison so that a man can go about his business without being robbed or killed. It's your fight as much as ours. We need another hundred men on our side, and this is your last chance to volunteer.

A bare handful of recruits joined Deyo's ranks. He waited a few moments, then turned away with a shake of his head, gathered his lieutenants about him and went over his instructions once more:

"Mallet and I are taking the center with 200 men. Carpenter, you and your boys from Indiana smear them from the left, a minute after the fight begins. Miljohn, you're in charge of the reserves. I want you to stay out of it until I lift this knife"—Deyo drew McMulkin's long blade from his belt—"and then come in with a rush. If we time everything just right we've got a good chance to lick them in spite of their numbers. They've been drinking all night, and that won't help them any after the first rush. Now steady as you go; the Christ of good soldiers is on our side." He turned to his ragged corps behind him and cried:

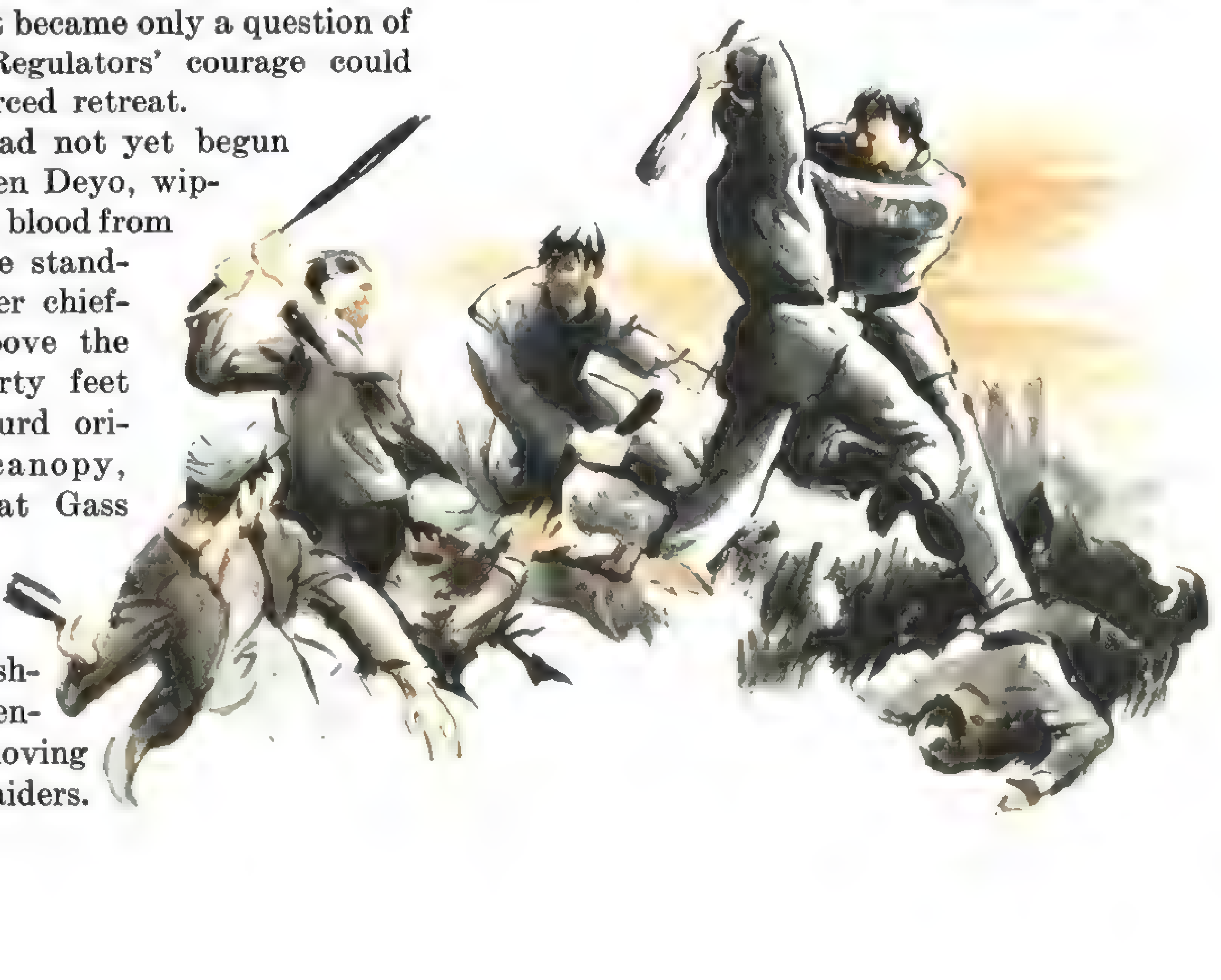
"Ready, boys?"

"Ready." The answer rose from 350 tight Regulator throats.

"Then double-quick, *march!*"

As Deyo's men started downhill, Gass gave the signal also. The two forces advanced 500 feet on the run and collided like two swarms of hornets in the center of the camp. The initial shock drove stinging particles of both armies deep into each other's ranks, and for a brief period the balance of battle hung evenly between them. Soon however, the superior weight of Gass's army began to assert itself, and the Raiders began to hammer Deyo's men backward. It was not a rout, it was merely the slow yielding of a weaker force against a stronger one. Deyo and Mallet supported by a knot of Regulators, stood in the center of the mêlée serving out three blows with their hickory clubs for every one they received. But after the first sharp skirmish, it became only a question of how long the Regulators' courage could brake their enforced retreat.

This retreat had not yet begun to accelerate when Deyo, wiping the sweat and blood from his eyes, saw the standard of the Raider chieftain bobbing above the battle some thirty feet ahead. The absurd oriflamme—half canopy, half banner—that Gass affected, was now waving over his kingly person, distinguishing him as the generalissimo and moving spirit of the Raiders. He was taking no active part in the battle. His presence was enough, apparently, to inspire his thanes with a slaughtering valor.



Deyo took in the princely picture and found it sweet with possibilities. He shouted something to Mallet, and the pair of them hammered their way to Carpenter's side. Now Deyo spoke swiftly to his two captains.

"See that banner over Gass's head?" They nodded, took blows and dealt some. "That's our goal," said Deyo. "If we can take Gass alive, the rest is easy." He whipped the long knife from his belt and held it aloft. Miljohn, eagerly obeying the long-awaited signal, leapt into the battle with 75 Indiana farmers at his back. Then, slashing like a reaper, Deyo plunged deep into the mass of Raiders in front of him. Mallet and Carpenter were at his heels; straight for Gass's banner the Regulator wedge hewed its way, the long knife rising and falling like a blood-soaked flail.

Gass saw the approaching fury and was troubled. "Get the bastard with the knife," he cried, but his voice held more of fear than command. His two standard-bearers, conscious of their weaponless state, began to look uneasily about for a lane of escape. "We better get out of here, Chief," whispered Crawley, his right bower, "and let the other boys fight it out for us."

Jeff Gass hesitated a second before he turned to run, and in that second the Regulator fury overtook him. John Deyo's hand was in his hair, John Deyo's knife was pricking at his windpipe. Elsewhere the battle was going against the Regulators, but the personal advantage that Deyo held over Gass—six inches of steel pressed against his throat—was indisputable. It more than outweighed numbers; Gass knew it, the Raiders knew it, Deyo knew it. Breaking the lull that followed his appalling gambit, Deyo said in a clear-carrying voice:

"One move from anyone and this knife goes home. Gass, you're under arrest. Clear a space, men, we're taking him away."

Three Raiders stealthily lifted clubs behind Deyo. Gass, seeing them from the corner of his eye, blubbered pitifully:

"Don't cause no trouble, boys. I'll go with him. He won't dare do anything."

"That's not for you to say," said Deyo bluntly. "All you've got to do is march."

And while 15,000 men watched with unbelieving eyes, Jeff Gass walked backward with John Deyo's knife still at his throat, down a gauntlet of silent faces, and up the

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The Leader

A peek into the early youth of a potential captain of industry —or perhaps a potential Capone

by LOUIS ZARA

FICTION ▪

FROM the size of him he could not have been more than eight or nine. But his manner was mature enough.

"Mister, do you read magazines?" he asked. Those were his very words.

"Well, yes, sometimes," I answered, dubiously but without any particular apprehension. He did look a bit young to be working his way through college, although I had heard a good deal of child prodigies.

"Do you read love stories?" the youngster pursued, staring, clear-eyed, directly at me. There was no squirming from beneath that stare. "Or are you a man of the world?"

I nearly strangled on my cigarette that time. Man of the world? Well, there now.

"Why, a man of the world, of course."

He rocked on his heels and nodded.

"Of course," he said, and never batted an eyelash. "Then you read this every week."

He pulled a magazine from behind him and stuck it in front of my nose. The words were a blur. My glasses were on my desk.

"Don't need a cook-book"—I began, remembering my past experiences with young men who wanted me to "vote" for them, to help put them through four years of academic misery. . . . But this lad arched his brows.

"Cook-book?" he asked politely, and looked a trifle bewildered.

"Never mind," I hurried. "Thinking of something else."

He smiled faintly. "Thought so, sir." I felt ill at ease.

"There's all kinds of stories and articles in it," the lad went on, "and something for the women-folks, too. You'll be wanting the magazine every week, of course."

There was something assertive about the boy that I liked at once

"Of—of course."

"Then I'll put you on my route," he smiled fiercely, whipping a pencil and notebook from a pocket. "I'll just take down the address and that makes you my customer. I'll take care of you every week."

I nodded, and paid for the periodical. He nodded too and touched his forehead—in lieu of a forelock, I supposed. I did likewise. There was something so gracious about his manner. We might have been Elizabethan sea-captains observing the amenities. He put his notebook away.

"So long, sir!" He was already on his way. "I'll be seeing you every week then."

He was prompt, too. No sooner was the magazine on the newsstands than he presented himself at the back door. His knock was masculine, business-like. His "Good morning, sir," was in the best sales tradition. And each time I took a copy of the magazine he made some pertinent remark:

"Looks like there's some nice reading in it this week, sir," or "Pretty thick magazine this time, isn't it?"

He satisfied me. He was the first youngster to deliver this periodical who did not forget every third week, or simply drop out entirely if he could get money for a movie or a soda any other way. I was pleased. But the new boy was simply too good to last. I realized it after his first month.

And sure enough, the middle of the fifth week my lad appeared with a younger boy in tow. My chap knocked.

"Hello! You're early, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, I'm early all right," he declared, not unimportantly. "Magazine doesn't come out for a couple of days yet, but I've just come around to tell you something. I want you to meet a friend of mine."

He pulled his friend forward. I nodded. The other lad was a pale, thin boy who dropped his eyes when I looked at him.

"Glad to meet him. Won't you step in?"

"Thanks, but that's all right," my man said curtly. "What I wanted to tell you, sir, is this: My friend is going to take over my route. That means that you buy your magazine from him. Is that O. K., sir?"

I blinked. "Going out of business?"

"Yes, sir, in a way," he declared, with a quirk in the corner of his mouth. He wore an air of mystery but he was not taking me into his confidence. "Then you will get your magazine from him. Thank you!"

On the day the periodical came out, my man appeared with the new boy once more.

"Remember my friend?" he asked.

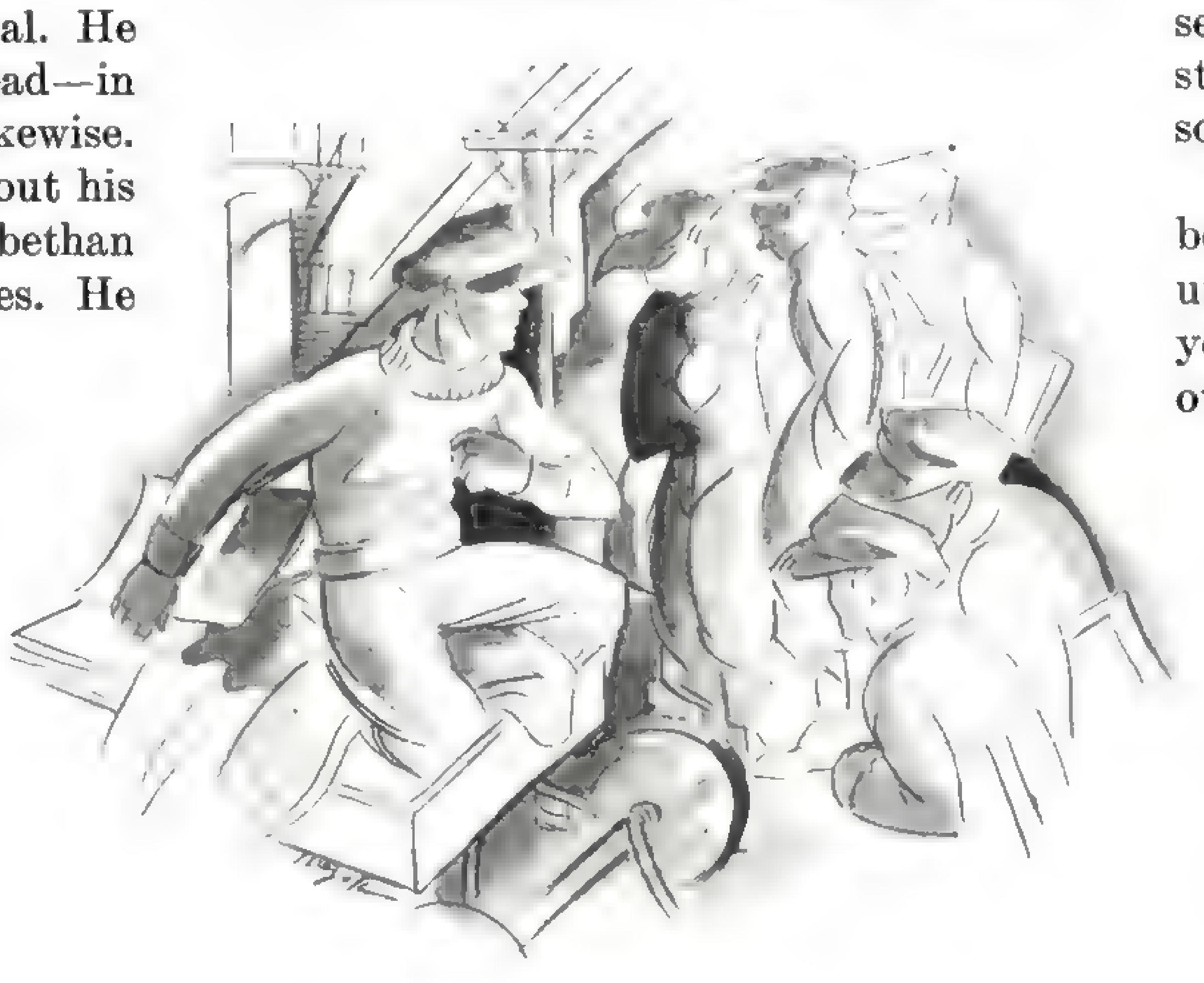
"Yes."

"*That's* good." He pushed the other lad forward.

"You coming back?" I asked.

"Oh, no! I just came around to make sure you hadn't forgotten what I told you, sir."

"I wouldn't forget," I assured the boy.



"But some people do forget," he said. "They think it's all a big joke . . . Well, then you know all about it, sir. My friend'll give you satisfaction just as good."

And the new lad did, too. He came as promptly as the other, but he was not as business-like. He knocked; I answered; he handed over the periodical, received his pay, and left immediately. However, he was on the job. I had no reason to complain.

Occasionally, I thought I saw the other lad, the first youngster, carrying magazines to back doors in the neighborhood but I put that down to my imagination.

I could think of no reason why the fellow should have preferred selling his magazines at other peoples' back doors and not at mine.

One day, about a half-mile from my own home, I came upon him again. He was escorting another boy down the street, a lad who carried several magazines under his arm.

"Hello!" I hailed them. "Got a new route?"

My man didn't even look surprised. He merely shook his head. No, he hadn't.

"Just going around with my friend."

I nodded. I understood. Always eager to help the new kids out. There was splendid stuff in this lad. I was quite proud I had detected those qualities in the boy when he had first called on me.

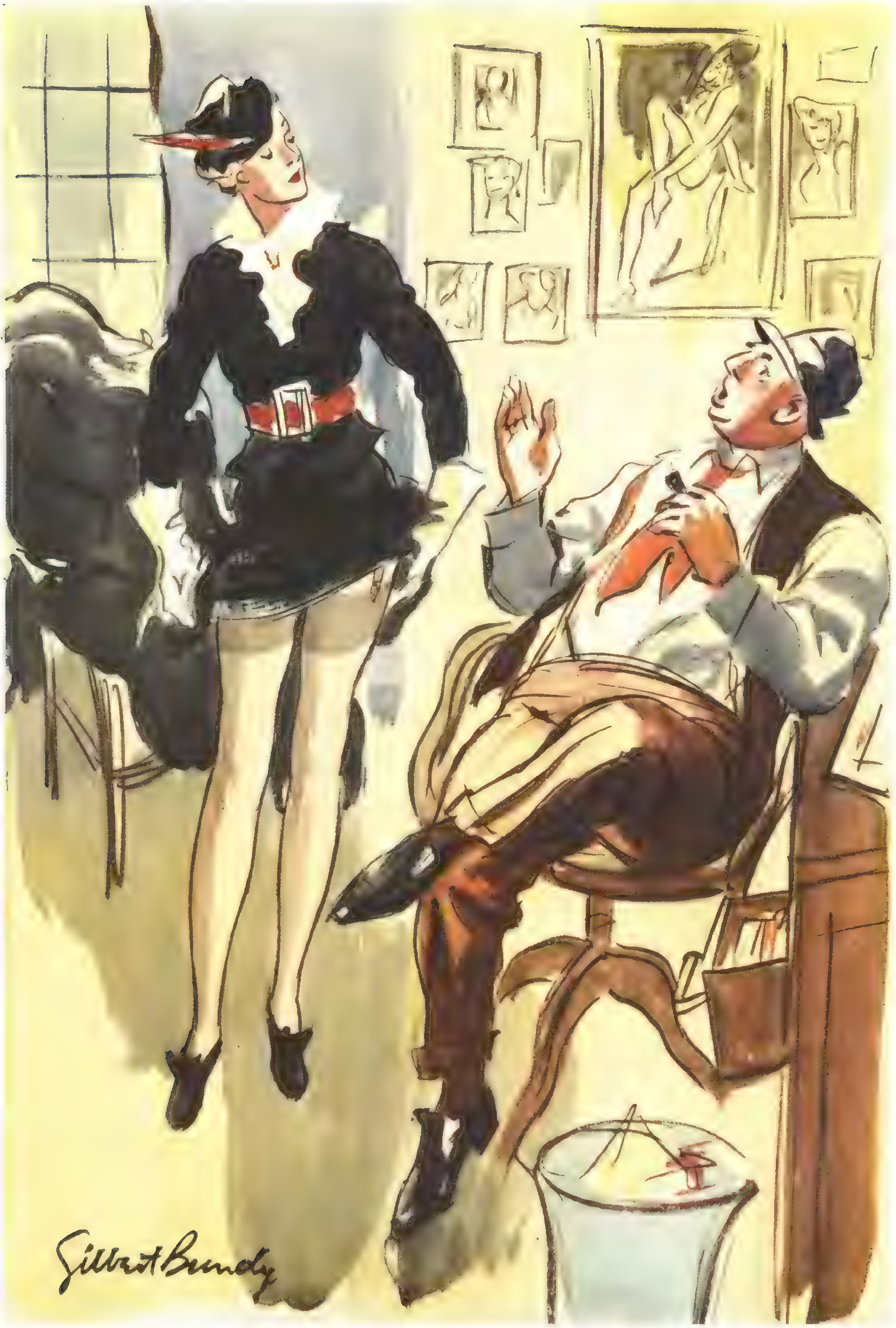
But the climax came a week later. I am still thinking of it: Again it was the day on which this periodical is issued. I was tramping along about a mile from where I belong when—lo! who was that? A boy raced past me on a coaster-wagon.

I thought the lad looked familiar and, having nothing better to do, hurried after him.

He sped down an alleyway; I halted and peered ahead. There he was, taking magazines from a heap that had been covered with an old raincoat on the wagon and handing them to several smaller boys who were standing nearby. After a while he seemed to be giving them instructions. I strained to hear him. His voice rose and some of his words drifted to me.

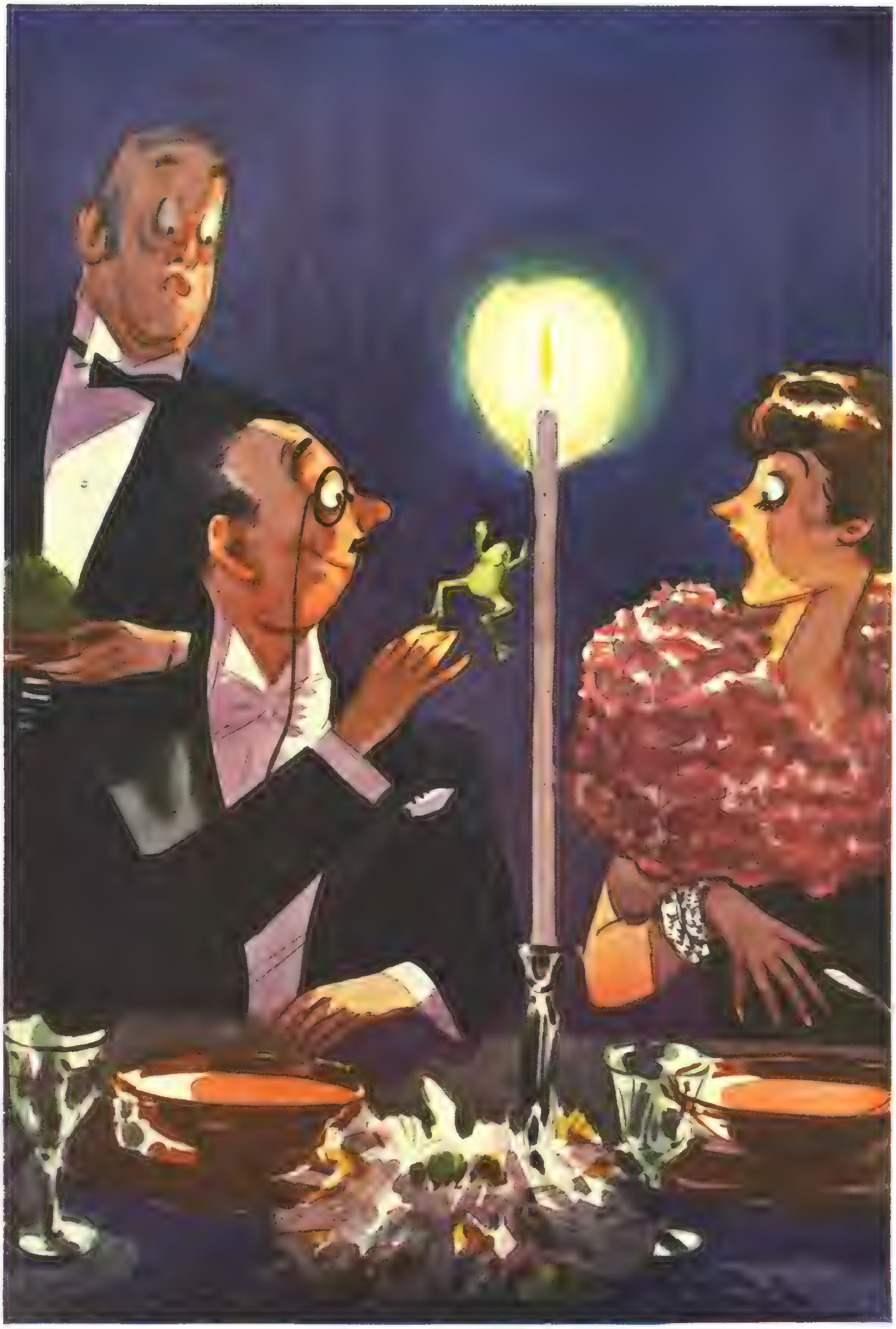
"You're a swell bunch of salesmen!" he was belaboring them. "Lose your guts the minute you get up those stairs! Let 'em scare you to death." He glared from one to the other. "G'wan, what's a matter with you? By rights I ought to be taking a bigger cut off the dough you get, considering all the thinking I have to do. Me getting you fellows routes, me building up good-will, me wrastling up customers and everything, and you . . ."

He scowled and they trembled. I trembled a little myself. He was magnificent.



Gilbert Bundy

"__Now__ let's hear you sing"



"Is there anything in yours?"

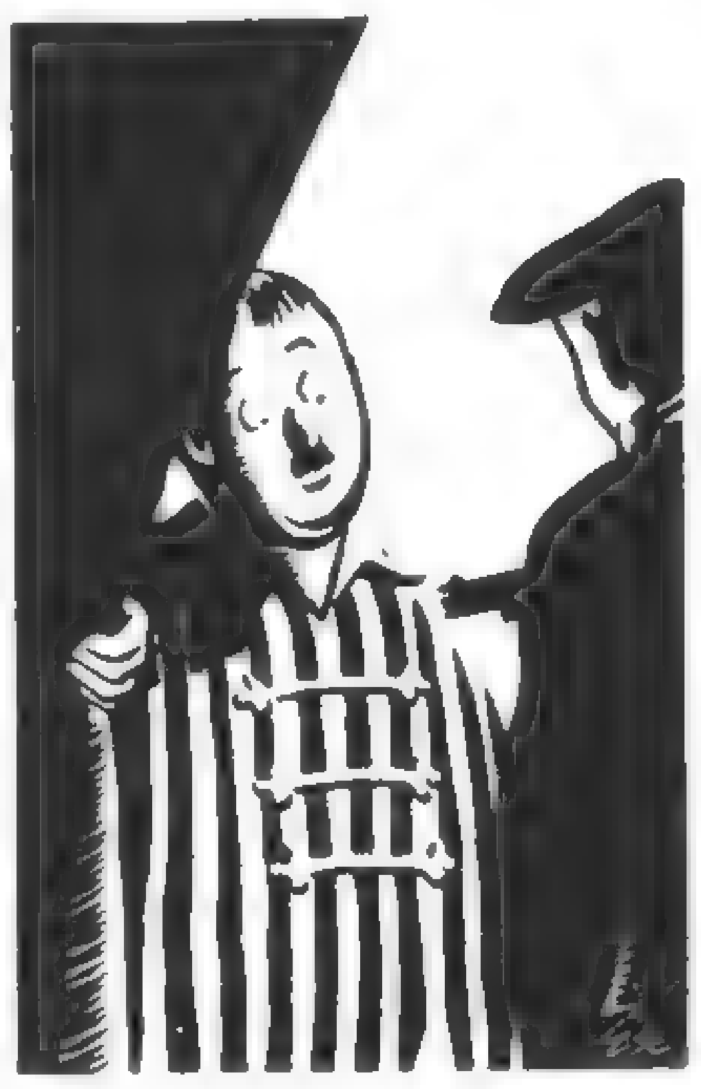
The Mossgrip Arms

When the landed gentry land in the soup there's always one way to get out of going into trade

by WALTER BROOKS

• HUMOR •

THERE was once a man by the name of Mr. Ferdinand Mossgrip who lived in a fine apartment house on Park Avenue. He owned the apartment house and it was named after him the Mossgrip Arms. He was one of the Boston Mossgrips. He had had a good deal of money at one time but he had always been rather conventional in his ideas and had wanted to do just as all the other people he knew did and so he had bought stocks when everybody else was buying them and had sold when everybody else was selling and pretty soon all he had left was the Mossgrip Arms and Mrs. Mossgrip who had been a Miss Shadd of Duxbury. Mr. Mossgrip sometimes felt that neither of them had been a very good investment for though Mrs. Mossgrip was free and clear and without encumbrances she had had no dowry for the Shadds were decayed gentry. And as for the Mossgrip Arms most of the tenants who were left in it had stopped paying rent and it was mortgaged up to the flagpole which on clear days flew a banner with the arms of the Mossgrips to wit gules, three velvet gloves dexter sable. Mrs. Mossgrip had designed it.



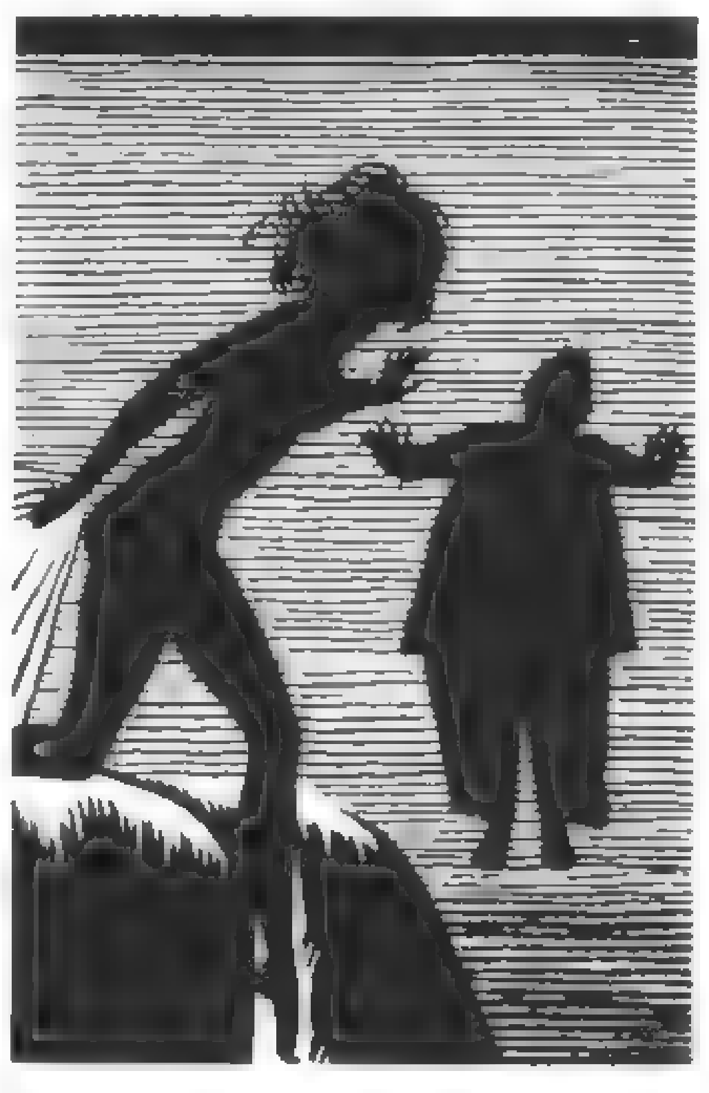
Well one night Mr. Mossgrip was asleep in his master bedroom in the penthouse on the nineteenth floor. It was a nice bedroom and had a view of the East River if you leaned out. Mrs. Mossgrip was asleep parallel to him in the big bed which the first Shadd had brought over in the Mayflower. And something woke Mr. Mossgrip up. All at once he was wide awake like that. He looked around to see if anything was wrong and his foot touched the water bottle which had been a hot water bottle several hours ago and he let a yelp out of him and sat up straight in bed and Mrs. Mossgrip said What is it Ferdinand is it that dream again. For he often dreamed of having a nice little house in the country. And Mr. Mossgrip said No. I touched the hot water bottle. And Mrs. Mossgrip said I don't see why you use one if you don't want to touch it. And Mrs. Mossgrip said Arrrh go to sleep. And so she went to sleep. But Mr. Mossgrip got up and went to the window and pulled aside the curtain which he thought had moved. And there was a burglar.

Stick em up said the burglar and shoved a gun into Mr. Mossgrip's stomach. The gun was even colder than the hot water bottle and Mr. Mossgrip let another yelp out of him and the burglar said Hey will youse quit yippin'? and Mrs. Mossgrip woke up again and said What do you see dear are some more tenants moving out? Go to sleep said Mr. Mossgrip and she did and he said to the burglar Well what do you want?

Jack and jewelry said the burglar Come on hand it over as we say in the underworld. Ha Ha said Mr. Mossgrip Don't stop me this is the first time I have really laughed in five years. Quit stallin' said the burglar Bring out your necklaces and tiaras. Ho ho said Mr. Mossgrip laughing uncontrollably You poor fish do you know who I am? I am Mr. Mossgrip the owner of this apartment house that's who I am. What! said the burglar This is indeed a catastrophe A landlord eh? well well. Still he said there must be something worth stealing these are expensive hangings and that is a nice bed too. Yes said Mr. Mossgrip and told him about the bed. But he said it is too big to steal and anyway my wife is asleep in it. Well said the burglar I like antiques. Don't be impertinent said Mr. Mossgrip. So the burglar begged his pardon and put his pistol in his pocket and said Well now I must go.

O don't go yet said Mr. Mossgrip It is a long climb up nineteen stories of fire escapes and you must be tired and won't you take something before you go! I had planned to said the burglar but you haven't got anything. O I mean a drink said Mr. Mossgrip. I don't mind said the burglar so Mr. Mossgrip got on a dressing gown and slippers and they tiptoed past Mrs. Mossgrip and into the living room. Mr. Mossgrip got out the Bourbon and they took a couple of fast ones to catch up with each other and then they poured out a long one and sat back. And Mr. Mossgrip said You don't look like a burglar and you don't talk like one now either. No said the burglar I just started practicing last week. And he told Mr. Mossgrip his story.

It was a pretty long story and he repeated a lot but the gist of it was that he too had been a landlord. He had had two office buildings and an apartment house which had been a great trial and trouble to him. He had tried to give them away to his friends but his friends had a lot of stocks and bonds and said they couldn't take on any more responsibilities. And then he tried to give them to the bank that held the mortgages but the bank said they'd rather not. So one day he just walked out on them. And he became a burglar.



Well that was pretty fine said Mr. Mossgrip and I should like to become one too but I am a Mossgrip and for generations the Mossgrips have been landed gentry. O that is all a lot of ketchup said the burglar I am Cornelius Van Skink and the Van Skinks were patroons I guess that is landed gentry isn't it and now where have they landed? in the soup that's where they have landed. But at that said the burglar thoughtfully I would hate to go into trade. Yes said Mr. Mossgrip at least burglary is not trade.

Well said Mr. Van Skink at last this is delightful but it isn't burglary and I must be going have you any suggestions where I might stop on my way down? If what my tenants tell me is true it would be a waste of time said Mr. Mossgrip. For they are all practically penniless owing to recent financial reverses or unexpected hospital bills or some such cause and your best chance is undoubtedly Mr. Zymbrowitz who looks after the incinerator in the sub-cellar. For money is vulgar and tends to seek its level and though you are a burglar I see you still suffer from inherited notions of a distribution of wealth vertically with the weight at the top which is against nature and what you have done is walked up nineteen flights and lost money. Well goodbye said the burglar and went out of the window.

Stop stop said Mr. Mossgrip running after him My dear fellow you take me too literally There may not be large sums in cash but there are lots of valuables such as the Countess Zingarelli's jewels and Colonel Sponson's flat silver and Mr. Bandersnatch's collection of Greek coins. And what is more went on Mr. Mossgrip as Mr. Van Skink came back into the room I am going to go into partnership with you and we will form the firm of Mossgrip & Van Skink ha ha and split the profits. For I am as sick of landlording as you are and if I can get together a little capital I can give it up and buy that little house in the country.

The firm name should be Van Skink & Mossgrip said the burglar but otherwise I am with you and now how shall we proceed? We must be methodical said Mr. Mossgrip None of this fire-escape stuff I have keys to all the apartments and we will first clean out those whose tenants are out of town and then we will do a few of the richer ones that are occupied. And I will wake up Mrs. Mossgrip and have her run the service elevator for us and we will bring everything up into a vacant apartment on the eighteenth floor. Fine said Mr. Van Skink but how about your night man down-

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The Dub Doctors

On the miracle men of golf teaching, the miracle being that they can make a living

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

THIS winter golf will tempt its customers into the southland, east and west, and in the bright, pure sunlight extract customers' money under false pretenses.

For some years a sweet vision treasured by golfers has been that of a winter's study of the game's technique with the sun making each muscle flexible, the grip sensitive and the spirit confident. With such out-of-season advantage, the winter golfers have reasoned, they will be able to return to the northern meadows with the robins and extract from stay-at-home comrades a dividend on the winter's tuition, all in the interests of that which is true and beautiful in sportsmanship.

It is unfortunate for the travel and resort business that this pretty picture of playing improvement right after the winter solstice is just as much a mirage as is the picture of certain results from golf lessons during the spring and summer in the north. Otherwise there possibly would be double the number of patrons drawn to winter resorts mainly by the lure of golf improvement. This number is quite husky as it now stands, being estimated by California and Florida authorities as having been 60,000 last winter. This class of the populace can be tagged as spending—at a very conservative guess—$1,000 per head for its winter resort living and travel, so you have the rather amazing view of $60,000,000 being invested with the hope of yielding profitable returns in the form of wagers at a dime and a quarter a hole back home next summer.

Quite naturally with a sucker market of these dimensions Nature in her infinite wisdom breeds a sufficiency of expert sucker-takers in order to maintain equilibrium. By roadsides, south- or west-bound in November you will see bronzed and limber young men packing their worldly all in golf bags and rattan suitcases and soliciting free transportation by goosing gestures of thumbs calloused on the leather grips of golfing implements.

When the migratory, highly-solvent students arrive the advance guard of tramp teachers has pitched camp at driving ranges and golf courses ready to ring the bell and call school open. A surprisingly large number of them operate at golf courses where they are permitted to take their pupils because the established professionals at these courses are reluctant to have any golfer starve. Beginning with a sucker or two from whom lesson fees and playing winnings provide a few dollars these budding tutors often end the winter season with several hundred dollars safety-pinned inside their lingerie and a happy conviction that golf teaching is vastly superior to going on government relief.

Returning to the northern and central states these youngsters forever after eschew menial relations with the hod and truck steering wheel and set themselves up as doctors of golf.

Thus the problem of resultful golf instruction for the dub becomes difficult of solution. The self-appointed doctors have to teach or slump from a diet of pompano back to gnawing on doughnuts the size and consistency of quoits and lapping a choice blend of chicory and java out of thick saucers. Confronted by a horrid alternative the boys get busy and sell more customers. They preach golf's gospel with the fervor of he-Aimee Semple MacPhersons and muscle temporary converts into the fold with the promise of a stance at the right hand of Colonel Bogey.

Established professionals, having other sources of income besides the lesson fees, have made no especially active effort to acquaint the seekers of golf knowledge with this situation and have seen their instruction business dwindle among the male golfers. However Allah protects the pros and has given them a volume of women's golf instruction business that now accounts for more than 60% of all lessons given. Or maybe Allah didn't have much to do with it. Women have applied their natural nosiness and gossip in the appraisal of doctors and surgeons to the golf field and have made generally precise separation of masters and quacks in the golf teaching profession.

The result has been that the standard of women's golf in the United States is much higher than that of men's golf despite men's natural proficiency at sports. At almost any golf club except those in some parts of the south where women have no hankering for any part of the strenuous life under a blistering sun, a comparison of handicap records shows a much higher percentage of low handicap women players than of men players in the low scoring group.

You see the foremost example of women's golf progress is Miss Virginia Van Wie. After winning the Women's National championship for the third consecutive time the Van Wie maiden gives reasonably fair promise of surpassing Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, formerly conceded to be the greatest of all women players developed in the United States and Miss Joyce Wethered, the four-time British Women's champion who has been regarded as the greatest woman golfer of all time and among the ten leading golfers of either sex.

Miss Van Wie is strictly a pro-taught golfer and unquestionably her development is indicative of an improvement in golf instruction, which is something that women have discovered but which men have failed to appreciate due, probably, to their propensity for falling for golf's quack doctors. In a normal year there are approximately 1,000,000 golf lessons given, or about one lesson to every 60 rounds of the game played by both men and women. But as only about 40% of the rounds are played by women it requires only simple arithmetic to figure out that the male golfers take only one lesson for every 90 rounds of golf played. This is at a rate of about one lesson every two years for the average business man who plays the game. So, even if all golf instruction were of top quality its effect would be comparatively small.

As a matter of fact the main obstacle to golf instruction effectiveness does not lie mainly in the fact that the pros themselves rate only around a thousand of the approximately 4,500 men instructing at courses, driving ranges and indoor schools as competent instructors.

The infrequency of lessons and the unreasonable demands of the male customers keep even the best pros from registering satisfactory results. A mine-run golfer would not think of taking a few violin lessons then tucking his chin on the saddle of a fiddle and scraping out notes like Albert Spalding, but he seems to consider that a few lessons on the mashie ought to make him a virtuoso. There you get the set-up that makes the suckers soft targets for the mercenaries who nominate themselves golf instruction marvels.

When you see a golf addict with a chronic slice or a persistent 180 degree hook you have a fellow in about the same frame of mind

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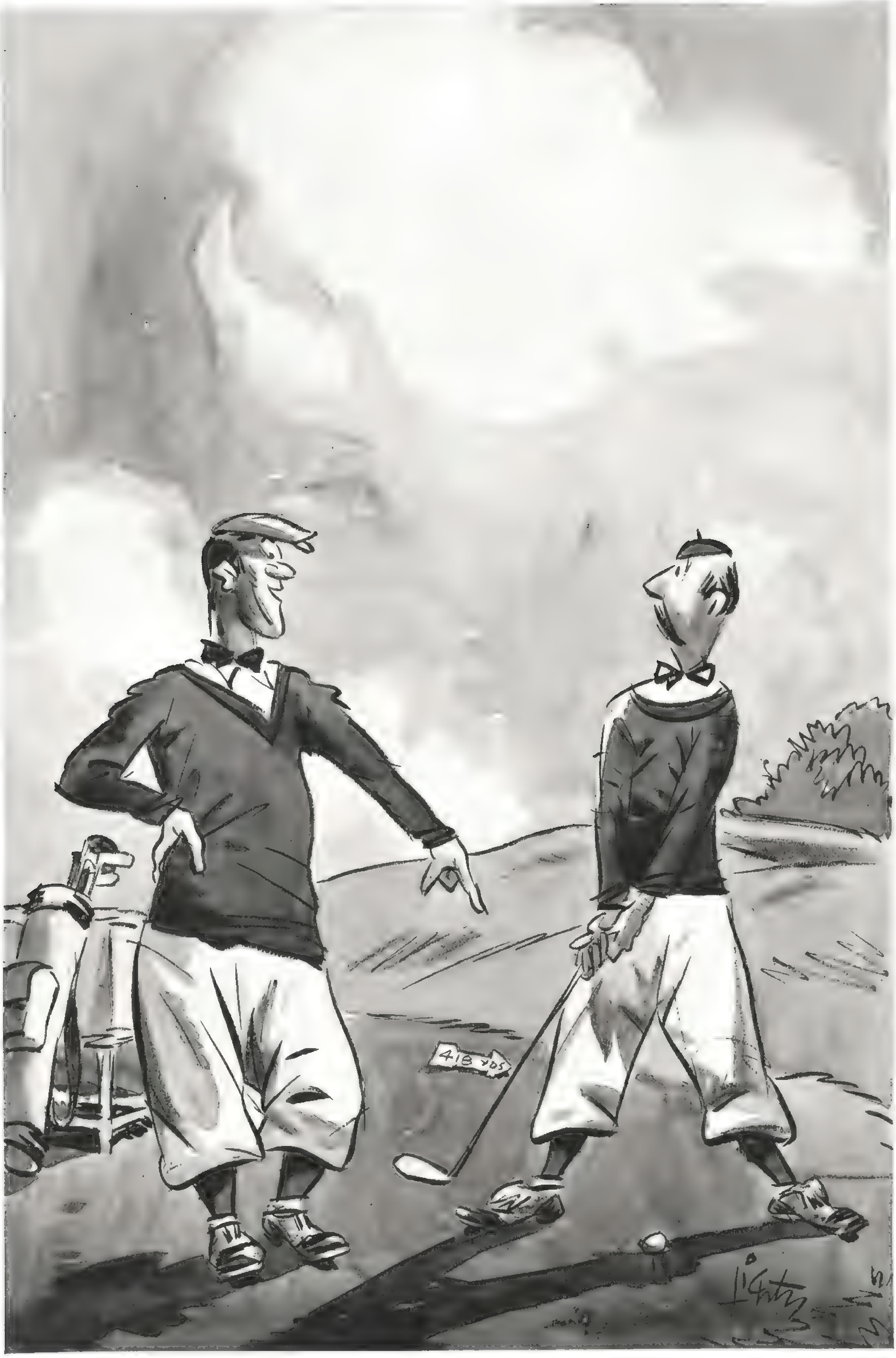
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Lichty

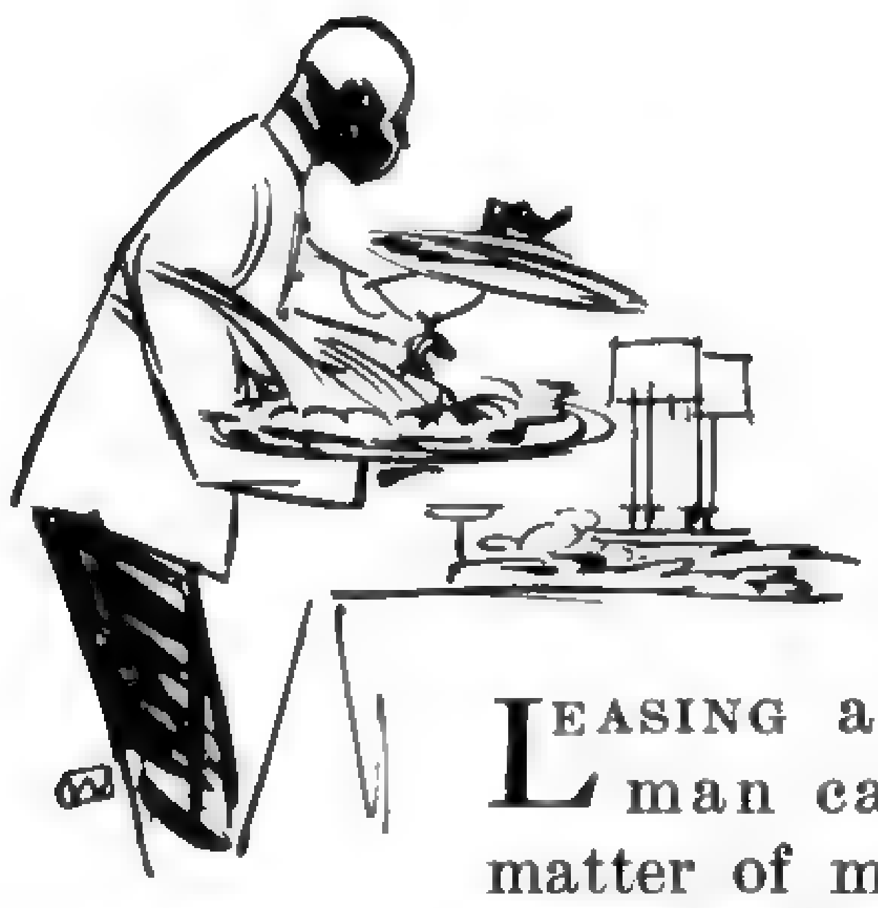
"All right—you start the first lesson by pointing your chin five inches behind the ball"

Entourage De Luxe

Inside dope on how the luxurious caravans of traveling notables are Aladdin'd by the Pullman Company

by WARD JOHNSON

• ARTICLE •



Leasing a private Pullman car is partly a matter of mathematics. If you wish to engage a car with sleeping and dining quarters to transport your party to the Derby, you will first multiply the number of days you want to use the car by the sum of $54, that being the per diem rate charged by the Pullman Company. Then you will multiply the price of a railroad ticket plus the customary surcharge by 15. You see, it is necessary to pay for fifteen railroad tickets whether there are that many in your party or not. Finally, you arrange to pay the sum of these two items and the party is on, for you will have no trouble finding guests to occupy the staterooms in your car.

From the standpoint of the Pullman Company and the railroads, the problem is a little more complicated. The task of staffing and provisioning private cars is as long and as wide as the continent itself, because the movements of these cars are commanded by men and women who go places. It may involve the transit of a single car to Palm Beach or White Sulphur Springs or Asheville. Or provisioning and dispatching an entire train for the president or some visiting foreign notable. It is the business of providing exclusive entourage for travelers who would like to take their town apartments with them.

The Pullman Company maintains and operates 23 private cars as a part of its nationwide sleeper and dining car service. This number of course does not include the 100 or so privately owned cars for which rich men paid around $100,000 apiece, nor the 225 business cars in which executives and their staffs live and work while on the road. Each of them comprises kitchen, dining room, observation parlor, servants' quarters, four or five state rooms and several baths. These cars stand fully equipped with all the appointments requisite to a home on wheels: china, glassware, kitchen utensils, and linen. The greatest annual mass movement of these cars is the pilgrimage to the Derby, second is the seasonal sojourn to Florida, and third, the movement to California in season. French Lick and other resort places are the destination each year of a lesser number. And of course, wealthy people use private cars for transportation to their country estates, which may be anywhere that fancy or inheritance dictates.

Staffing and provisioning is a task of some magnitude because the patrons are just naturally particular. A crew of three, attendant in charge, cook, and waiter, are sent out with each car. If you have leased a car before, you will probably request the same crew which served you before. Many parties do this, indicating the men by name, and some also order that the crew shall be provided with the same food as the guests. One New York man pays the lost wages of his favorite crew whenever it is necessary for them to lay over to start with his party. He believes there couldn't be another crew like that one anywhere. In any event, you will be provided with the pick of the car staffs. Waiters and cooks used on private cars have all been in service from seven to twenty-five years, and most of them over ten years. Of course, the Company pays them a higher rate than men on regular Pullman car service.

School bells ring often for private car crews. Like all Pullman waiters and cooks, they are scheduled for regular periods in the dining car school—an actual car in which every detail of service to be found on the road is taught by a cooking instructor and a table service instructor. Half the time they work under instruction in the kitchen or at table, and the other half as guests. Incidentally, waiters must be as proper in the role of guest as they are deft and skilled at work. The reader will say that the former requirement should be a positive delight instead of an insurmountable burden, but he will agree that it is a help in training for proper table service. As a guest, the waiter can observe subjectively the effect of intelligent service. The reason private car crews spend a lot of time in school is simple. Whereas there may be a crew of five in the kitchen of a standard dining car, there is only one in the kitchen of a private car, and he works in a space about three feet square. The cook in a private car must be meat chef, pastry and general cook, carver, dish washer, and pantry man. He should know something of Continental customs and cooking, for many of his guests are visiting celebrities whose hearts can always be warmed by serving their own culinary favorites. And further, each member of a private car crew is usually trained to relieve either of the other two in certain details. The three of them can prepare toast and hot water for one or a banquet with correct crystal and silver for as many as the entourage can accommodate. They must be familiar with the country through which they travel; the attendant must occasionally step out into any city and go shopping for his party.

The hands that carry the market basket are experienced ones. They are not a lone pair of hands, of course, for the Pullman Company maintains representatives at nearly thirty district commissaries in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, and at most of the famous resort places in season. When a car is about to begin its journey, the local representative stocks it for so much of the trip as seems advisable, considering itinerary and the perishability of particular foods desired by the guests, and dispatches the proposed itinerary to the other interested representatives by mail or by wire, sometimes outlining future requirements of the party. If there is no Pullman commissary at some junction, the representative shops in the market, or he may make his selections from the larders of the society hotels and caterers, as he frequently does at Palm Beach. Sometimes a commissary inspector is mustered for service on a car or group of cars to superintend provisioning where the itinerary makes the task especially difficult. Since the repeal of prohibition, the Company has maintained stocks of choice liquors aggregating about $35,000, adequate samples of which have been tested to make certain that the labels tell the truth. The largest single lot of liquor maintained by the Company, incidentally, is safely bolted in a vault to discourage hijacking. For the service of stocking private cars, the Pullman Company charges cost plus 25 per cent.

Private car patrons dine wisely for the most part. Most of them seem intent upon longevity first and the attainment of reputations

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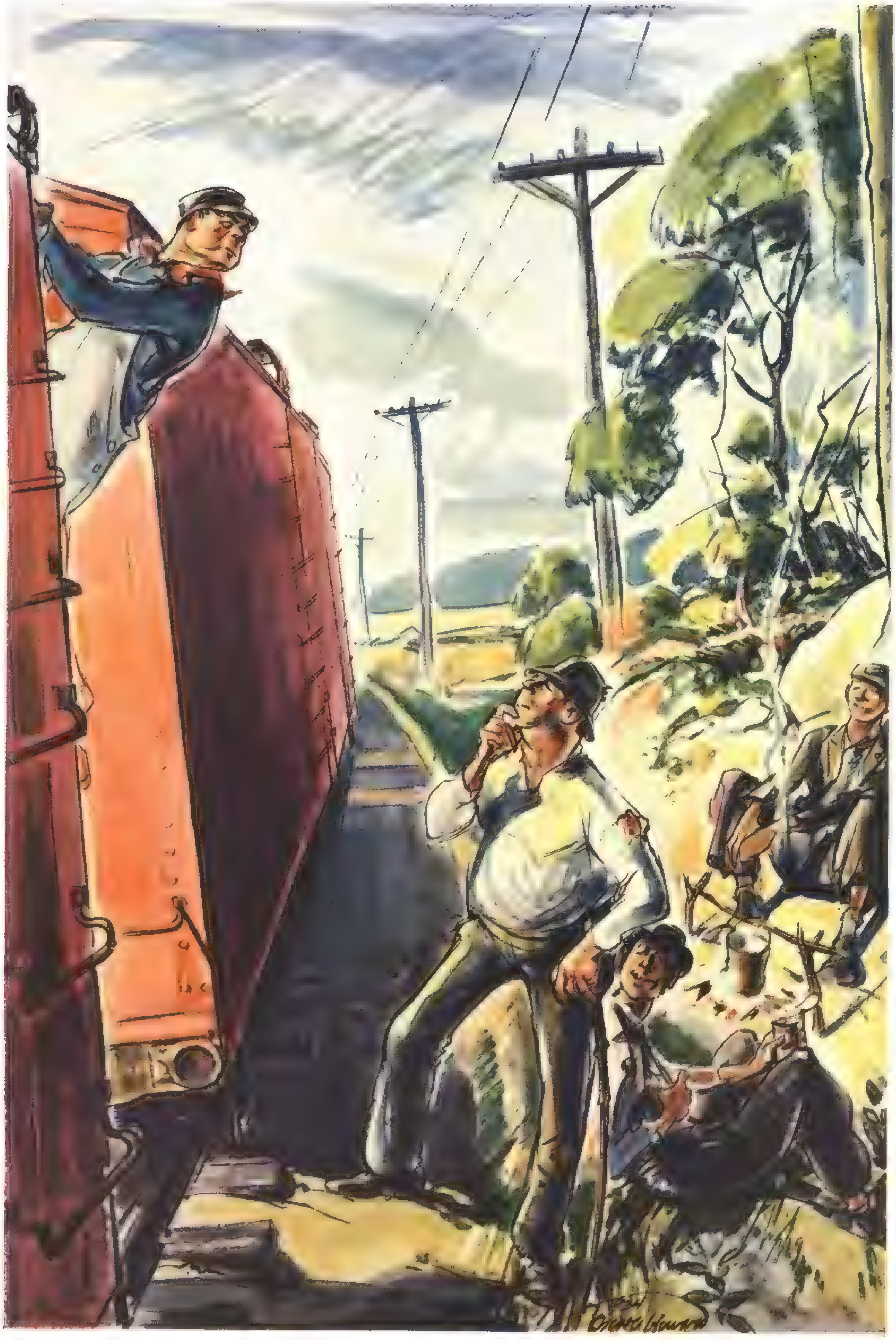
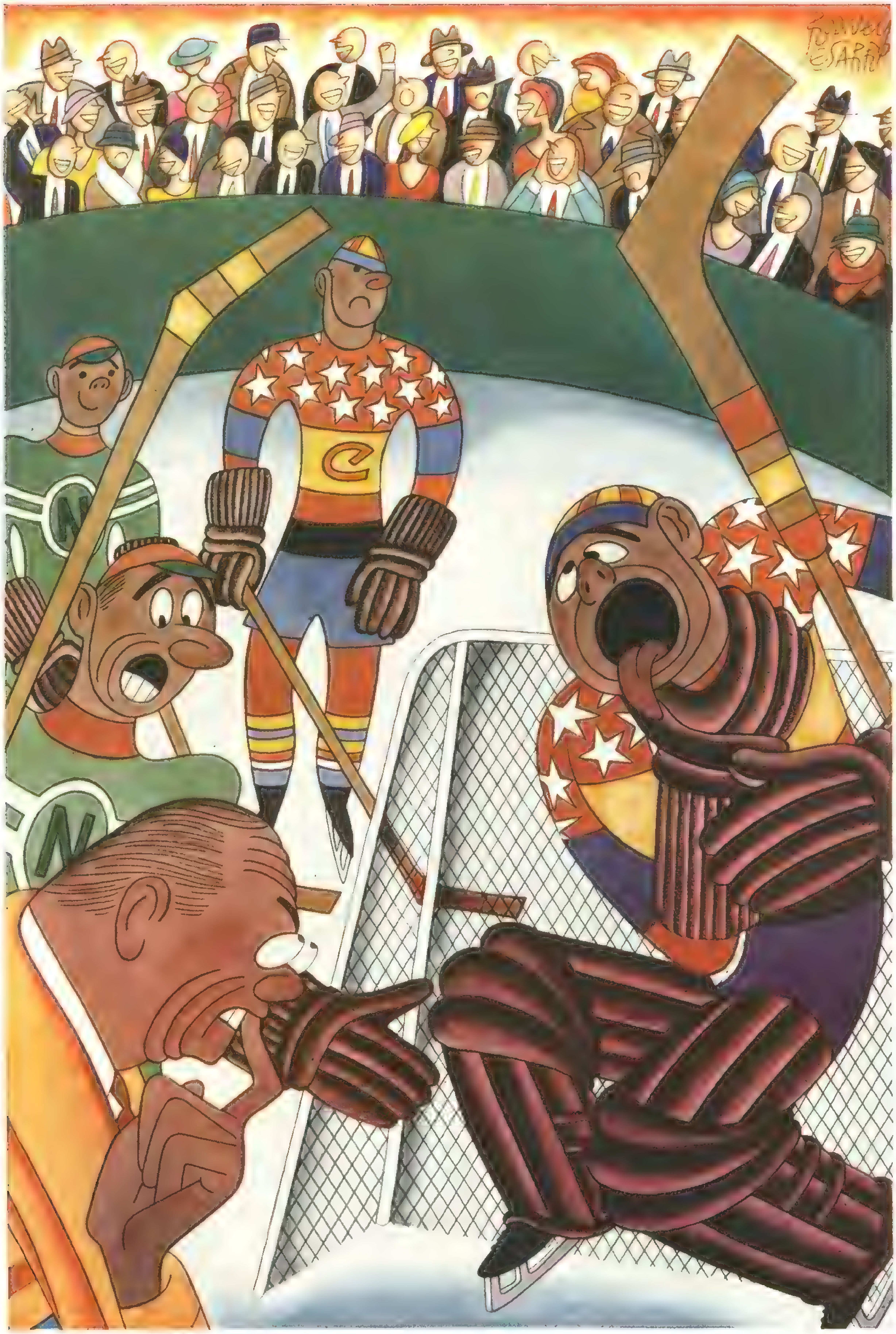


"We would like to know, my companions and I, if this train is air-conditioned"



"It went down his t'roat. What's that count?"

Is Sport an Art or an Orgy?

Reflections on the possibility that the public may grow tired of hysterics on heroes of sport

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I HEARD Damon Runyon and my editor, Bill Curley, talking about sports writing a few months ago and heard them call to account the bright young men who imagine that the hard-boiled attitude toward sports is something of their own invention. Runyon and Curley knew the boys from way back and some of the boys had called the turn in prize-fights, baseball, and tiddle-de-winks as loud and clear as any man writing today. I was glad to know about this because my own ideas about sports and sports writing are so obviously wrong. I find the sports uninteresting and the writing a little overloaded with sentiment. I think the boys on the field or in the ring are not exciting and the boys at the typewriters are gushy. Nowadays a man writing about a painting, a book, or an adultery is simple, factual, and hard, and a man writing about a tennis game is poetic. I can't say I like it.

In sport, four games seem to me worth watching: tennis, polo, jai-alai, and hockey. Look at the list carefully and you will see that they are fundamentally the same game—in which you use a stick to make an object go in a certain direction. They all require a certain amount of quick movement and, as a result, give an opportunity for grace. I even enjoy watching movies of these games, which means that I have no interest whatever in standings of clubs, winning of championship matches, and breaking of records. The contest side of sport doesn't touch me.

Once I had the idea that the boys in the bleachers liked what I like. Babe Ruth would hit a home run and they'd say, "Isn't that a beauty?" Or at a boxing match I'd hear the purple shirt next to me murmur out of the side of his mouth, "The Kid's a sweet fighter." Clive Bell, the English art critic, told me that the most popular of the British cricketers was a man with a highly developed style (at bowling or batting or whatever they do in cricket). I got the illusion that the French really cared about the "form" of those incredibly long winded cyclists who pedal clear round France every summer. In short, I knew that people want the home team to win, but I thought they liked the game, too.

Now I doubt all that and I think the writers are slapping on the sentiment to cover the emptiness of the sports themselves. The "obits" of the owner of a baseball team are as full of Valhallas as the "obits" of von Hindenburg. The account of a football game is an exercise in figures of speech. All our athletes are stout of heart, full of courage and gameness, their heads bloody but unbowed, and Waterloo, which was won on the cricket fields of Eton, chiefly by grenadiers who called it "Heaton," becomes a minor engagement compared to a world's series game. (Not that Art is entirely forgotten. From tennis to lacrosse, every good player has an exquisite sense of "timing.")

It wasn't always so. The hollowness of baseball was concealed for a long time by the heavily publicized notion that all the players were mental giants. This was the time of "inside" baseball. Diagrams were printed to illustrate the profound mental effort made by a shortstop in deciding whether to throw the ball to first or to second and the manager who crooked his finger to move a left fielder six paces forward was the Einstein of his time. My dates may be wrong, but I suspect that all this went out with the Black Sox world's series; the boys involved weren't clever enough to keep their mouths shut.

The next development was the finely-strung nervous system of the players. Tennis and temperament, Tilden and tantrums. The heights were reached in golf, in the late 1920's, when American business men, after reading all the books and essays about the game, stood with the cords in their necks swelling, their hearts beating hysterically, their hands shaking, and adrenalin pouring into their systems from the appropriate but mysterious gland, in a usually vain effort to follow through—or merely to hit the ball, for all I know.

Co-ordination was another great word of that period and it is beyond question that the depression came because the men of business were too occupied with their nerves at golf to pay attention to their production charts.

Now take up the popularity of Jack Dempsey. Dempsey, if I am not mistaken, was about as popular a national figure as I was in 1919, but he gained a little when he knocked out a bull and an Apollo and could have been a moderately liked champion to the end of his career if he hadn't had the colossal luck to be defeated by Gene Tunney, who was simply unmanageable by sports writers. Tunney, you see, was not lion-hearted; Tunney wasn't a Kid or a Tiger or Wild; Tunney definitely did not come down like a wolf on the fold. Tunney was a boxer who figured coldly that he could make a small fortune by knocking other people down for the required length of time. He killed color. He was champion but not popular, and he made Jack Dempsey the most extravagantly beloved sports man in the country.

The twisted moral of that is that Americans not only are indifferent to the art of prize-fighting, but actually are indifferent to the business of winning prize-fights. But you can't leave it there. You have to consider what they do like.

It's no use starting with a heavyweight championship match. Start with the weekly fare at Madison Square Garden, the John Molloy Marching Club bouts, the Golden Gloves tournament, and, as I have recently done, the weekly out-of-door fights (ten of them, three rounds each) run by the American Legion in various parts of New England. There you see the real prize-fight fans, or as Mr. Hemingway would call them, *aficionados*. The *afic*—the fans, I mean, go all the time; they would rather miss a meal than an evening at the fights. They know perfectly well that they will see nothing of the skill and color of a great match. But they go.

There must be five or six in a hundred who keep their mouths shut and watch the activities of the fighters. The rest are men steeped in disappointment, still crying for blood in the last second of the last round, still hoping that they will be among the lucky ones who have seen a fighter killed by a blow. I am not opposed to their lust for "modified murder." I have no moral feelings at all at the moment. What impresses me is that they never get what they want, yet keep coming, paying, and shouting. "Give him the old one-two," they cry, knowing in their hearts that even the old one-two won't be any use. Then a glove lands on an adversary's chest, or maybe on his glove, and the thump and repercussion create the illusion that something has happened and the crowd roars with satisfaction, the receiving fighter having by this time landed a really shrewd blow, damaging his opponent, but making no noise, so that the spectators know nothing about it.

so, that's what i saw last night ?
SPORTS
nelson

The first thing a trainer tells you is that everything depends on your footwork, how you stand when you hit or are hit, how you move out of

Continued on page 144

Devil, George and Rosie

Part two of the engaging tale of a man who was made master of the ladies' section in Hell

by JOHN COLLIER

▪ FICTION ▪

George was a harmless sort of a misogynist, whom the Devil came to earth after, to hire as Commander-in-Chief of the new Ladies' Section in Hell. All goes well until, by a horrible mistake, Rosie—who is a perfect lady, though only a shop-girl—lands in Hell . . . without having died! It is a terrible event. She cannot get away until George can figure out how to break the rules and get rid of her.

VERY well, Rosie kept a stiff upper lip, and was carted off to one of those hateful boxes that were built in the new Ladies' Section of Hell especially for the torture of feminine young women; it was as cruelly equipped as any of the others. And there she stayed. For a whole week George kept his head, reading the *New Yorker* to distract his mind. At the end, he could not put the matter of what to do with Rosie behind him any longer. "I must go," said he, "and see how she is getting on."

In Hell, all the officials travel with incredible speed: in a very few minutes George had passed over a couple of continents and was tapping at the mean front door of poor Rosie's little habitation. He had not chosen to put on his cap of fern-seed virtue, or perhaps he never thought of it; anyway, she came to the door with three or four of the imps hanging about her apron strings, and recognized him at once. He observed that she had on the drab and unfashionable garments provided by the authorities, in which her appearance was that of a rose in a jam pot.

While she told him of all that had happened since she arrived, she busied her fingers with a succession of little tasks. "You seem to be terribly busy," complained George.

"Forgive me," said she with a smile, "but there is such a terrible lot to do. Still, it makes the time pass."

"Do you never," said he, "wish to go to the matinée?"

"That would never do," she replied. "Supposing *he* should wake up" (pointing to the imitation husband) "and call for his tea. Besides, I have plenty of entertainment: the people next door seem always to have a party: it does me good to hear them laugh and sing. What's more, when I'm cleaning the windows, as needs doing pretty often, I always see the most beautifully dressed creatures go by. I love to see people in pretty clothes."

"Your own are not very attractive," said George in a melancholy tone.

"They are plain enough," said she with a laugh. "But I'm far too busy to think about that. All I could wish is, that they were of slightly stronger materials. The stockings laddered so often I've had to give up wearing them. And whenever I go out shopping. . . . Still, you don't want to hear all this."

George was so devoured by remorse that he had not the spirit to ask an interesting question. "Goodbye," said he, pressing her hand.

She gave him the sweetest glance: he felt it no more than his duty to offer her an encouraging kiss. The doors began to bang, the fire belched smoke, the imps opened their mouths to yell.

"No. No," said she, with just so much of inexpressible regret as to soften the cruelty of it. And she pointed to the dummy husband before the fire.

"Don't worry about him," cried our hero. "He's only a dummy." With that he gave the image a kick, capsizing it into the hearth.

"Well, if he's not a real husband," said Rosie, "I suppose there is nothing wrong in it." And with that she gave George a kiss, which he found altogether delightful, except that as it increased the high esteem in which he held her, so also it increased his misery in having placed her in such a condition.

When he got home the poor fellow could neither eat nor sleep. He called up a few of his officers to pass away the night at poker, but though he held four straight flushes in succession, he could take no pleasure in it. In the morning, the telephone bell rang. George's was the only instrument on the planet which did not go wrong as soon as one began to speak: on this occasion he would willingly have surrendered the advantage. The Devil was at the other end, and he was in a towering rage. He made no bones about accusing our hero of downright morality.

"You curse and swear very well," said the victim in an injured tone. "All the same, it was not my fault she came here. I clearly see she may prove a disintegrating influence if I keep her, but, if I may not send her back, what else can I do?"

"Why, tempt her, you idiot!" replied the Devil. "Have you never tempted woman before?"

"As far as I know, no," said George frankly.

"Well, do so now," said the Devil in quite a silky tone, which nevertheless caused blue sparks to crackle from the instrument. "Once we get possession of her soul, there will not be much fuss about her body. I leave the matter in your hands entirely. If you fail me, there are one or two ancient institutions over here, which I shall take pleasure in reviving entirely for your benefit."

George detested the idea of tempting this singularly good and beautiful young girl: however, the prospect was not so unredeemedly repulsive as that of immersion in boiling brimstone. He took a glass or two, to stifle what regrets he had, and sent for Rosie to attend him in a silken pavilion which he had rigged up among the groves and fountains which enclosed his citadel. He considered this fabric to be preferable to blocks of black basalt, in the event of some disruptive phrase of hers bringing the roof about their ears.

It was not very long before she arrived, although it seemed so. Heaven knows how she preserved her radiant health in the nasty grey air of Hell's outer suburbs: she looked as fresh and bright as ever, and seemed to glow through her cheerless wrappings as a peach glows through tissue paper. Nevertheless George was naturally a slow starter, especially where his conscience was involved. He certainly greeted her very warmly, but if all the scientists in the world had had these hugs and kisses in a test tube, they could not have separated one atom of sin out of them, for they were as simple and natural as could possibly be desired.

I admit the simple and natural is as good a beginning as any other: George however proceeded only to the offer of a cup of tea, which is not sinful except at the University. They began to chat; he was unable to resist

telling her of his joys and sorrows in the neighborhood of the Tottenham Court Road, and the reason for this was, that he wished her to know everything about him. She herself was no less frank: it is impossible to describe the emotion with which George heard that she had become an orphan at the age of fourteen and had since then lived with an old aunt, who was inclined to severity. The moments passed like flowers of that precious, edelweiss joy which blooms on the brink of the abyss.

The light began to fade: the warbling of blackbirds and thrush now sank into a stillness from which soon arose the diviner strains of the nightingale. Our young people, seated at the entrance of the tent, found their tongues fall idle, and sat in that divine languor which, like a silence of the being, permitted the first faint notes of a new music to become audible in their hearts. In this far, wild corner of the garden, the effect was a little Chinese, with a profusion of willow trees, which now turned blue in the dimming air.

Their fingers interlocked: the moon, which in those parts is of gigantic size, being no other than Hell itself, rose behind the shadowy trees. "They say," said Rosie in a dreamy voice, "that those marks on it are craters."

One person's dream may well be another's awakening. George was at once galvanized into activity. "Come," said he. "it is time we began dinner. It's my birthday, so there's lots of champagne."

He hoped by these words to inveigle the simple girl into making a feast of it; however, he started under a handicap, for he was already as drunk as a lord on the very sound of her voice. A man's true nature appears when he is in that condition: George was prepared to jeopardize his whole future for an amorous whim; his brain reeled under the onslaught of a legion of virtuous thoughts: he even conceived the notion of suggesting to the Devil that it should be the dummy husband who should be cast into the boiling brimstone, and that he should take that useless effigy's place, but from this act of madness the thought of the imps restrained him.

The remembrance of his master brought him back to Hell for a moment: "My dear," said he, patting her hand, "how would you like to be a film star?"

"Not at all," said she.

"What?" said he.

"Not at all," said she.

"Oh!" said he. "Well! Well! Well!"

He had a diamond necklace in his pocket, ready to tempt her with, but could not restrain himself from hanging it unconditionally about her neck, he was so delighted by this answer of hers.

She was pleased, even more than by the gift itself, by the spirit in which it was given: she thought George the kindest and the best of men, and (whether it was the wine or not I'll not say) she would have even stuck to it that he was handsome.

Altogether, the meal went off as merry as a marriage bell: the only drawback was, that George could see no signs of a fitting sequel. Some would say the brimstone was sequel enough: that was not George's idea at all. In fact, when he had played all his cards in this half-hearted fashion, he was suddenly overcome by a hideous prevision of his fate, and could not repress a most alarming groan.

"What is it, my dear?" cried Rosie.

"Oh, nothing," said he. "Nothing at all. Only that I shall burn forever if I fail to seduce you."

"That is what the young man said at the stocking counter," said she in dismay.

"But I mean it," said he dolorously, "and in brimstone, which, I assure you, is altogether a different proposition from love, whatever the poets may say."

"You are right," said she, in a happier voice than seemed entirely fitting. "Love is altogether different from brimstone," and with that she squeezed his hand.

"I fear it will give me no peace, in which to remember you," said he, positively photographing her with his eyes.

"You shall not go there," said she.

"He said I must," cried George.

"Not," said she, "if . . . if it will save you to . . ."

"To what?" cried George.

"To seduce me," faltered Rosie.

George protested very little: he was altogether carried away by the charming manner in which she expressed herself. He flung his arms about her, and endeavored to express in one single kiss all his gratitude for her kindness, all his admiration for her beauty, his respect for her character, and his regret that she should have been orphaned at the age of fourteen and left to the care of an aunt who was a little inclined to severity. This is a great deal to be expressed in one single kiss: nevertheless our hero did his best.

Next morning he had to telephone his report to the Devil. "I'll hold your hand," said Rosie.

"Very well, my darling," said he. "I shall feel better so."

His call was put through at once. The Devil immediately asked him how he got on. "The young woman is seduced," said George in a rather brusque tone.

"Excellent!" returned his master. "Now tell me exactly how it happened."

"I thought," said George, "that you were supposed to be a gentleman."

"I am enquiring," said the Devil, "in a strictly professional capacity. What I wish to get at, is her motive in yielding to your almost too subtle charm."

"Why!" cried George, "you don't think that splendid girl would see me frizzling and frying in a lake of boiling brimstone?"

"Do you mean to say," cried the Devil in a terrifying voice, "that she has sacrificed her virtue merely to save you from punishment?"

"What other inducement," asked our hero, "do you imagine would have been likely to prevail?"

"You besotted fool!" cried his master, and proceeded to abuse him ten times more roundly than before.

George listened in fear and rage. When he had done cursing him, the Devil continued in a calmer voice. "There is only one thing to be done," said he, "and you may consider yourself very fortunate that you (you worm!) are needed to play a part in it. Otherwise you would be frizzling before sunset. As it is I see I must give the matter my individual attention, and the first step is, that you must marry the girl."

"By all means," replied our hero briskly.

"I shall send you a bishop to perform the ceremony," continued the fiend, "and next week, if I am better of my present fit of gout, I shall require you to present me to your wife, and I myself will undertake her temptation."

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The Gory Epic of the North

Authoritative and turbulent account of Newfoundland's foremost business enterprise

by SHARAT ROY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"Going to de ice, is ye? If y'r luck's in, ye'll take no harm. Ye'r safe as if in God's pucket in dat boat, me dear man. But, ain't ye a bit hoffy (crazy) to go swilin', ain't ye now?" Such were the remarks flung upon me when it became generally known that I was given a berth on board the sealer *Silvia*. Ordinarily, no visitors are wanted.

The Newfoundland seal hunt is an annual carnival of bloodshed. Each spring nearly a quarter of a million seals fall under the gaff and the flensing knife. Newfoundlanders must kill or perish, for sealing, next to cod fishing, is Newfoundland's most important source of revenue.

With an area of 42,000 square miles, Newfoundland harbors nearly 250,000 people, most of whom are scattered along the shores in small fishing villages called "outports." These outports are the homes of the sealers or "greasy jackets." They are simple fisher folk of Saxon and Celtic stocks. Circumstances have deprived them of education and poverty has forced them to wrest their livelihood from the sea. They speak an archaic language which, though not very difficult to understand, contains quaint, unfamiliar words.

The sealing fleet, which at present numbers 8 to 12 steamers, each carrying 200 to 300 men, sails from St. John's on March 5. The open season is from March 13 to April 30. For days before the sailing of the fleet, thousands of sealers from the outports pour into St. John's and "sign on." Those who cannot sign their names make crosses instead. This entitles the men to bunks but no fixed pay. A sealer's remuneration depends on the number of seals his boat brings in. The proceeds are divided into three parts, of which two-thirds goes to the owners of the sealing fleet and one-third is divided among the sealers and officers, except the Captain, who receives four cents a seal. The sealer's share of the boat I was on, came to $35 a head, out of which, each man had to return $12 "crop" to the owners of the fleet and pay his passage home. A "crop" is an advance of $9 that each sealer receives to buy his equipment when he goes "to the ice" but he is charged $12 on his return.

As the time draws nearer for the fleet to sail, excitement grows wilder and wilder. Carnival spirit grips the city. Everyone, young or old, rich or poor, takes a deep interest in this annual saga of slaughter. Streets and wharves are literally jampacked with expectant hunters and curious onlookers. It is like an army going to do battle for those who remain at home.

Things move leisurely in Newfoundland. The *Silvia* was to sail at ten o'clock in the morning, but it was not until four in the afternoon that the whistle shrieked and hawsers were cast off. Thus on a gray afternoon, amid wild waving of hands, hats and caps, whooping of sirens and yells of "Good luck and safe return," we slowly heaved under way.

A heavy sea was running. Our boat tossed, rolled and pitched. We swung "nor'-nor' east." The stark, forbidding coast faded in the mist. Up on the snow-sheeted deck a hilarious party was in full swing. Bottles popped, raw laughter echoed, discordant notes of "It ain't goin' to rain no more," "Where is my wanderin' b'y tonight," "Carry me back to ole Virginny," filled the frozen air. Every available space swarmed with half-slopped, greasy men. From stem to stern, along the rails, up the ratlines, in the rigging, atop the overturned dories, they crowded, passing bottles in true communistic style.

The dinner gong rang and everybody, tipsy or sober, rushed for the galley door. The deck was cleared in an astonishingly short time. I was to mess with the officers but my optimism as to their quality received a sudden jolt. The officers on a sealing vessel, for the most part, are erstwhile sealers—"veterans," and, as such, they cannot be distinguished from the "common hands." It is a trifle surprising but by no means disappointing. The seediest, greasiest jacket covers a frame of blood and iron. They are men through and through.

Our mess included the captain, navigator, second hand, bridge master, engineer, radio man, master watch, barrel man and doctor. Singularly enough, there is a different social level among the personnel. The afterguards do not as much as set their feet in the forward galley. As a badge of distinction, we had a table cloth which by frequent turnings lasted five weeks. No introduction was in order. A sealer, if he is not a "skipper," is an "uncle." The "grub" was excellent—boiled beef, potatoes, turnips, fresh bread, blueberry jam, and coffee. Beef apparently reminded Skipper George, the second hand, of seal flipper. "I like de biff ahl rate but dere niver was narr un like de ole whitecoat f'ipper," he reflected. Seal flipper is seal's arm. The meat is almost black and when parboiled it tastes like mutton with a fishy odor. Practically every sealer brings in a number of flippers which he peddles on the streets of St. John's for fifty cents a "gad" (a dozen on a string). Flipper supper is a great annual event at St. John's. Even the "four hundred" indulge in it as enthusiastically as the proletarians.

It must have been past midnight. I was lying in my bunk trying to sleep but the rattling of the chain and shrieking of the winch kept me half awake. Outside my room I heard the store-keeper, who enjoys the dignified title of "butter bitch" for having access to the supply of butter, say, "A wonnerful wheeler she is, we'll be in de ice afore lang." His prediction came true. By morning the old ship was butting heavy ice. At every butt she jumped and quivered from stem to stern. She screeched as her steel sides scraped the edge of the ice pans.

After a hearty breakfast of "brose" (a combination of salt cod, hard tack, cracklings and pork grease), I hurried up to the deck. I shall never forget my first impression of the ice field—that great, glittering expanse of exquisite white. It is so white that I was dazzled, blinded, then wearied—wearied beyond description. Occasionally, blue pools and leads, towering bergs, clumps and pinnacles help to break the monotony, but on the whole, the ice field steadfastly holds its own.

Only when a storm arises or a heavy blow sets in, does the ice field change its appearance and wear a mask too terrifying to behold. The unbroken swell of the Atlantic heaves the pavement of ice and alternately lifts it up with a quivering climb and throws it down with a dizzying rush. Amid thundering crashes and roaring blizzards, the entire ice field opens, expands, and breaks into countless floes. As the storm continues the ice is "rafted," that is, the broken ice is piled in layers one over the other to an enormous height, often exceeding one hundred feet. This mountain of ice is then suddenly lifted by the swell of the mad sea and hurled forward with a terrific crash. Woe to the vessels within its range! No ship is built strong enough to withstand the impact.

I was wandering about the deck among unknown faces while the stout ship hammered her way into the gray North. Shouts of "starburd," "steeeay," "port," mingled joyously with the thunderous crashing of the ice and the ceaseless churning of the propeller. As the open season was still a week off, men were busy getting ready for the "kill." Some were making "markers" or colored flags with numbers on them. The markers are set up on the ice pans so that the captain may know where pelts are piled. Some were dumping "pinnacle ice" chopped earlier in the day, into the melting tank for fresh water. A pinnacle is formed by the rafted ice and is practically free from salt. The melted water, however, is always tallowy and coffee-colored, chiefly due to the fact that before the ice is put into the tank it lies on the greasy deck for hours, sometimes a whole day, during which men crowd together in front of it, kick the chunks, spit

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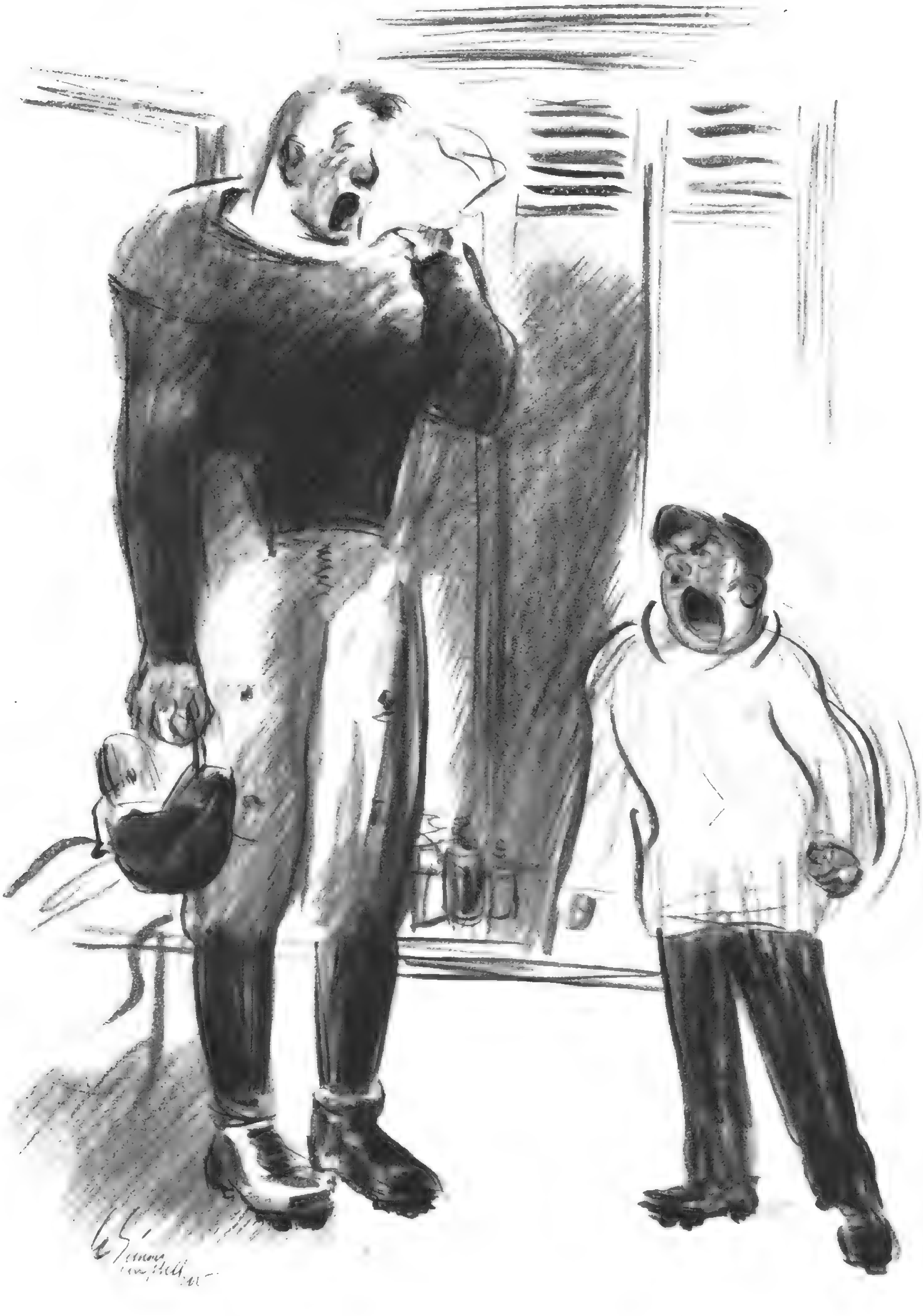

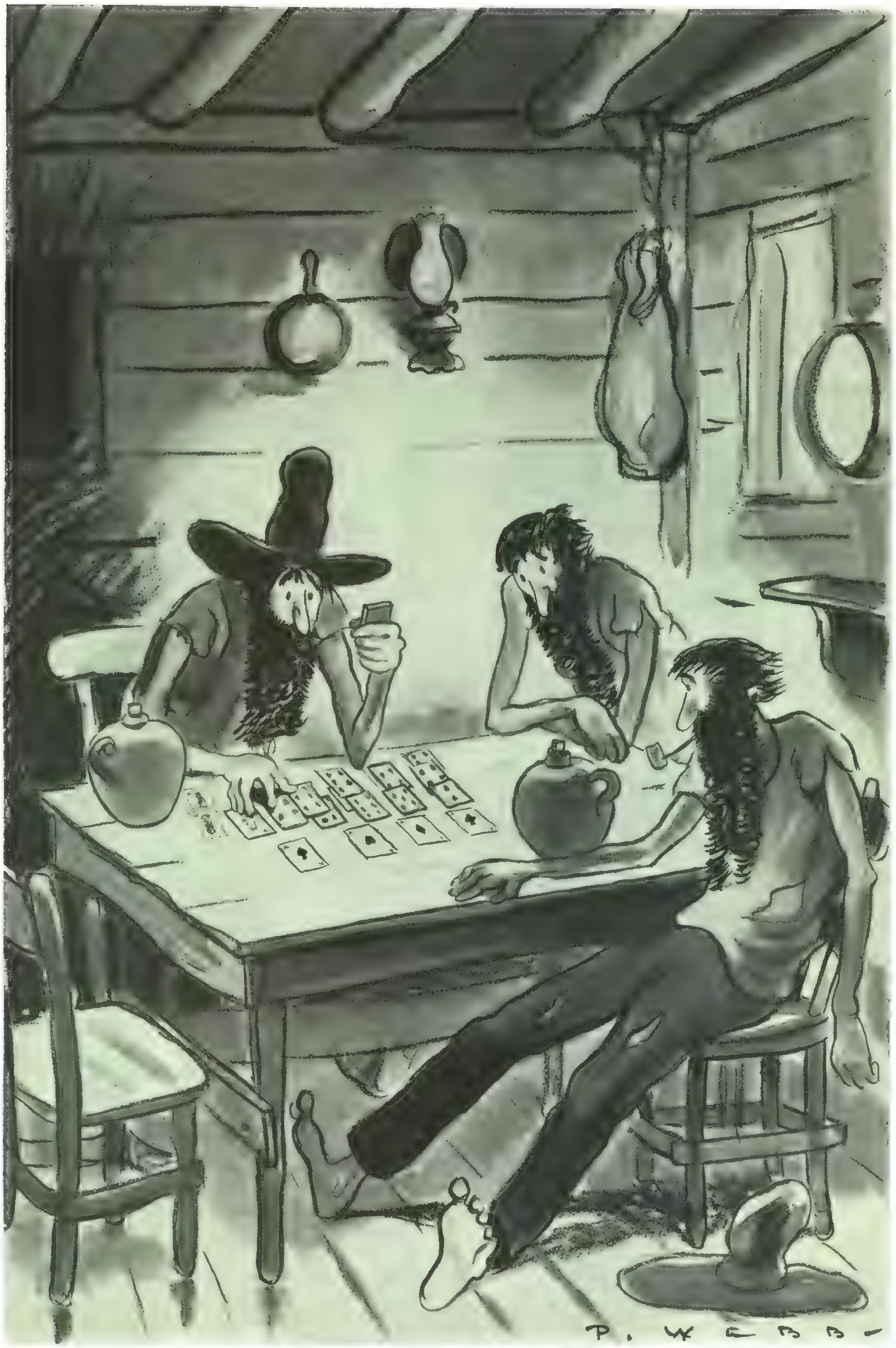

"Shucks! Let's all git some sleep an' tackle it ag'in when we're fresh"

All in a Split Second

Razor-edged episodes, and how you should react to them if you want to live to tell your friends the tale

by LOUIS GOLDING

▪ARTICLE▪

"If you had to choose between falling into a pot of molten metal or grabbing a live electric cable, which would you do?" asked my morning newspaper calmly a breakfast or two ago.

A young man from Yorkshire, I learned, was hardening files in a Sheffield workshop, when he slipped. A pot of molten metal hissed behind him. The live wire dangled in front of him. Always a youth of quick decisions, he seized the wire—and hung unconscious from it, the 200-volt charge locking his clenched hand round it.

The current was switched off, the young man was caught as he fell, oxygen was administered to him, and he survives to go on hardening files for many a long day, I trust.

Now the young man was not aware, apparently, that the cable was alive. If he had been, would he have had the amazing courage to snatch at it—or would he have dithered for just that split second which would have meant his hideous and instant annihilation in the pot of molten metal?

I don't know. He doesn't know. You can't recreate in cold blood these moments of unspeakable dilemma, and presume to say you would act this way or that way. It is the subconscious will to survive, which makes these desperate decisions for us, out of a reservoir of wisdom too deep for our conscious mind to plumb, with an instantaneous appraisement of probabilities which our conscious mind is far too sluggish to achieve.

I remember a dilemma I was involved in in Cairo, in which I too, had to make a lightning decision. It was the time of the Ramadan, the month-long Muslim festival, when the believers fast all day and feast all night. A small city of wooden fair-booths had been put up on the outskirts of the greater city. In the booths were fortune tellers, dancers, conjurors. I was in a booth of snake-charmers, sitting with my face a foot or two away from the snakes curving to the charmers' instruments.

You must understand that these snakes have their fangs still. It is considered bad form in the guild of snake-charmers to play about with innocuous snakes. You might as well play about with baby rabbits.

The wooden booth was absolutely crammed. The doorway seemed one hydra mass of heads, trunks, limbs. The desert bagpipes wailed, the flutes shrilled, the snakes dipped and swayed. Suddenly, before even the word "Fire!" was uttered, the crackle of it was in our ears, the glare in our eyes, the hot breath of it on our cheeks. The whole back of the booth was a mass of roaring flame. Immediately there was a demon scramble for the door. The musicians threw aside their instruments. The snakes were convulsed out of their hypnotism. They were spitting and rearing within a foot or two of my face.

This was my dilemma. Was I to hurl myself into the insane crowd, and stand the risk of being burned or trampled to death, or both? Was I to stand my ground in the teeth of the slithering snakes, in the hope that the principal snake-charmer would resume control over them? I might then get out of the booth through the curtained door behind him. I paused a split second. I beheld the eyes and the demeanor of the snake-charmer. In that fraction of time I knew he was a *man*. I could entrust my life to him.

A moment later, in a brilliant succession of lightning movements, he had caught the snakes beneath their heads, he had thrust their heads into his basket, their bodies writhed down between his slightly relaxed fingers, he had pulled the cord which shut their basket to. He called out. Those who were not too insane to hear, followed him. . .

I have a vivid memory of a razor-edge moment in which my friend Dr. Neville Whymant, the celebrated Orientalist, was involved. It happened in Tokyo, at the time of the great Japanese earthquake. The horror of those infernal few days was enhanced by the fact that plague started raging while the earthquake shocks were going on.

An order went round to the foreign survivors that they must collect in a certain factory-shed which had withstood the earthquake. There they were to be inoculated. It was a grave responsibility to collect a group of people in one place, but the shed had survived so far, and might still survive.

Dr. Whymant bared his arm. The surgeon stood over him with a needle. In that moment a fierce tremor, the premonition of immediate shocks, went through the place. Immediately there was a rush to the narrow factory yard. "Stop!" cried the surgeon. "On your lives, stop!" In staccato, machine-gun-like words he informed them that a huge chimney overhung the yard. They had just noticed there was a large fissure in it. If the imminent shock was really severe, it would come down on the yard and annihilate everybody in it. If it was not severe, it might hold.

On the other hand, the roof of the factory itself was rather flimsy. If it came down it would be unpleasant, but it would not be fatal. It was up to them to choose.

There was another tremor as he spoke. In a wild panic, a group rushed out into the yard. To stay his ground or to go after them was Dr. Whymant's dilemma. It is extremely difficult to suppress the instinct to run, to run, when an earthquake is in progress. He stayed. The shocks continued four seconds. It seemed like four days. The ground billowed like a beaten carpet. The roof came roaring down like a flock of harpies. But he survives to tell the tale. Others do not.

It would be a little less ghoulish, I think, to recall a split-second episode with a less murderous consequence. My mind goes back to the good ship "Ernest Simon" of the Messageries Maritimes line. I was on my way to Salonica early in 1916. We had reached a particularly submarine-infested area in the Aegean. Our nerves were rather shot to pieces, for we had been in at the sinking of one ship, and had seen the spars of two others poking out of the water in the vicinity of a certain port. The submarines definitely had the better of us for the time being, and the "Ernest Simon" was actually torpedoed on her next voyage.

We were four in a cabin. Quite shamelessly we went to bed in all our clothes, excepting our shoes and ties. One night the Thing happened. We heard a loud explosion. We felt the desperate jar through the ship's whole fabric. We were doomed. We would be drowned men a few minutes from now.

My companions did not wait. They sprang out of their bunks and rushed up to their boat stations. Now I, for my part, had recently been elected a scholar to an Oxford college. I was very proud of it. I had my college tie neatly pressed under my pillow. If I delayed even a moment or two, I might be trapped like a rat in that cabin. On the other hand, we were going to drown in any case. It seemed to me a rather magnificent gesture to put my college tie on—and go down with it gallantly.

I did. (I don't suppose it was

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Dream for a Driver

A new automobile designed in response to many requests by speed-loving young Americans

by ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

▪ARTICLE▪

On the next two pages are shown various sketches giving the details of a car which has been designed as a result of, and in response to, considerable correspondence with young men who have been interested by the automotive designs which have been shown in this magazine during its first year. The idea is to show a car which incorporates not only the more recent trends in actual automobile design and manufacture but even, in addition, a few of the tendencies which have not yet reached the stage of actuality, but may do so before the end of the coming year. In other words, here is a car which might make a Christmas present for the young American sportsman—but for Christmas 1935 rather than for Christmas this year.

Shown at the top of the opposite page is the side elevation. In the center is the quarter view in perspective and at the bottom is the head-on view.

Note the streamlined built-in headlamps which form the termination, at the front, of a streamlined molding which runs back along the car as a belt. The narrow radiator effect is achieved by running the decorative chrome strips in two different directions, the vertical strips making the radiator look much narrower than it actually is.

The fenders are of a parabolic shape, streamlined into the side of the body. Strips of chromium are used to give added protection, as well as to enhance the decorative value, of this expensive sheet metal effect.

The front view, at the bottom of the opposite page, shows a somewhat exaggerated effect of the tumble from the belt and the flared fenders.

On the page immediately following are three views showing details of the interior. The top view is a bird's-eye perspective of the instrument board, while the center view is of the same portion of the car but gives a straight-on approach to the instrument board.

The following are the significant details of this portion of the car. The flat, triangular area on the cowl back of the V-windshield, a space that ordinarily is wasted, is devoted to a series of small compartments for gloves, matches, cigarettes, etc. These are shown in the top sketch, where the cover of one of the compartments is shown raised. Back of this space is a chromium polished strip placed right on the bevel and on it are arranged at an angle the row of knobs usually placed in the horizontal position. These knobs are plain chrome plated balls. They are both the controls of the engine and of the radio equipment.

In the center sketch on the second color page, the various instruments on the board are as follows, reading from left to right: temperature gauge and gasoline gauge, then, directly above the white steering wheel are two blinker lights which serve as warning signals in relation to the state of the battery and the circulation of oil, and then, to the right of the steering wheel, the four large dials of equal size which are, respectively, the revolution counter, the speedometer, the radio receiving dial, and the radio transmitting dial. (More about this last one later.)

THE COUNT de SAKHNOFFSKY

who is now in Europe studying trends in automotive design, and who has made eight pages of drawings of gift items for this issue, in addition to his regularly scheduled monthly color sketches.

These dials are placed in very thin chrome rims and encased in a polished and etched cluster of an elongated and oblong shape.

The steering wheel is designed with a very large hub, as may be noticed both in the center and the bottom sketches, and is not a complete circle, the top section having been removed. This allows a much better vision with the present day's low seats and it is obvious that since the top portion is never used except for extremely short turns, which must be taken at low speeds, it could easily be eliminated.

Finally, the bottom view shows the side of the car with the door open. Note the double corrugated chrome finished molding on the inside of the door, the depth of the upholstery on the seat and the tool compartment. The latter has a door which is shown open in the sketch, revealing the arrangement of a number of the necessary tools, as well as a drawer at the bottom of this compartment which may be used as a container for rags, spark plugs, etc. The tool compartment is accessible without disturbing the car's passengers.

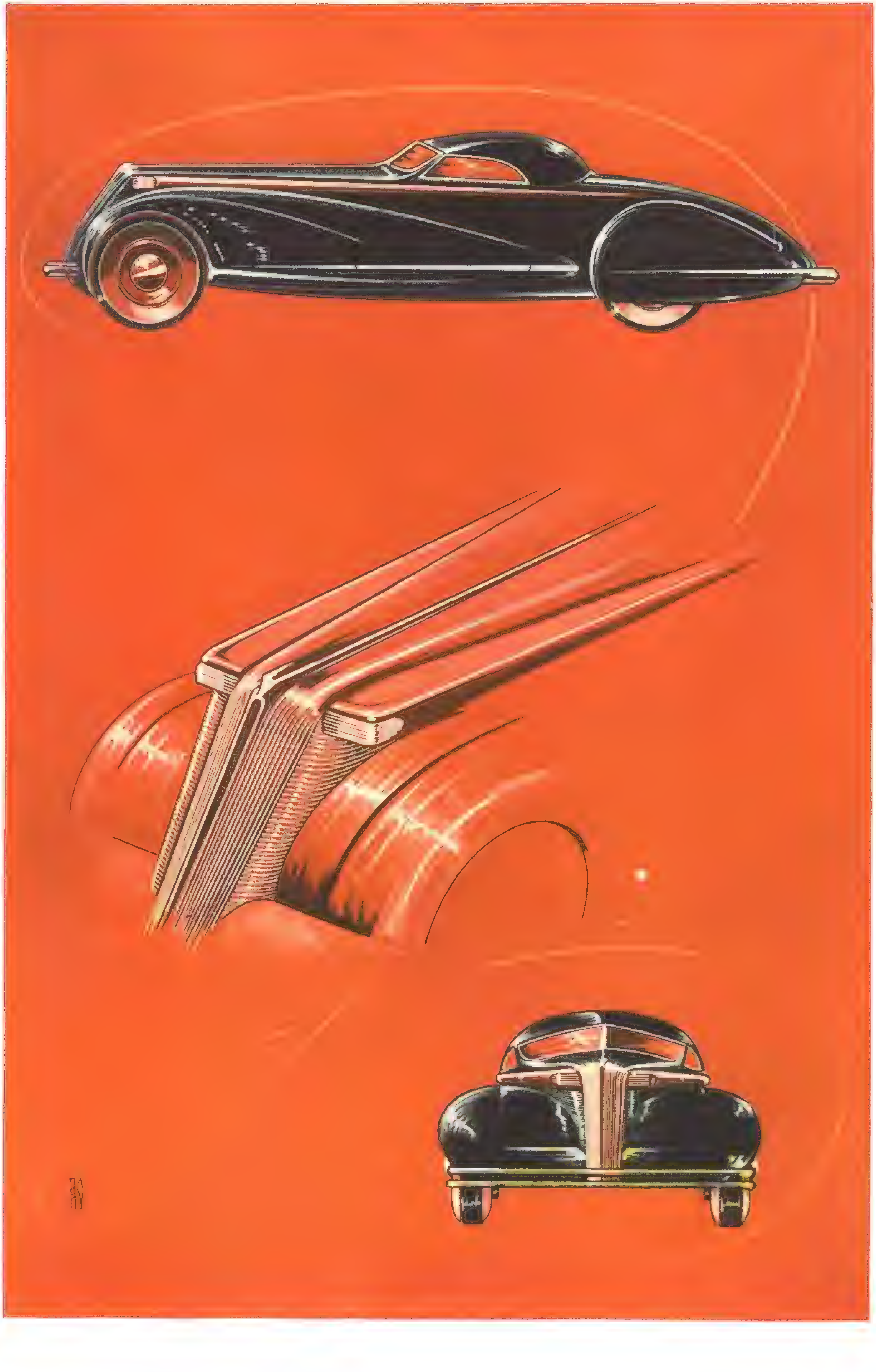
Now as to the matter of radio. A receiving set has long since become a commonplace, as a great percentage of today's cars carry them as standard equipment. But a small transmitter is a real novelty, and one of, say, five meter wave length would be of great interest and amusement to the young sportsman driver. This transmitter, which could easily be placed back of the driver's seat, requires a seven and one half-foot pole, space for which is provided in a compartment on the side of the body immediately below the door. Access to this compartment is not shown on the sketch.

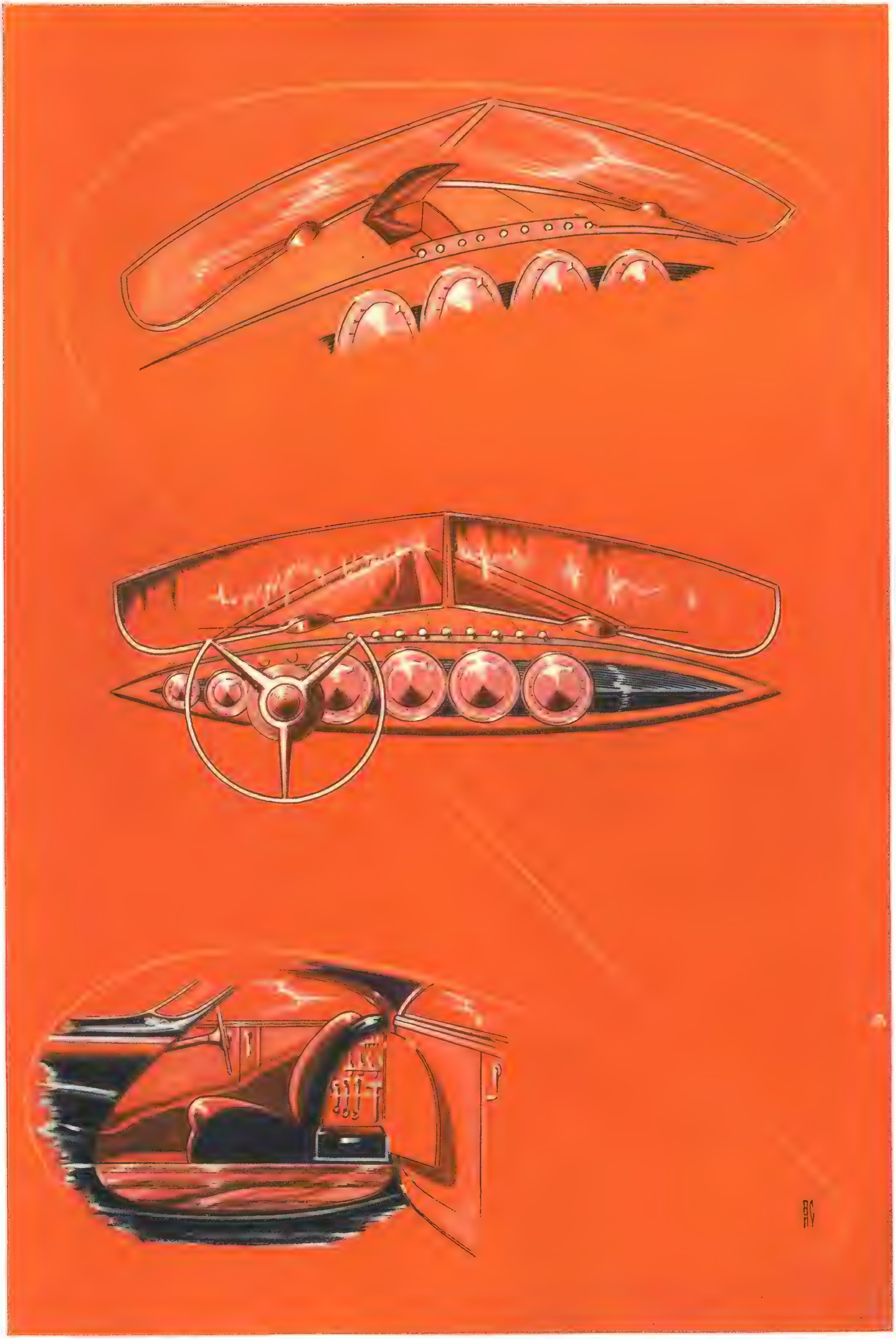
As for the mouthpiece of the transmitter, and as for the earphones, there are two ways in which these details could be incorporated. One, which is the more conventional way, is to have a regular mouthpiece which could be placed on a spring tension in the instrument board and pulled out when required, after the manner of a cigarette lighter on a cord. The other, and more novel way, is to have the mouthpiece in the shape of a microphone right in the center of the steering wheel. The earphones should be placed within easy reach somewhere over the driver's head.

We are not unaware that it is difficult to design an automobile in accordance with today's insistence upon low and slanting lines and still keep it attractive when confronted with the necessity of somehow incorporating a pole of more than seven feet, as is required by the transmitter of this type at least in its present stage of development. Unless the pole extends straight up, it will not work satisfactorily.

But of late, so many attempts have been made to incorporate these transmitting sets that the writer has offered these few suggestions merely with the idea that they may be at least partially helpful in advancing towards the ultimate solution of this problem.

As for the rest, if I may go by suggestions contained in my correspondence, particularly in those letters carrying New Haven and Princeton postmarks, this is young America's idea of what a smart two-seater ought to be, at least next year, if not this.





A Feud for Two

Attempt to rectify the complaint that the Tunis-Beasley affair has been a one-way feud till now

by MILTON HOLMES

• SPORTS •

JOHN R. TUNIS, world renowned tennis critic and a keen student of the game, has written one of the most amusing and interesting articles ever published on the subject of tennis. It was all about Mercer Beasley. "Maker of Champions," was the title of the article and it appeared in the September issue of ESQUIRE.

For the past two years there have been a series of such narratives forthcoming from the Tunis inkpot, most of them about this same Beasley and his System of Tennis. These accounts, written in a highly satirical vein, chuck-full of ridicule and abuse, have naturally sold very well. However, when all the laughs are at the expense of a man who renders such fine service to the game, it is time someone checked up on Mr. Tunis' score and analyzed his placements and errors.

Wearied with years of "sensational" tennis, tennis people, tennis tournaments and tennis predictions, it would seem Tunis has exhausted himself on the subject and now perforce, resorts to embellishing the facts by drawing upon his imagination as he so boldly does in "Maker of Champions."

In this recent volley Tunis definitely admits that Beasley *can take it.* The question has been raised, *can Tunis take it?*

Tunis states, "In the summer of 1933 with a veteran team it appeared certain that he (Beasley) would defeat the French and win the Davis Cup." Outside of the fact that two of his pupils were on the American squad what had Beasley to do with beating the French? Was the team in his charge? Were the players under him? Did he dictate the tactics to be used in actual play? In other words, was Mercer Beasley the coach of the American Davis Cup Team?

We find the answer to the question in the official report of the Davis Cup Committee to the United States Lawn Tennis Association. This report was written by Bernon S. Prentice, chairman of the committee and acting captain of the team, who took the players to Europe. "As to the coaching of our team, Mercer Beasley went to France as a correspondent of an American newspaper syndicate. He was not officially attached in any way to our team. Both Vines and Allison urgently asked to have him go with us to France, which we found impossible; and they were pleased to hear that he was to make the trip independently."

Strangely enough, Beasley did not sail on the same boat with the team, he did not stop at the same hotels as the team, nor, at the Stade Roland Garros, did he sit on the bench with the team. Tunis himself truthfully (for once) states that Beasley sat in the stands during the matches taking notes; but untruthfully continues that these notes were meant for the American players at the intermission after the third set, when, as a matter of fact, these notes were Beasley's copy taken in his line of duty as reporter.

Tunis, with the aid of such distortion of facts, has cunningly painted Beasley as the official mentor of the American forces under whose guidance the Americans were beaten by the English in the Interzone Finals. And he has seen fit to throw, lock, stock, and barrel, the entire blame in Beasley's lap for the collapse of our team.

Why should Beasley be held responsible? Was he the coach of the American Davis Cup Team? He most certainly was not! Yet this fabrication was the theme of Tunis' entire attack and the basis of most of his aggressions upon Beasley

Can it be possible that this renowned tennis critic, who is so well acquainted with all of tennis, could be so grossly misinformed?

Tunis, getting viciously mischievous in the same article, writes, "Ten years ago Mercer Beasley was pushing a roller around a tennis court for a few dollars a week. His introduction into big time tennis can be laid at the door of that inveterate kidder, Mr. Vincent Richards. Vinnie pointed out one day that anyone can be a professional, and that he ought to get in on the money instead of wasting his time rolling courts. To his surprise Beasley took him seriously."

No man of Vincent Richards' integrity would kid a man considerably past 40 into quitting his steady job for the illusive one of a tennis pro, a profession practically unknown in those days, and even today unremunerative. But Richards was not kidding. He first recognized in Beasley the instinctive ability to observe the defects in tennis strokes and his sound suggestions for correcting them.

Beasley's long list of tennis champions, who have won over 30 National titles to date, has definitely proven that Richards was right.

One can understand why Ben Bernie hates Winchell and W. C. Fields tells lies about Baby LeRoy but why a one-way feud, Tunis against Beasley, to the detriment of the latter?

Tunis attempts to prove that the Beasley System has ruined Wilmer Allison's game by pointing out that in the last two years he has been beaten by Cochet, Borotra, Perry, Austin, Vines, Shields and Quist. Other than Quist who beat a sick Allison all of these players are above him in world ranking and anything but defeat would have been an upset, which nearly occurred. When Cochet was undisputed world's champion Allison beat him at Wimbledon, and at Forest Hills in 1932 a failing light robbed him of victory after he led the Frenchman 2 sets to 1. About his match with Borotra, the result being questionable and the facts generally known, the least said the better; an outrageous decision against Allison on match point, after much changing of shoes of Borotra, cost Allison the match and America the Davis Cup. Perry and Austin in winning and retaining the Davis Cup for England have shown how unbeatable they really are. Vines at that time was the foremost amateur player of the world but Allison holds a few victories over him. And Shields demonstrated his worth last year by achieving the number 1 place in United States rankings.

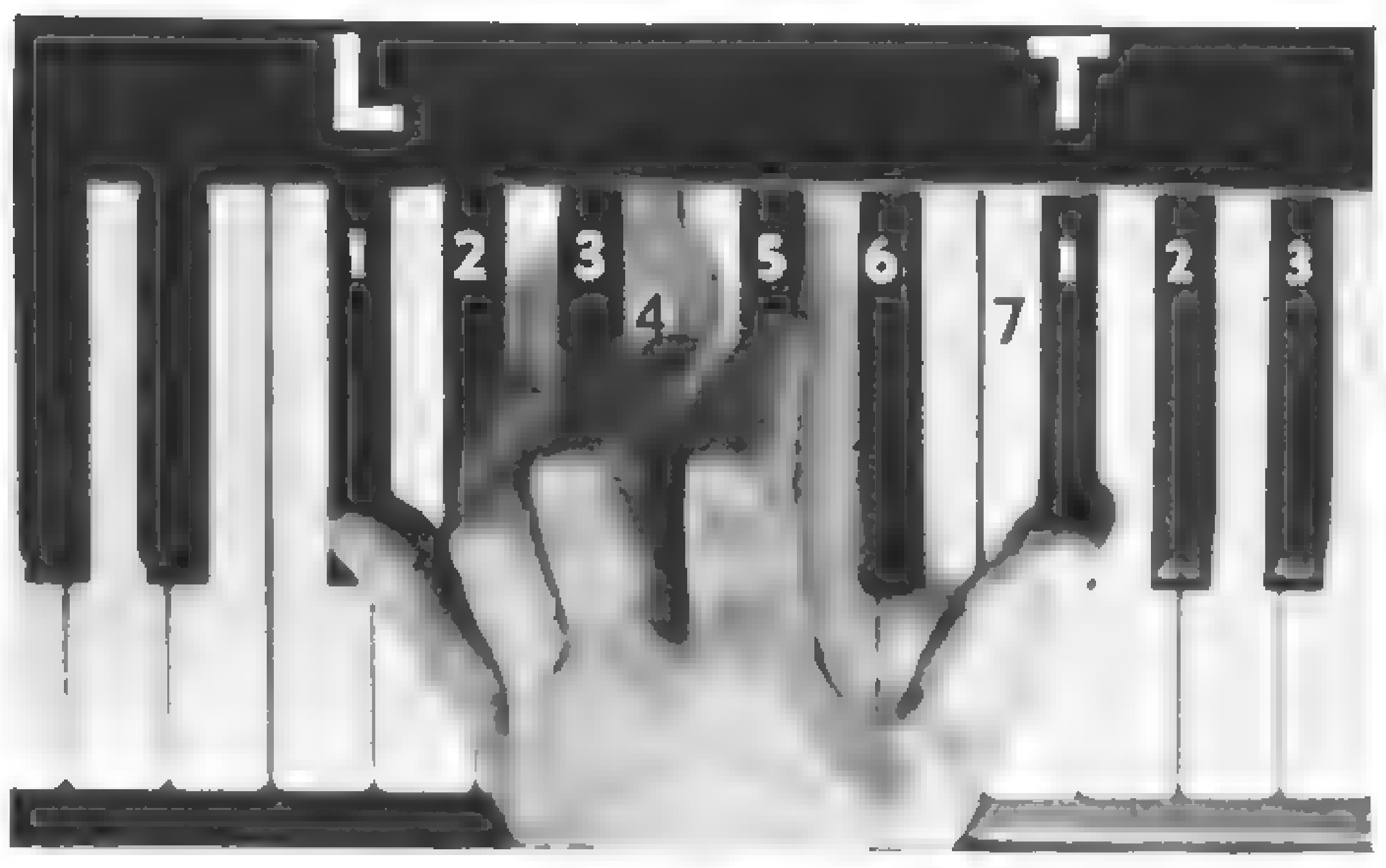
It is notable however, that Allison under the Beasley System went from number 9 in 1931 to number 2 in 1932-33 in the U.S.L.T.A. rankings and undoubtedly will be the number 1 player of United States this year, with his most recent wins at Longwood and at the Newport Casino, the latter a major grass tournament where he met Frank Parker, another well known Beasley pupil, in the finals, and with his brilliant display of tennis in the Men's National Singles Championships at Forest Hills where, in the final round against Fred Perry, after being down 2-0, Allison forced the world's champion to 5 sets and came within 2 games of the match. All of which must have embarrassed Mr. Tunis no end as he sat in the marquee (once

Continued on page 160

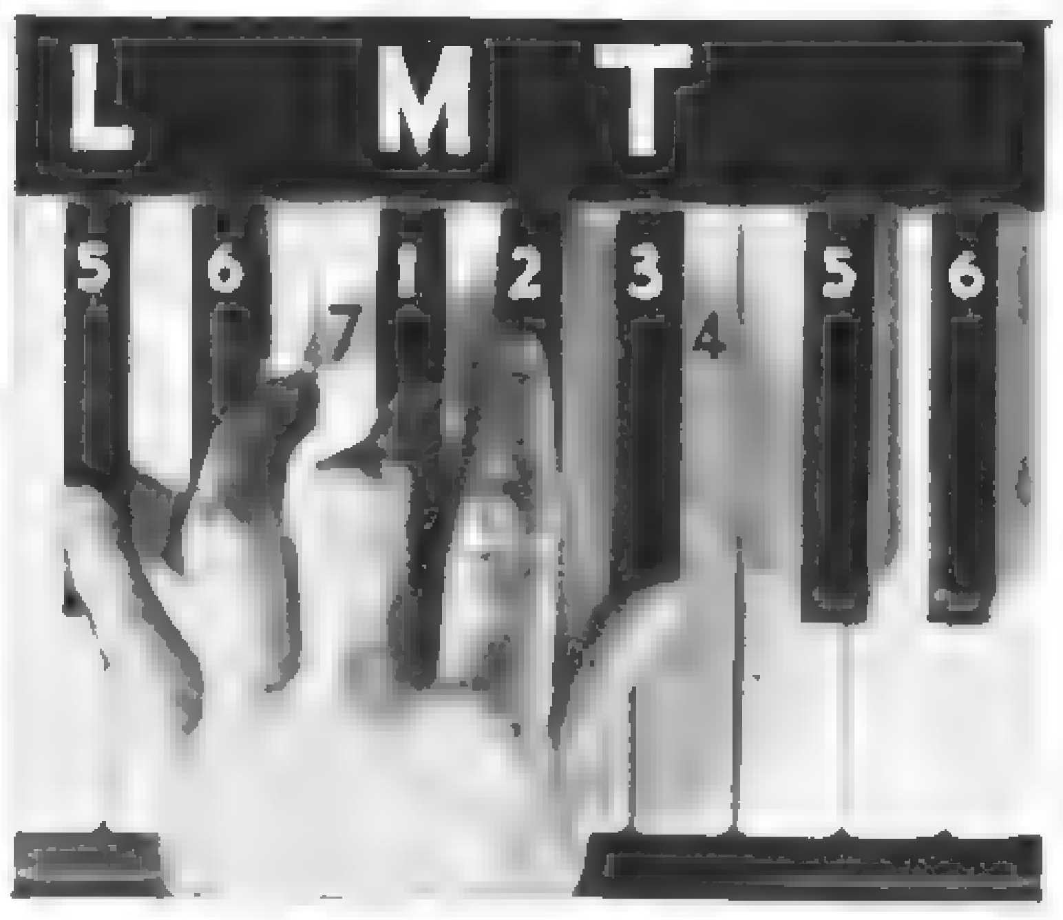
SIT DOWN AND PLAY (concluded) *by* RUSSELL BOYD

Editor's Note: On this page we conclude the eight lessons, begun in the November issue, which constitute "the world's shortest and most simplified" piano method. From the extreme right wing of our readership has come considerable criticism on the ground that it was beneath our dignity to publish this "glorified parlor trick." We hope that our dignity will always rest more heavily on our critics than it does on us. Meanwhile, the public's on our side—to judge by the hundreds of letters which have come in, with dollar bill neatly pinned on, for Russell Boyd's booklet which contains seven of these eight lessons.

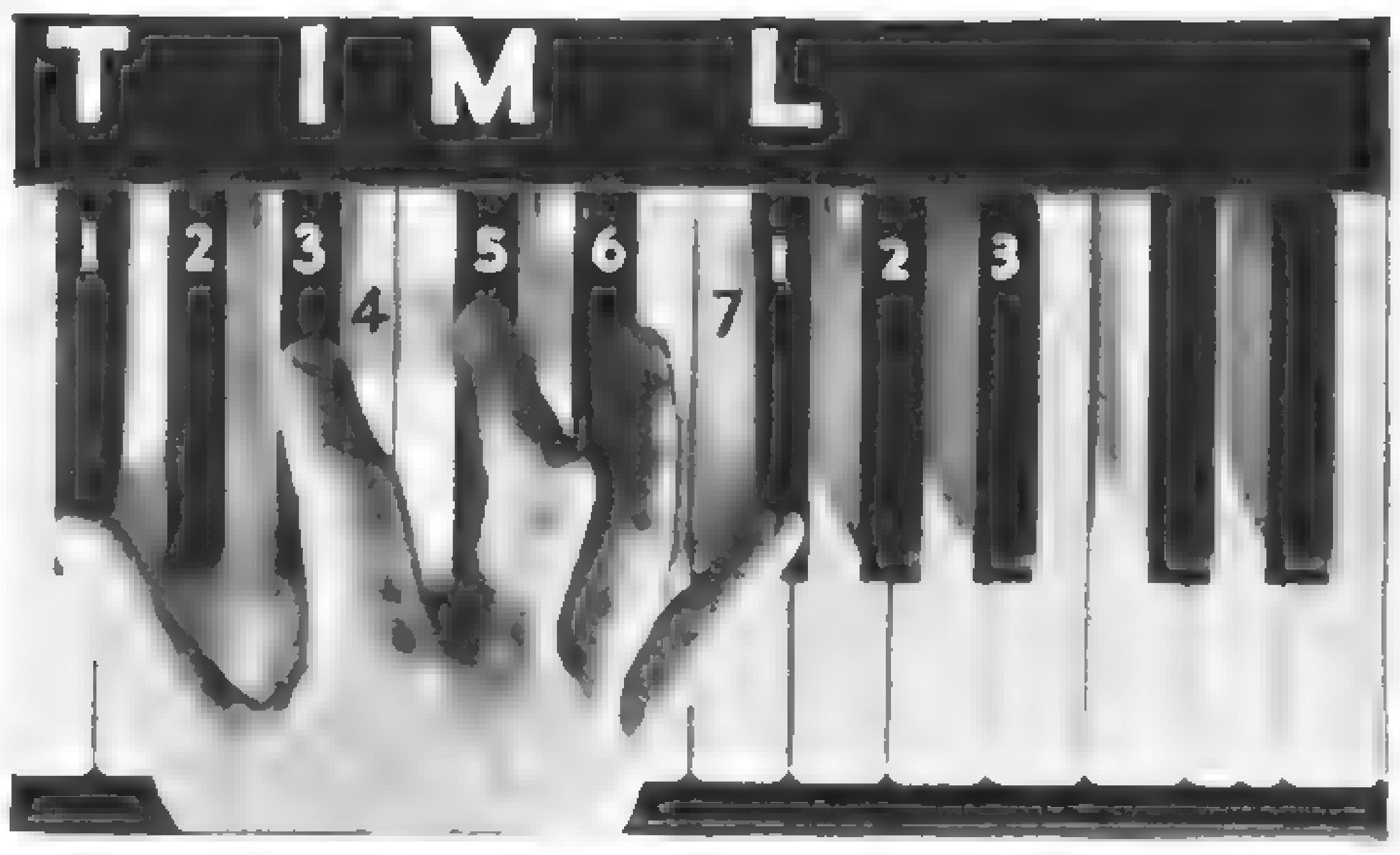
LESSON FIVE—*Fox Trot Time*



FIRST MOVEMENT LEFT HAND



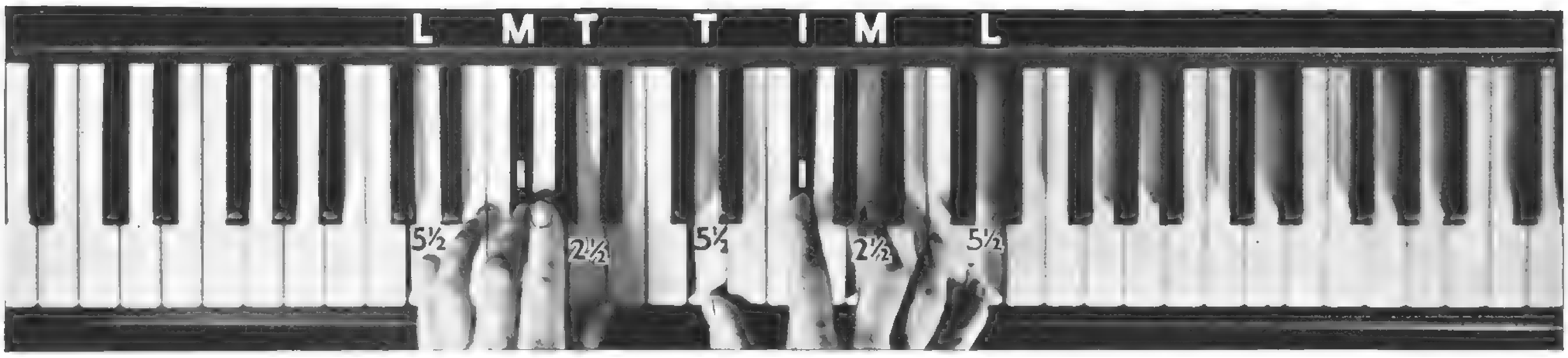
SECOND MOVEMENT LEFT HAND



RIGHT HAND MOVEMENT

Drop the 3rd count in waltz time, use same left hand or bass positions and with 1 3 5 1 continue as follows:
Place right hand on chord number 1, left hand on 1 and 1 in the bass. Play together and follow with bass chord 5 1 3 and repeat, or as you would count 1, 2, 3, 4, play the "after beats" on counts 2 and 4 above without playing the right hand chord. The right hand chord will therefore fall on counts 1 and 3, preceding the after beats in the bass on counts 2 and 4.

LESSON SIX



Occasionally it is necessary to use some half tones. Here are 3 and all you will ever need. A half number such as 5½, for example, is found between 5 and 6, 1½ between 1 and 2, etc.

5½—1—2½—5½

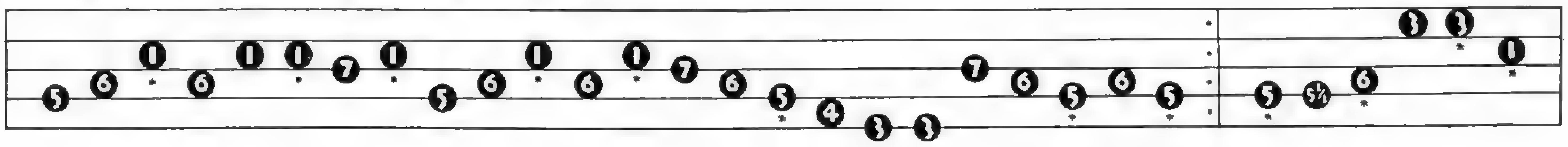
Use same fingers on these numbers as in all other chords. The bass for each of these half chords is as follows: The two middle numbers for this chord 1 and 2½ with left hand fingers in the octave below the right hand. First three numbers also harmonize for bass. Here are the other two half chords:

4½—6—2—4½
1½—3—6—1½

These three half chords are minors.

LESSON SEVEN

PAGAN LOVE SONG—COURTESY ROBBINS MUSIC CORP.

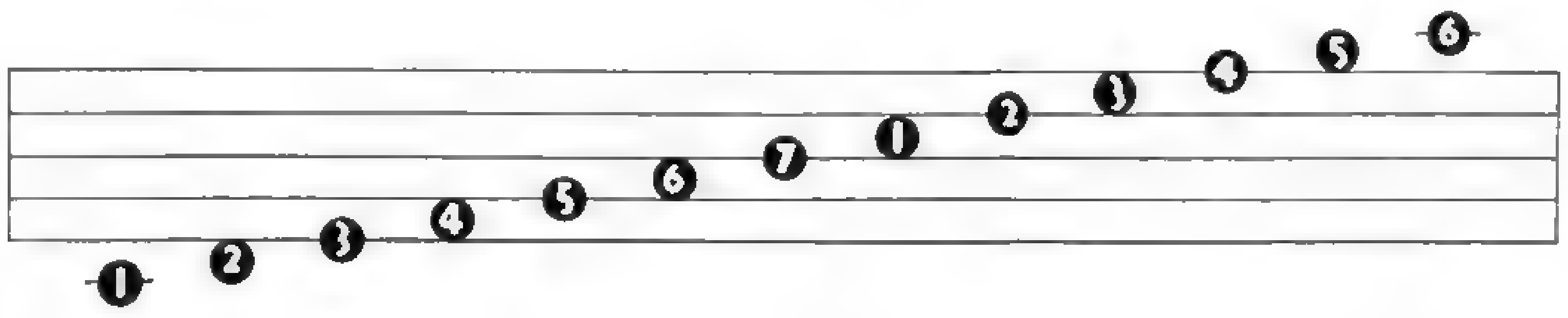


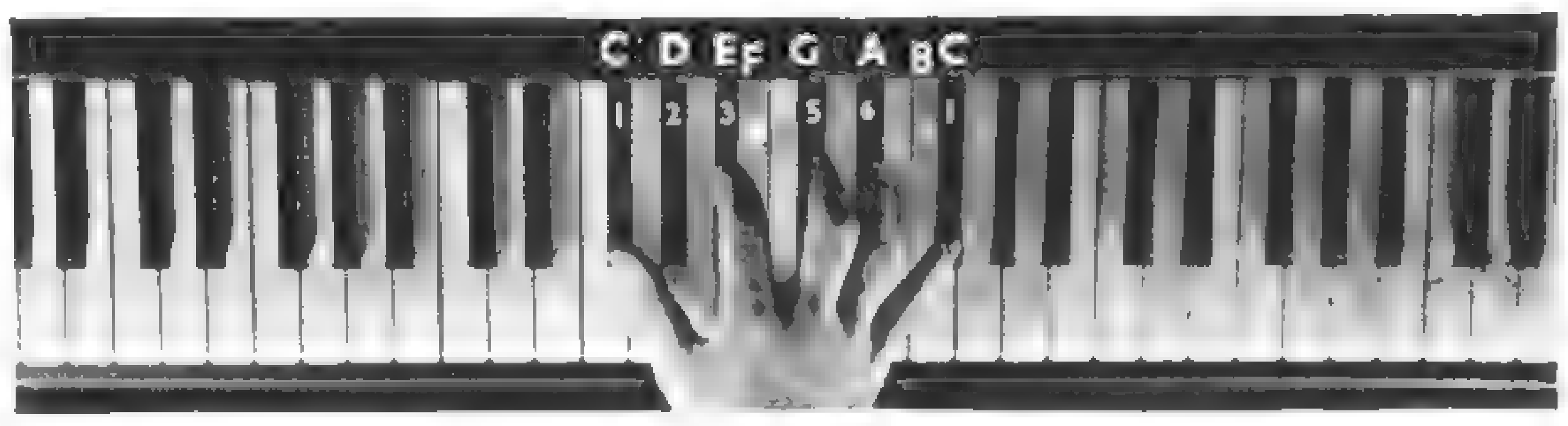
Play the above to :| *then repeat to this point* ↑ *and then finish with this* ↑

In starting the song above, the first number is 5, your 5th chord. By following the numbers, provided you know the tune, it will be no trouble to play the melody with its correct chords in both hands. *Indicates bass in waltz time, as in Lesson Four.

LESSON EIGHT

This lesson is for those who can read notes and desire to progress further with the method. If you can read the top line of a piece of music, you should use the following method in transposition, playing the music from the original key, to the method which you are now studying. There are only 7 different keys on any piano. 7 permanent key names, C, D, E, F, G, A, B. The first 7 letters of the alphabet. Their position on the staff are as shown on illustration below, left. Now if a piece of music is written in the key of C—no sharps or flats, then you may consider the key relation to full chord numbers as illustrated in photo below, right. Practice twenty minutes daily, and play the songs you hum, whistle or sing.





Music is written in one to six sharps or flats, here is an easy way to remember them:

SHARPS ♯

Go	**D**own	**A**nd	**E**at
(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)

FLATS *b*

Fat	**B**oys	**E**at	**A**pple	**D**umplings
(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)

The following list shows transposition of music from seven different keys: B*b* raise every note one full tone, F play as in key of C, E*b* lower 2 full notes, A*b* raise 2 full notes, G♯ as key of C except 4 is 4½, D♯ lower 1 full note, A♯ raise 1 full note.

In re: "My Heart"

Racketeers in the sheet-music business are funny to everyone except their gullible victims

by SANDERSON SMITH

HUMOR

LAFONTAINE MUSIC CORPORATION
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Wholesalers
February 16, 1932

MR. SANDERSON SMITH,
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIF.

Dear Mr. Smith:—

We have been informed that you are the composer of the copyrighted song *Give Back My Heart.*

This title has attracted our attention, and if you will kindly submit your manuscript, with the view of an early publication, we will give it our careful consideration. Manuscripts returned upon request.

Yours truly,
J. D. LAFONTAINE
President

* * *

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
CALIFORNIA
February 25, 1932

Mr. J. D. LAFONTAINE
LAFONTAINE MUSIC CORPORATION

Dear Mr. LaFontaine:—

Accompanying this you will find the manuscript of my song, *Give Back My Heart,* which you requested in your letter of the 16th.

Before you publish the song, you will of course consult me in the matter of domestic and foreign royalties, radio rights, and so on.

I trust that my composition will prove profitable to both of us.

Very truly yours,
SANDERSON SMITH

* * *

LAFONTAINE MUSIC CORPORATION
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Wholesalers
February 29, 1932

MR. SANDERSON SMITH,
Box 678,
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIF.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of recent date and the manuscript of your song, *Give Back My Heart,* received and we wish to thank you for submitting same.

The enclosed circulars are self explanatory and we hope that you will consider them a part of this communication.

If you desire to see this number before the trade in an attractive manner, we will be glad to hear from you.

Yours truly,
J. D. LAFONTAINE
President

PUBLISHERS

LAFONTAINE MUSIC CORPORATION
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Wholesalers

Dear Composer:—

From the many songs that have been received by us, both published and unpublished, one stops to wonder where they are all coming from? The answer is, they come from the artistic minds of people who are poetically inclined and of a musical temperament. It does not matter whether the sentiment is from a commercial standpoint, or whether it is done for the sake of art! Both are commendable. It is a gift to posterity.

You are to be complimented upon the start you have taken in the advancement of music. Therefore, we wish you all the success possible and it is our advice that you continue the good work.

No doubt you wonder and rightly too, who it was that informed us of you and your song, but to tell you, would betray a confidence, so rest upon your laurels, sufficient is the reward, that we have heard of your efforts.

Next you desire to know how to get your song into print and how to make a "Hit" out of it, if such is possible. This we can tell you, and it will give us much pleasure to assist you in becoming a recognized "Hit" writer.

This corporation has had years of experience, we know all the angles, as well as all the pitfalls. The wonderful feeling when we have a "Hit" riding, as we say in song language. To produce a "Hit-Tune," costs lots of money, and the beginner should never undertake something he cannot finish. It takes capital to promote a song, to pay salaries, overhead, money for exploitation—plugging we call it—and expenses of traveling salesmen. It takes consistent plugging, the necessary toil, heartaches, disappointments, hard work and late hours to put over a song. Also we know of the hazardousness and how to avoid it.

First of all, IT MUST BE A GOOD SONG well written, musically constructed, properly printed, and above all a beautiful, attractive two or more colored title page. Many beginners make the fatal mistake by getting out a cheap, dingy stock title page—or worse—BLACK AND WHITE. Nor does the beginner know that he must have a listing with the Chain Syndicate Stores, (called the Dime Store—5c, 10c & 25c Stores) and perhaps never dreamed that such a listing or registration was necessary, or what is meant by a Syndicate Store Listing. But without such a listing it is impossible to do business with the DIMESTORES.

We are willing to help you to become a recognized song writer if you are willing to help yourself, for once you get a "Hit," you can place your songs with any well known publisher. Are you willing to help yourself? Thereby helping the song along. We are willing to meet you half way, and feel that agreeable terms can be arranged, which will insure its publication, that will be beneficial to the song and your future success. Incidentally we pay the standard royalties that all legitimate publishers pay semi-annually. Can we depend upon your hearty co-operation? If so, let us hear from you under personal cover.

Yours truly,
LAFONTAINE MUSIC CORP.

P.C.—1

* * *

LAFONTAINE MUSIC CORPORATION
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Wholesalers

Dear Friend:—

Relative to the publishing of your song, we take pleasure in presenting to you our terms and what we expect to do in the way of putting your number in a commercial shape so that it will compare favorably with any other song on the market today.

What your song needs is a commercial background, a beautiful, attractive two or more colored title page, and above all, a technical musical setting that will pass rigid inspection.

We are willing to back our judgment to the extent of spending some of our corporation's money if you are willing to go half way and do likewise. You can pay, if you

Continued on page 162

War in the Banana Republics

The penny ante wars to the south of us may be a joke to the papers but never to those who fight them

by MAJOR PHILIP BROWNELL

ARTICLE

Nearly everyone has the impression that warfare, as it is carried on in the tropical republics to the south of us, is more or less a series of comic opera situations; that there is far more adventure to be enjoyed than danger to be risked, far more amusing entertainment than real hazard involved, and that facilities for glamorous romance are much more commonly encountered than the necessity for exercising sound military tactics. The late Richard Harding Davis and O. Henry have been conspicuous among the host of writers who have fostered those ideas, and while they are charming and intriguing they are also entirely incorrect

During the relatively recent past I have fought in Mexico, Cuba, Nicaragua, Haiti and San Domingo—in three of those countries on two different occasions—and I believe that I have acquired sufficient knowledge at first hand to qualify me to express opinions that may be regarded as at least slightly authoritative. There is nothing amusing, entertaining, glamorous or romantic in such fighting, even if it be intensely fascinating.

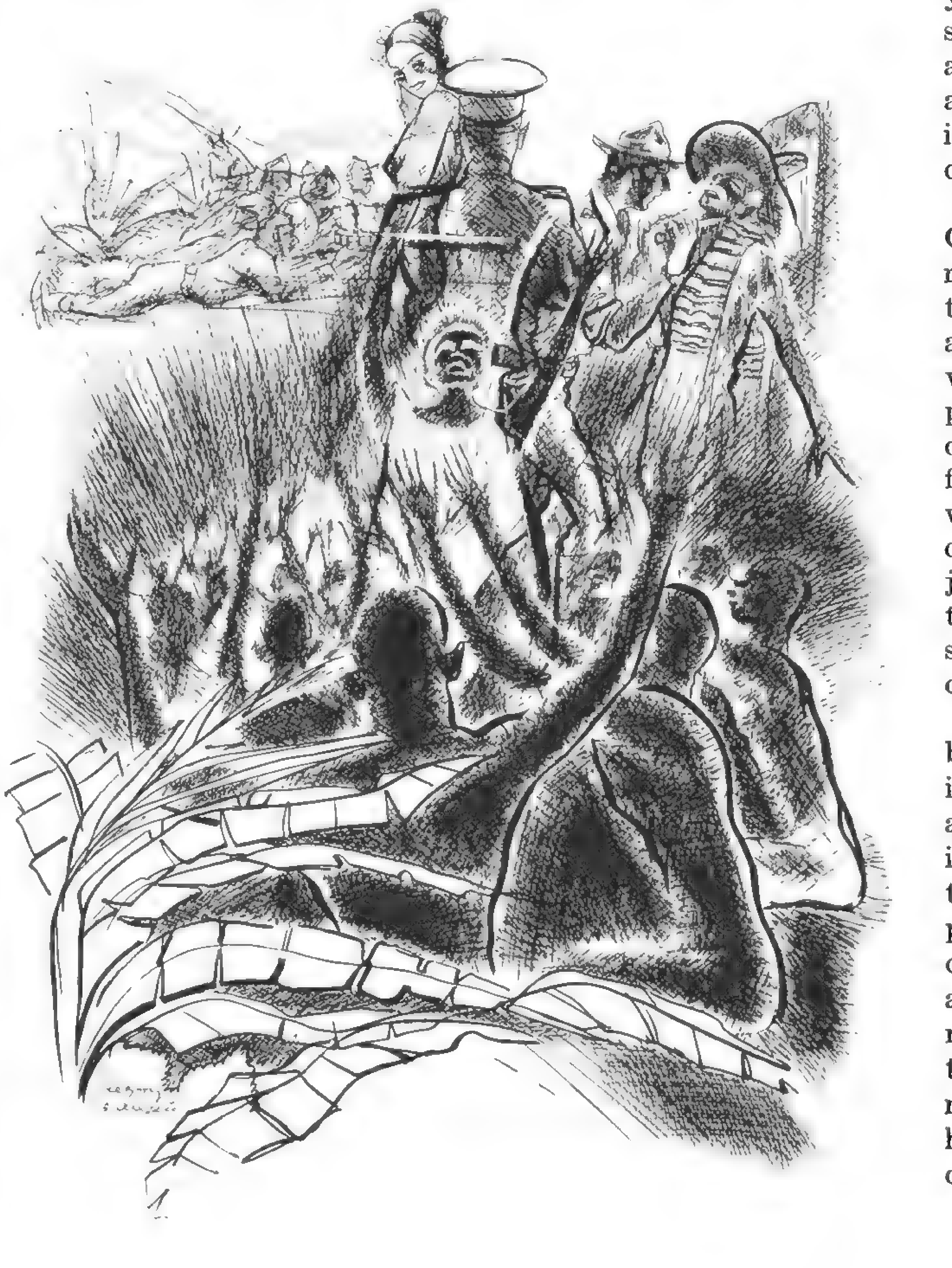
In the course of such expeditions I have met a host of professional soldiers of fortune, ranging from Dynamite Johnny O'Brien and Lee Christmas of almost legendary fame down to the comparatively recent Sam Dreben—and they have, without exception, expressed the same opinions. Incidentally, it may also be remarked that soldiers of fortune invariably receive plenty of soldiering, but I have yet to encounter a single one who has ever accumulated the slightest trace of fortune. The title is a most ironical designation, if ever there was one.

Yet there have been many men, and I suppose there always will be many others, who look forward to participation in such warfare as the very quintessence of life's elixir. As for me, I have been shot, stabbed, clubbed, stoned, bayoneted, and badly burned at various times during actions of different sorts, yet the old lure is still intensely active. Were it not for obvious physical disabilities resulting from numerous wounds I am quite sure I would not be hunched over a typewriter today.

Adventure? Yes—but putrid, festering injuries and torturing, obscure tropical illnesses as well. Glamour? A little—but frequent hunger and scorpions and mammoth centipedes and typhoid water or no water at all along with it. Thrills? Lots of them, not all of which are pleasant—but the intense heat of deserts and the even more enervating heat of jungles; the constant menace of the deadly bushmaster (from whose bite there is no possible recovery) and the omnipresent fear of fiendish torture in the event of capture by the enemy accompanying those thrills to detract considerably from both their immediate enjoyment or happy memory.

But romance? Phooey! Almost invariably fiction laid around tropical revolutions has a gallant American hero falling in love with and marrying the daughter of the victorious Presidente, who could not have been victorious had it not been for the incredible accomplishments of the brave and handsome Americano.

I have known of but one instance where an American married the Presidente's daughter—only it was his niece, as he hadn't any daughters—and he was immediately ostracized by all other Americans thereafter. It happened that the girl was a negress, although she was actually very beautiful. Her skin was a light golden color, rather than black. Her hair was straight and lustrous, her features delicate and not at all negroid and she was shaped like a bronze dryad.



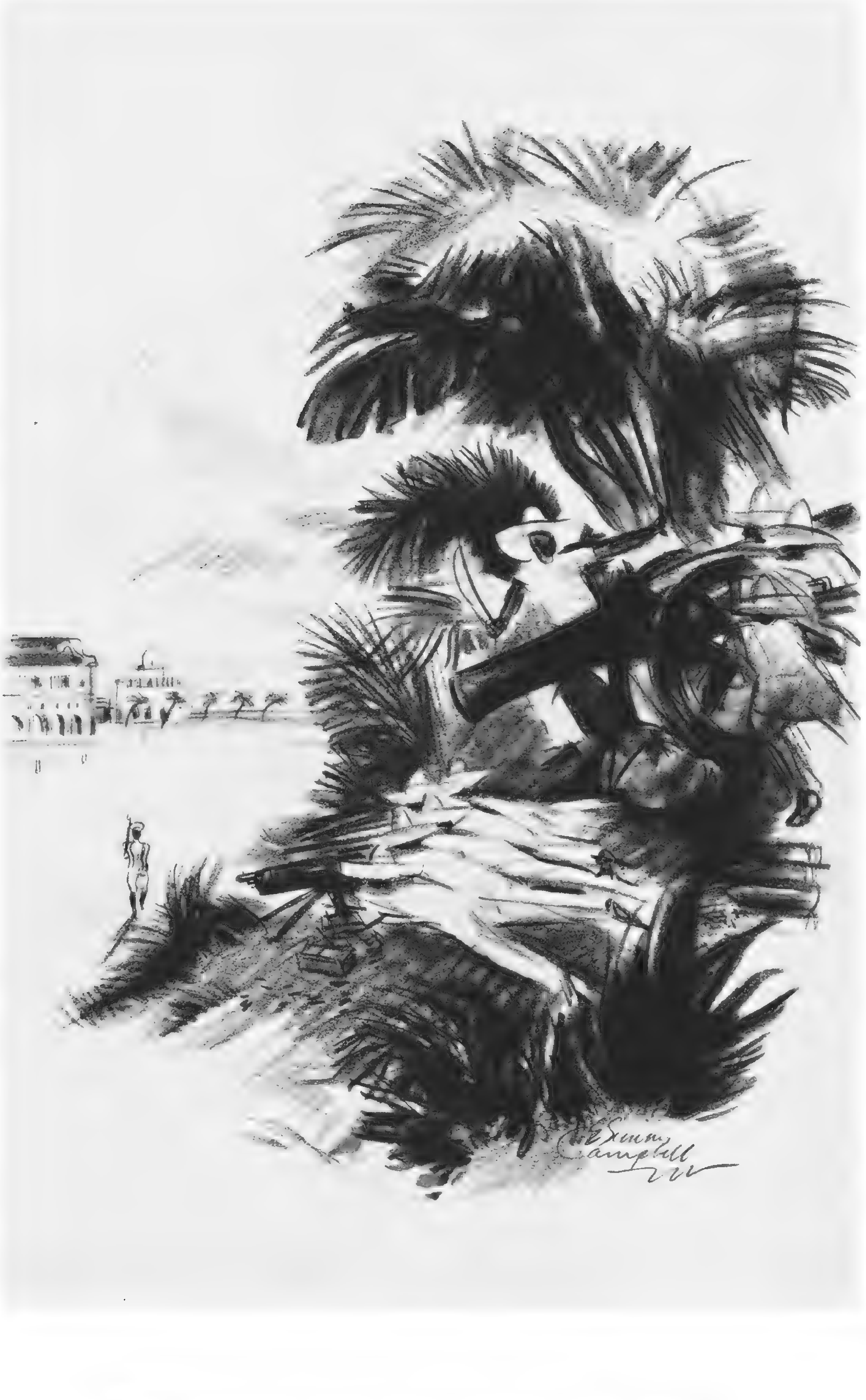
We all suspected that he married her for material advantages and we all knew that she married him solely because the Presidente wanted to dilute the negroid blood of his family with white until some ultimate descendant could "pass" from one race to the other. That lad's marriage, in our opinion, automatically made him a member of the black race. Had he merely seduced the girl, it would have been different, but even he knew that the seduction of the women of families in high position is likely to prove swiftly fatal—to the man who does the seducing. Besides, powerful and autocratic presidents are not likely to be especially grateful and correspondingly generous in such an event.

And yet—well, I'm not so sure that romance is entirely lacking. I remember one girl down in Guantanamo City (only fifty kilometers or so from our own Cuban Naval Station) who came mighty close to having me completely gaga and hanging on the ropes the second day I met her. What's more, I can remember her vividly after nearly twenty years and any woman who had sufficient charm and loveliness to accomplish that was an acceptable candidate for a romantic interlude. However, it never quite came off.

Menocal had been president of Cuba for four years. He ran for reëlection, was defeated, declared the election illegal and held it again. The second time he was victorious and a considerable part of both the Army and the civilian population took to the field to accomplish with bullets what they had not been able to do with ballots. My particular job at the time was the protection of a huge American owned sugar mill and its surrounding cane fields.

One morning my agents brought me word that a battalion of mounted irregulars was approaching the mill to destroy it. With a squad of six men I left the mill on a special train composed of one engine and one flat car barricaded with sand bags and rails to meet the rebels. I met them and defeated them in the most approved R. H. Davis manner—seven against three hundred—entirely because I caught them in a defile where the

Continued on page 115



"Wait 'til he gets closer—give him a sporting chance"

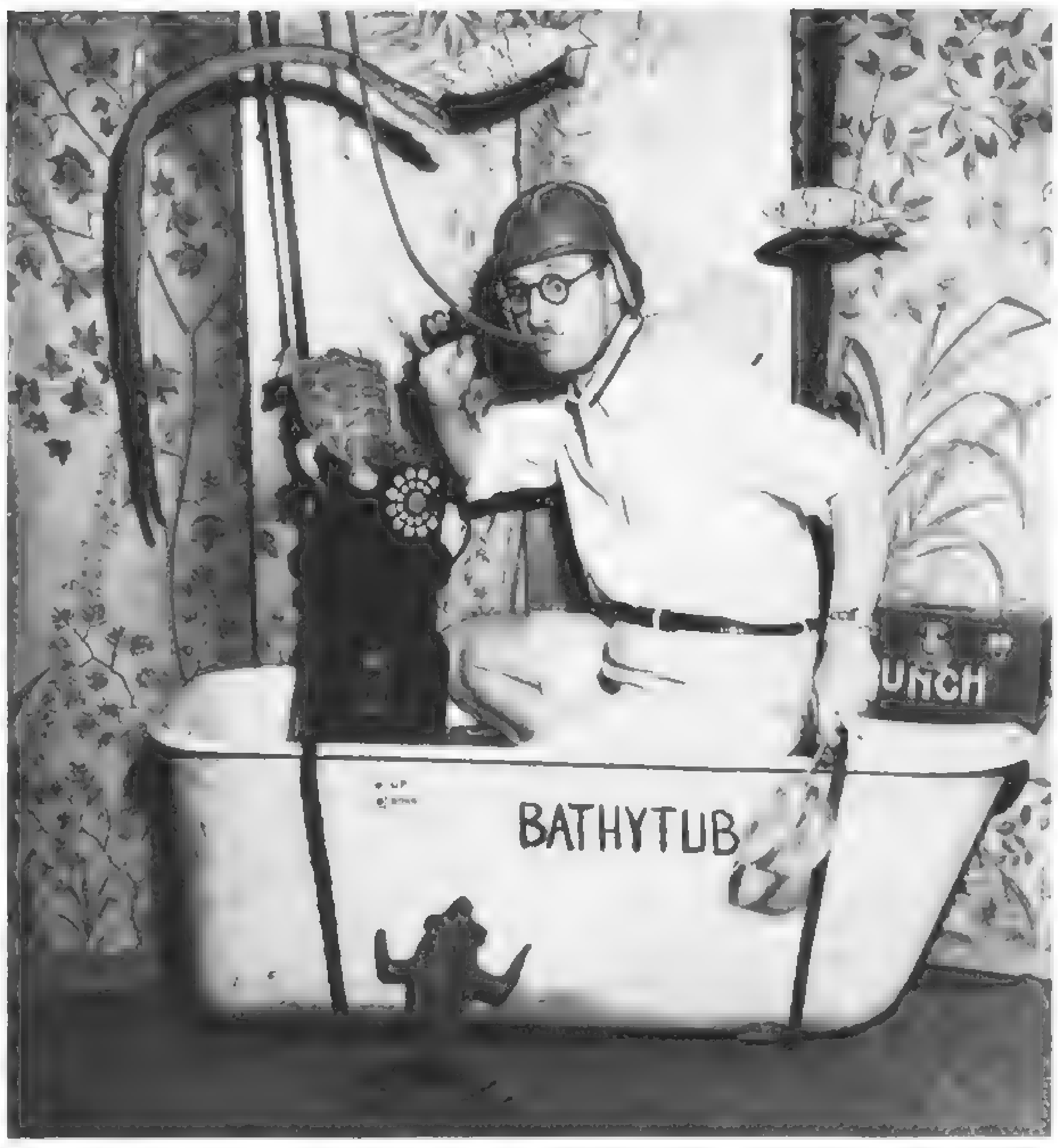
Going Down!

Now for the first time outside any asylum is told the tale of the invention of the Bathytub

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

(DR. BEEBE WILLIAMS)

Editor's Note: *The author has just returned from the West Indies where he has been doing his fall marine exploring under the name of Dr. Beebe Williams. Among the queer fish which returned in his yacht, the author stands out head and shoulders. It was on this trip that "Dr. Williams" claimed a record descent into the Atlantic, which by a mischance was not verified.*



The author at the moment of achieving his record descent, telephoning the good news to the surface. The Bathytub is resting on the bottom and so is the author. (Note: This photo was taken by a submarine camera equipped with special lenses which make the water invisible.)

"Boy, did we have fun!"

It was with this remark that I greeted a group of reporters as I stepped ashore from the "Periwinkle" last month, after completing my most recent trip to the strange underwater dominions of old "King Neptune."

My assistants on the expedition nodded their heads vigorously in acquiescence to my remarks. "Boy, did we have fun!" they echoed.

It was this chance remark of mine which led to newspapers all over the country printing the next morning headlines which read, "Dr. Beebe Williams Had Fun," "Williams Expedition Lots of Fun" and "Fun Had by All on Williams Expedition."

One of the purposes of this article is to counteract the impression created by these stories. True, we *did* have "fun," but it was the fun that true scientists have in working at their chosen profession and not the fun that the layman has in the commonly accepted term.

If you read the papers at that time you remember it was reported that I had stated that I descended into the ocean to a record depth. It is true that I have sunk lower than any living man and that is why I am writing this in Esquire.

Back of this achievement lie months of preparation, back of the months of preparation lie years of study, and back of the years of study, I lie. In this article I shall tell the truth of how I broke the record, and, alas, cannot prove it.

To you casual readers, under-water exploration is merely a question of putting on a diving suit and jumping overboard until one reaches bottom. But, it is not so easy, and it is my wish, in these lines, to tell what goes on—and off—during a descent into the "briny depths." As I remarked recently over a coast-to-coast network, while speaking on the "Eat-More-Fish-Week" Program, a baby fish is but a spawn in the hands of fate.

We left New York harbor early in July. As I remember, it was just before the first of the month. While we headed south for our annual visit to the "denizens of the deep," I called "fore" in a loud, clear voice, and in a few minutes the members of the expedition were gathered on the fore-deck.

There was an expectant hush as I appraised them silently. "Ah, Doc," said a voice, "damning us with faint appraise, eh?" There was a sudden nervous laugh. "'Tention!" I shouted. Immediately they snapped into position. I waited a moment and then said quietly, "As you was!" This broke the tention and they were soon at their ease. Such discipline is necessary on my expeditions, for one can never tell at what moment perfect co-ordination will be needed to avert or bring about a catastrophe.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, and then I stopped. Well might I stop, for there were no gentlemen on board ship! After years of experience with both sexes on such expeditions, I had decided to try an all-woman crew. I had found that not only were women more understanding of fish and their problems, but also the waters where I worked were infested with man-eating sharks which, naturally, were not interested in women. There were also various other reasons, into which I haven't time to go now.

"Ladies," I said, "in a few days we shall be anchored at our destination, ready for our descents below the waves. This year I am not only going to bring back louder and funnier specimens of tropical fish, but I am going to break the record for submarine descents!"

There was a round of applause, which I stilled, after the camera men of the expedition had recorded it. "In order to do this," I continued, "I have invented a new diving bell." And stepping aside, I revealed an object covered with a tarpon. (Or maybe it was a tarpaulin. One is a fish and the other a piece of canvas, and I've never been able to straighten them out.)

"Ladies," I said, "I present my latest invention...'The Bathytub!'" and with a flourish I disclosed it. Now while my Bathytub is essentially simple in design, the underlying principle, I think, is worthy of explanation. Like many great inventions, the idea of the Bathytub came from a chance happening.

I was taking a bath one Saturday night last spring at the Explorers' Club in New York. I was hurrying through my ablutions, as a line of explorers had formed at the bathroom door each with his towel and soap. There was a constant pounding at the door, together with such shouts as, "Hurry up, I've arrived from Thibet and my best friends just told me," "Hey Williams, Africa speaks, let me in," and "Aw, go to Heligoland."

Unfortunately, however, the bathtub had one of those plugs which lets the water out faster than it comes in, and I was having difficulties. Suddenly Martin Johnson, who was standing on the shoulders of two camera men, peered over the transom and called, "Hey, Doc . . . what do you need a bathtub for? You're wet all the time." (Referring, of course, to my under-water work.)

I was about to make a laughing retort when the great idea came to me—What *did* I need a bathtub for? For my explorations of course! In a trice I was out of the bathtub and through the door, and in two trices sixteen explorers were through the door and into the bathtub.

The next day I completed arrangements to purchase the bathtub from the Club and that night I began work on the "Bathytub." As the more scientifically-minded of my readers may have guessed by now, my new diving bell was planned on the simple premise that water ran through the plug and out of the drain faster than it came in. I reasoned that by properly equipping the tub and lowering myself in it down into the ocean, I would keep reasonably dry and that the deeper I went the faster the water would run out. That I was correct in my deduction, is shown by the fact that it was in the Bathytub that I broke the diving record.

Several days later we reached the scene of operations. (Two tonsillectomies in 1930, an appendectomy in 1931 and a blood transfusion in 1933.) "Drop the anchor and put on bathing suits," I shouted. One of the girls got the order mixed up and there was a lot of good-natured joking about it. I called her into my cabin and gave her a good dressing-down.

Eager hands pulled the Bathytub on deck and soon the Periwinkle was a scene of feverish activity with the temperatures of two of the girls running well over 100.

Before I describe my thrilling descent, I think a fuller description of the Bathytub will not only be appreciated but it will enable me to finish this damn article sooner. To the bathtub were attached strong ropes whereby I was lowered into the water by a winch. The winch was a girl from Brooklyn with well-developed muscles and other attributes in proportion.

On my head I wore a helmet, and before me was a telephone through which I dictated my observations to my secretary.

An air hose connected with my mouth enabling me to breathe, a Boy Scout knife for protection from sharks, a fish net for capturing new specimens and a box of luncheon completed my equipment.

A few adjustments remained to be made, chiefly with the man from whom I rented the Periwinkle. My helmet was fastened in place, a surcingle was tightened and voila!—we were ready for the great adventure. Kissing my crew farewell in the traditional manner, I pulled up my bathing suit and stepped into the Bathytub and cried, "Let's go!"

Unfortunately the winch tender thought I said, "Let go," with the result that I hit the water with a smack. The smack belonged to a fisherman who was standing by and before I could say "Jack Robinson," which was his name, he had rescued me and placed me aboard the Bathytub again.

Once more I gave the signal and this time there was only a slight hitch. The hitch was given to the trousers of one of the girls in true sailor fashion and with a wave of my hand and a chorus of "Huzzahs" from those on the boat, I descended into the blue-green depths. The last thing I heard was their clear voices singing—"Yessir, that's my Beebe—No sir, I didn't say Meebe—Yessir, that's my Beebe now."

Dr. Beebe Williams and his technical staff aboard the Periwinkle. Left to right, Dr. Coleman—Radcliffe '30, Dr. Abercrombie—Vassar '31, Dr. La Verne—Ziegfeld Follies, '31, Dr. Smith, U.S. Swimming Team '33. Dr. Williams is engaged in preserving four fine specimens in alcohol.

Down, down I went, and ere long daylight disappeared above, and I found myself in utter blackness. Switching on my flashlight I began to study the piscatorial life around me. At the 100 foot level I noted three perch, a pickerel and a bottle of Haig and Haig which proved to be empty. At the 200 foot level I observed twelve sardines tightly wedged in a can, and then nothing of interest occurred until I reached 500 feet when I saw a male guppy chasing a female guppy with a gleam in his eye which I took to be phosphorescent.

At 1,750 feet I heard a tremendous commotion and a sail-fish shot by me at a terrific rate of speed. Behind the sail-fish in hot pursuit, came a black and white striped creature which left an inky trail. At first I took the pursuer to be a giant squid but as it went past the Bathytub I saw it was Ernest Hemingway, his striped sweater wet with perspiration and his fountain pen spouting furiously. I waved a salute which he returned with the five fingers of his left hand.

At 2000 feet the real adventure started. I had passed plant-life for the last 1960 feet, for, as is well known, plant-life begins at 40.

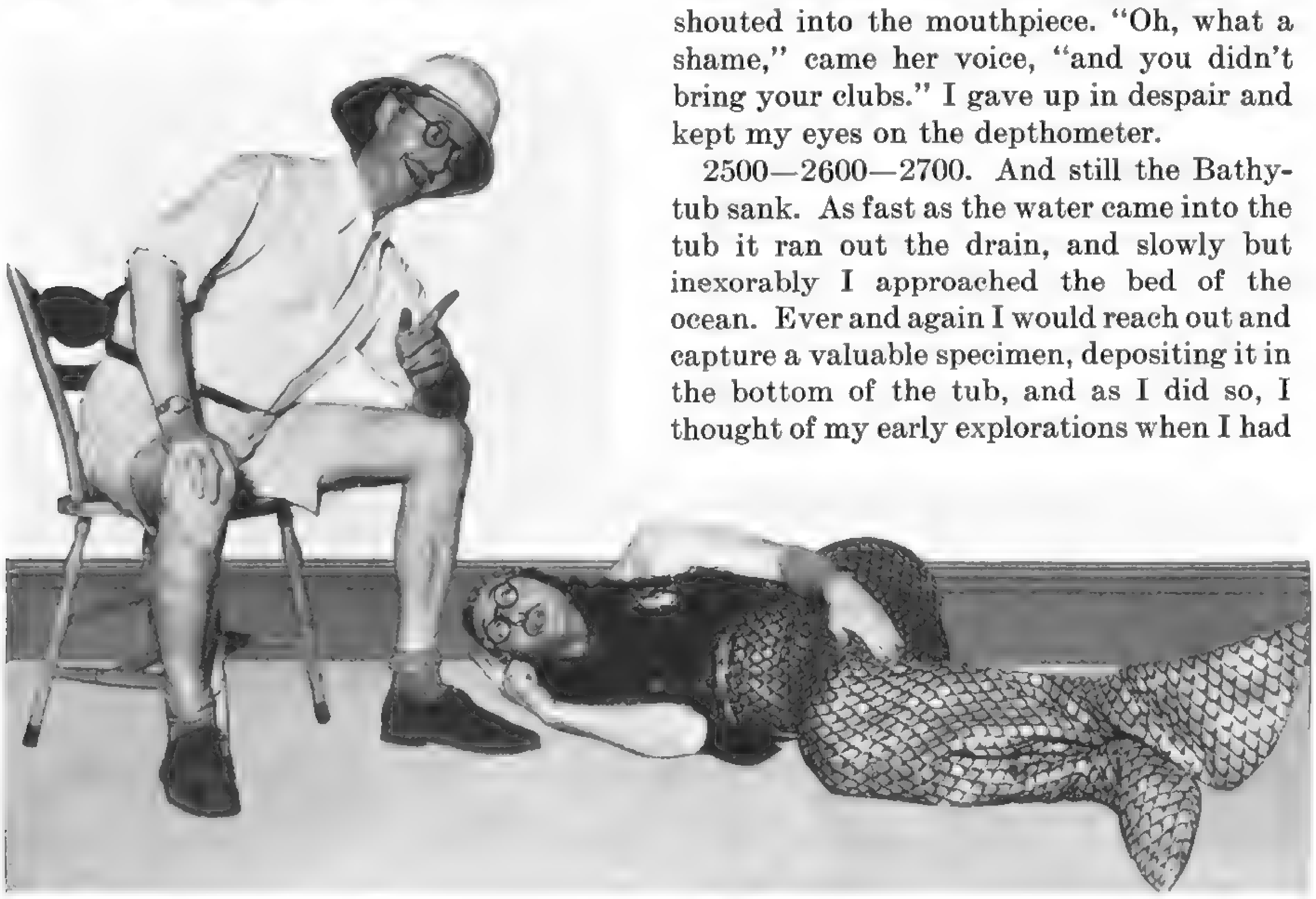
But now the trailing sea-moss and the lichen became positively luxurious. Snatching up the telephone I called my secretary on the Periwinkle and began to describe everything I saw. "It must be wonderful down there," she said over the telephone. "It's wonderful anywh—" I began, but she told me she'd heard that one so I stuck to my plant-life.

"Are you cold?" queried my secretary.

"Please don't ask irrelevant questions," I replied. "This is a scientific expedition."

2200 feet—2300—2400, and suddenly the water became warm. I realized that I had encountered the Gulf stream and mentioned this to my secretary. "What is it?" she asked. "The gulf stream," I replied. "What?" came the answer. "Gulf—gulf—gulf!" I shouted into the mouthpiece. "Oh, what a shame," came her voice, "and you didn't bring your clubs." I gave up in despair and kept my eyes on the depthometer.

2500—2600—2700. And still the Bathytub sank. As fast as the water came into the tub it ran out the drain, and slowly but inexorably I approached the bed of the ocean. Ever and again I would reach out and capture a valuable specimen, depositing it in the bottom of the tub, and as I did so, I thought of my early explorations when I had to be content to stay in the boat and gather my treasures with great nets. In those days of nets, we would raise huge quantities of sea weed, and I grinned as I pictured the cheque I would receive from the government for *not* raising sea weed this year.



The author chatting with a queer fish he captured in Bermuda waters and which he believes to be a relative of his.

2800—2900 feet and suddenly at 2900 feet, 6½ inches, the Bathytub struck the floor of the Atlantic! It was my goal! Reaching out my foot I kicked the goal, making the score 3 to 0 in my favor.

"Hello, Miss Dinwoodie," I shouted into the telephone. "I've reached bottom—I've broken the record!"

"Number please," came the reply.

"I'm down to 2900 feet," I cried in elation.

"Number please," the voice repeated.

"Is this you, Miss Dinwoodie?" I said.

"Your time is up," was the answer. "Five cents please."

"Who's speaking?" I managed to say.

"This is your local operator," continued the voice. "Your three minutes is up . . . five cents please."

"But I haven't got five cents with me," I said. "Please give me Miss Dinwoodie."

"Five cents please," was the only answer.

"Listen, operator," I pleaded. "I'm on the bottom of the Atlantic."

"Why don'tcha come up and see me some time?" she said. "Five cents please."

"But I tell you I haven't got five cents," I yelled. "I'm wearing a bathing suit . . . Get me the National Geographic Society."

"Five cents please."

"I want the National Geographic," I cried in a frenzy.

"My brother's working his way through college," said the voice. "I'll tell him you're interested in a subscription — five cents please."

"Operator—Listen—I—" There was a click and I realized she had cut me off. Months of preparation gone for naught! A record achieved and I couldn't tell the world. A cat-fish sailed by, eyeing me dubiously. A porpoise on its way home smiled knowingly.

Despondently I rang the up-bell and in a moment the Bathytub began to rise. Before long I was on the deck of the Periwinkle and amid general gloom we were on our way home.

But next year I shall make another trip and *this* time there will be no possible chance for failure. For next year I shall carry a pocketful of nickels!

Entourage DeLuxe

Continued from page 68

as gourmets second. Some of them transmit their own menus to the Company, which menus are on the simple side, rather than being elaborate. Some of them simply indicate their favorite viands—and ask for fresh vegetables—and allow the Pullman Company to balance out the calories. In this task, the experts are not guided solely by mathematics and a desire to please, because if the guest has used a private car before, the provision lists are at hand. And most private car patrons are regular ones. Frequent requests are for capon, pompano, squab, quail, and rice birds. The latter are small yellow birds that come from canebrakes and rice fields; served three or four per cover, they provide a delectable fowl course.

Cars built to the order of private individuals are substantially the same as those available for rent. In fact, the name on the side of a private car is the only thing about the car that can be counted upon always to be a distinguishing characteristic. If this appears to be an overstatement, remember that only so much can be done with the dimensions available. There must be three or four state rooms, dining room, kitchen, sitting room, crew's quarters, and observation platform. Some prospective owners may have considered all sorts of special extravagances, but they soon abandon such notions in order that the cars can have the proper clearance under bridges and past station platforms. In any case, the amount of space available for general use depends upon the number of state rooms. Of these, there are usually three or four or five, usually four. Sometimes, the dining room and the lounge are combined at the rear of the car, but usually the dining room is placed in the center of the car so that the lounging arrangements may not be disturbed before and after meals. In all cars, a passageway extends along the side of the car. Most cars are finished in mahogany or walnut, with the latter favored in the more recent ones.

Owners who have a penchant for the original may exercise it in decoration and appointment. One of them had Mr. Pullman's craftsmen put in a real fireplace in which to burn real logs. The problem of making smoke go up instead of down was solved by the use of an electric fan arrangement in the chimney. There is a complete use of electrical devices, of course, such as annunciator systems and phone connections. Some cars are wired so that the phone may be connected with a public exchange when the car is on a siding. Many of them have radios. The one point of ingenuity, however, upon which all owners are agreed is that a private car must have secret drawers and lockers. It might even be questioned whether a car is strictly private without a complement of secret recesses.

When foreign celebrities travel in the United States, meticulous care is exercised in providing for the comfort and safety of the party. In the ten years following the war, a notable list of distinguished visitors traveled on this continent, including the late King Alfred of Belgium with his family, the Prince of Wales, Marshal Foch, Clemenceau, and Cardinal Vannutelli. Usually a complete train was provided, for the traveling retinues of most of these eminent people were extensive as well as impressive. The Prince of Wales, for instance, was surrounded by a retinue of thirty-three, including a rear admiral of the British navy, a major general of the British army, a personal physician, clerks, secretaries, and ten servants. Then, too, various courtesy aids, secret service men, and representatives of our government and of the press must be accommodated. Ordinarily, all of the cars for such a train are supplied by the Pullman Company. There is usually a private car of the type described earlier, comprising dining room, state room, and lounging quarters for the complete privacy of the guest and his immediate associates. In case the guest does not speak English well, the car is staffed with Pullman employees who speak his language. The train will include ordinary sleeping cars providing sections, drawing rooms, and compartments in sufficient number to accommodate the party. A combination club car and a diner complete the train. For reasons of safety, the special train is ordinarily scheduled to follow a regular express. If this cannot be accomplished, a pilot engine is provided to run ahead.

Caring for baggage and gifts on a special train is a task that sometimes assumes proportions never encountered on a regular express. The baggage master on the train bearing the Belgian Royal Family was entrusted with a score of trunks, most of them containing the wardrobe of the Queen and her lady in waiting. To assist him in locating particular apparel that might be desired, he kept a small book in which was indexed the contents of all of the trunks. Since many of the functions that her majesty attended required special costume, it was sometimes necessary that she make three or four changes in one busy day. When Marshal Foch visited the United States as the guest of the American Legion, twelve packing cases were required to carry his collection of gifts. They included gold swords, choice native produce from all parts of the country, and keys to cities, not to mention a rattlesnake and a baby wildcat.

From whom do the railroads get their orders? When the foreign notable has been invited to tour as the guest of the United States, a representative of the railroads receives instructions from the State Department at Washington. It will be recalled that the Prince of Wales and the Belgian Royal Family traveled in 1919 as guests of the United States. In other cases, a Washington legation representing the notable will transmit orders to the railroads, and arrange for payment of the expense, after notice from the State Department that the customary diplomatic overtures have been concluded. It is said in this connection that Queen Marie of Rumania traveled as a guest of the United States during a part of her visit, and upon the initiative of her legation afterward.

Once the distinguished party is speeding on its way, the routine of providing comfort and safety moves quietly but not automatically. The steward is constantly alert to learn the fancies and the dietary requirements of his guests. He is anxious to serve the finest produce of the regions through which the train passes. The representative of the railroads, who has been called the "host on wheels," is telegraphing orders for a change in itinerary. No route laid out before the tour begins will stand unchanged. There will be new invitations to receptions which should be accepted, and the guest will express new desires. Then the factor of protection from unfriendly factions, real or merely anticipated, may change from day to day, as may the necessity of discouraging natives infected with a mixture of democracy and curiosity.

Among our presidents, probably Lincoln has the distinction of being the only man to be hidden in a regular sleeper while his own entourage traveled behind. The event was the president-elect's trip from Springfield to Washington for inauguration in 1861, and the contingency, of course, was the danger of being harmed by secessionists as he traveled near the Mason and Dixon line. The movement from Harrisburg through Philadelphia to Washington was the secret part of the trip. So carefully were the plans laid that even the conductor at Philadelphia did not recognize Lincoln as he and his two companions boarded the train.

Preparation for the entrainment of a presidential party has always been a matter of some concern to the railroad officials, in peaceful times as well as when war threatens. History relates that in the very early days of railroads the movement of such a retinue was business for the board of directors. The following excerpt from the minutes of the Baltimore & Ohio dated February 1, 1841, tells the story:

> "The President read to the Board a letter received from William S. Woodside, Sup't of Transportation as follows:
>
> 'I am informed that the President-elect of the United States may be certainly expected in Frederick on Friday next on his route to Washington. I have, therefore, deemed it wise to apprize you of this circumstance, and to ask whether it will be necessary to provide a distinct car or cars for the accommodation of him and his suite. Messrs. Stockton, Falls & Co. have provided relays of stages for his convenience from Wheeling to Frederick, as I am informed, free of expense.
>
> 'The President stated that unless the Board directed otherwise, he would instruct the Superintendent to provide a distinct car for the President-elect and his suite, and to charge the regular rate of fare.'

It will be recalled that Harrison was the president-elect in question.

No president of the United States has enjoyed a private train like the Mexican *Presidencial Tren*, or twin cars to compare with those of the Governor General of Canada. Coolidge used to have a drawing room engaged for himself and a compartment for his wife, until later in his period of office, when presidential parties traveled in special trains like those used for foreign guests. A special train is almost necessary, by reason of both the distinction to which the chief executive is entitled and the safety precautions that must be taken. With the exception of a few movements, all recent presidents with their retinues and representatives of the press have used special trains made up for the occasion.

For him who likes to play at tending bar

Top row, reading from left to right, a crystal beer mug with hand painted decorations, calculated to make the beer drinkers feel at home in the best champagne circles. Next, for those who like them dry, a mixing glass for martinis with an opening at the top and a slide that opens and shuts it. The stirring spoon is chromium plated and won't break if you bounce it. Next in line is a cocktail shaker that approaches the peak of efficiency, with bakelite ends that protect the hands from the extreme cold, a non-clog strainer, and a cap that serves as a measure for a jigger. Last, a bitters bottle that's good to the last drop, or to the bitter end, as it were. Second row, reading from left to right, begins with a black glass cocktail shaker on which are hand painted any one of a number of the more aristocratic of the various breeds of dogs. Two decorated conical cocktail glasses, one with fine gold bands, the other with an appropriate bird. Next is a brandy bottle with a hand painted riding figure. Above the old fashioned glass, which comes with a muddler, is the jolly jigger which is just full of tricks, being at one time a combination jigger, corkscrew and bottle opener.

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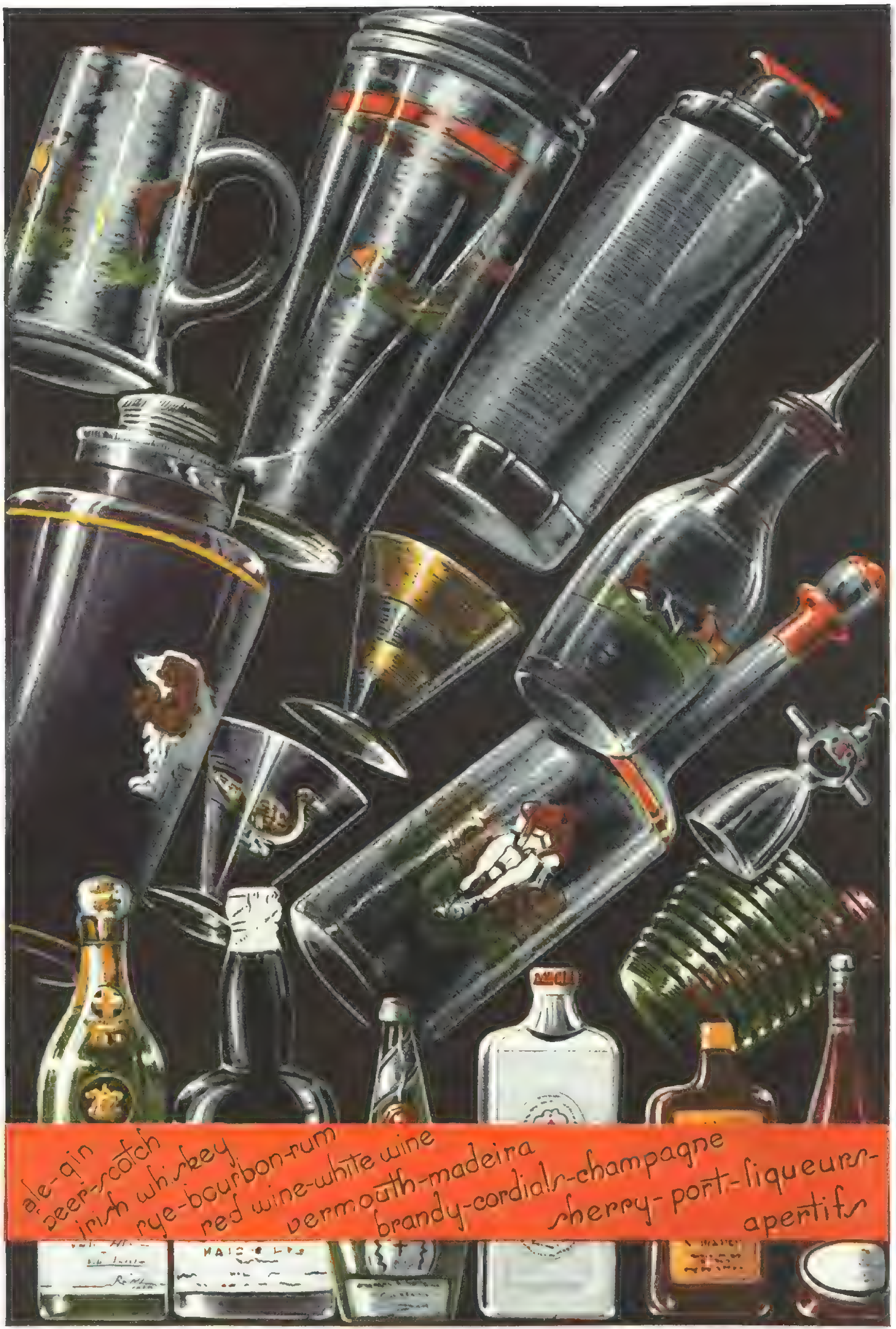
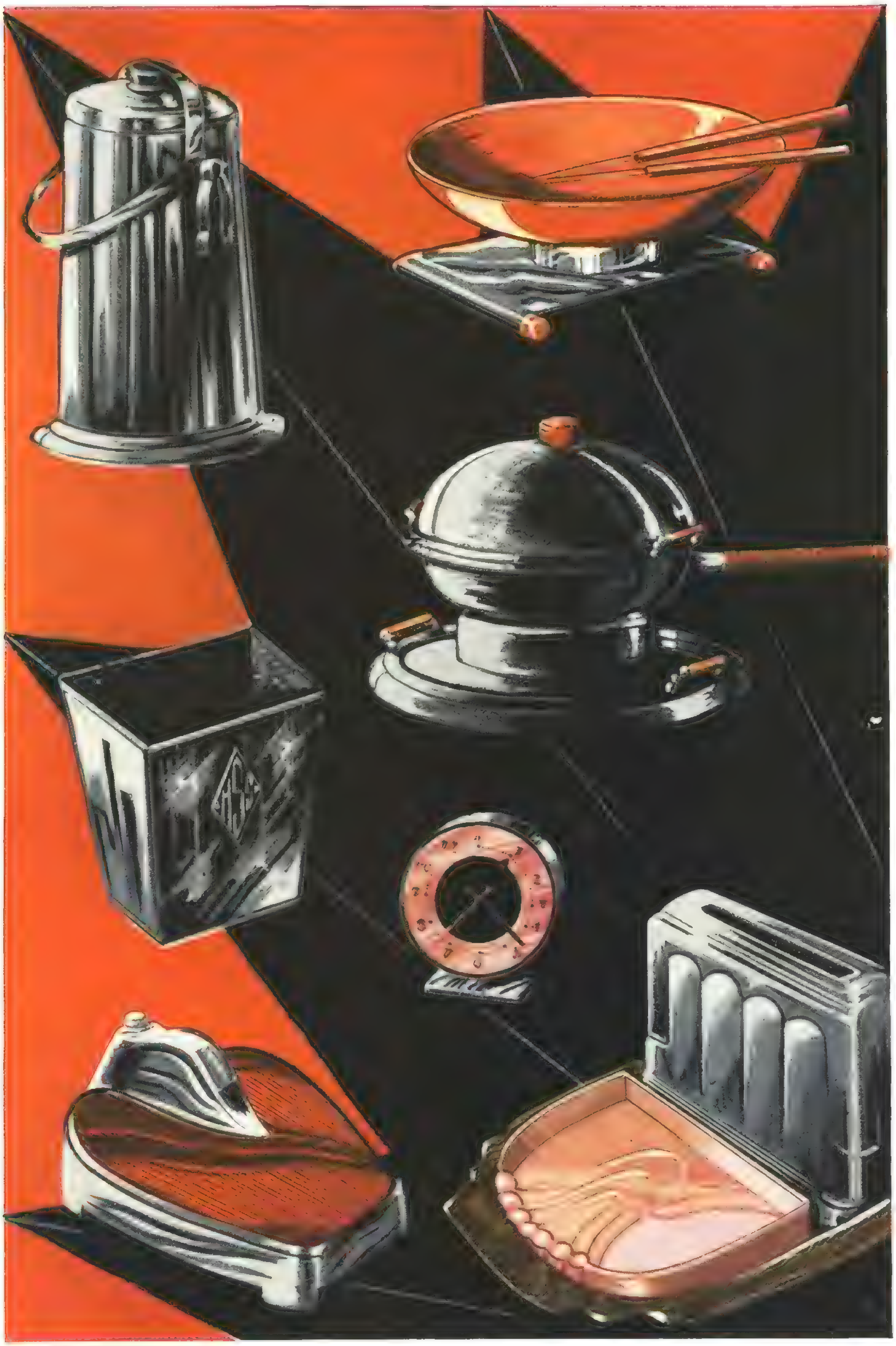


DRAWINGS BY ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY



DRAWINGS BY ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

For their first Xmas together

At the upper left is a chromium plated vacuum jug that holds, and preserves, a full quart of ice cubes. Ice tongs rest on a little extension on the jug's side. At the upper right is a wooden salad bowl, enameled in either black or red, with the handles of the generously sized serving fork and spoon enameled to match the outside of the bowl, which stands on a chromium base. Right center, an electric chromium chafing dish with plastic composition handles that won't heat up. The cover contains two pans. Left center is a mirrored waste paper basket, with chromium plated rims. Initials are going everywhere, so it was inevitable that they should ultimately reach the waste basket. Lower center is a little modernistic electric clock of chromium, equipped with a very efficient alarm. The figures are clearly discernible. Lower left is a bathroom scale of untarnishable chromium with a rubber mat and a little gadget that ought to be the dieter's delight because it keeps a record of what you weigh each day until you reset it. Lower right, an electric toaster with a glass tray on either side for things like marmalade and jam, and a wooden tray unaffected by liquids.

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Appropriate as gifts for the rolling stones

HERE are nice things for those who are always just back from somewhere and in the midst of plans to be off for somewhere else. Upper left, an umbrella with ash handle. Top center and upper right, a suitcase and a hand trunk, respectively. Below the latter, a movie camera. The middle row, reading from left to right, is comprised of a zipper top traveling bag, made to match the hand trunk, a bag of pigskin in the regulation texture of a football, a kit bag that is altogether masculine in its size, fittings and general appearance, and a graflex camera. In the lower left hand corner, a pair of binoculars, a compact traveling set of cards and poker chips, and a traveling clock which looks very much like a pocket camera and can, as a matter of fact, be slipped into the pocket easily or set up, wherever you happen to be, on its easel back. It has a luminous dial. Lower right, traveling slippers, a luxurious toilet kit of pigskin with durable and common-sense fittings, a tobacco pouch and a wallet, both made of alligator hide. Almost overlooked, but most important, because it is the biggest and best gift of all, a ticket to speed the footloose on their carefree way.

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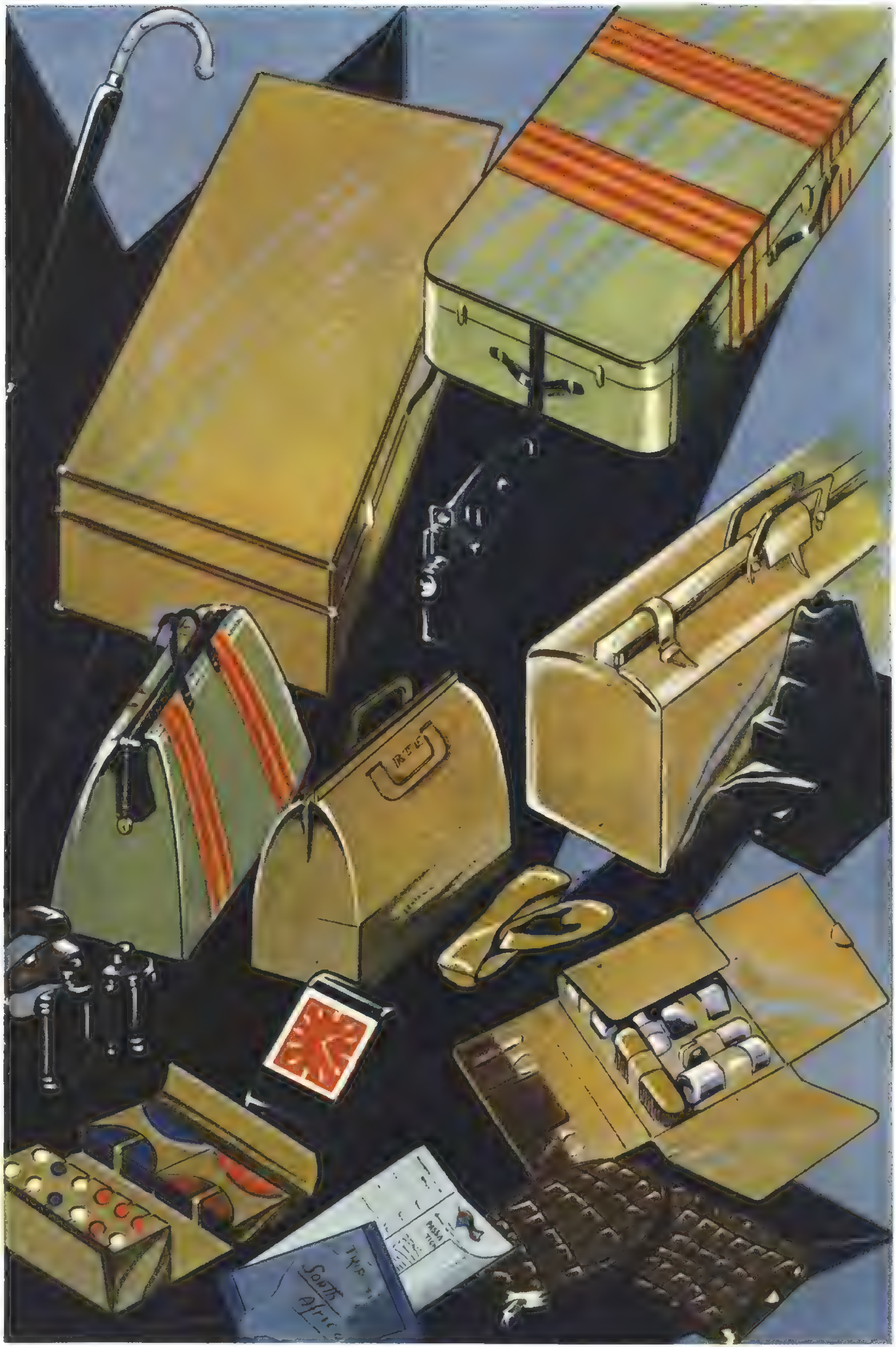

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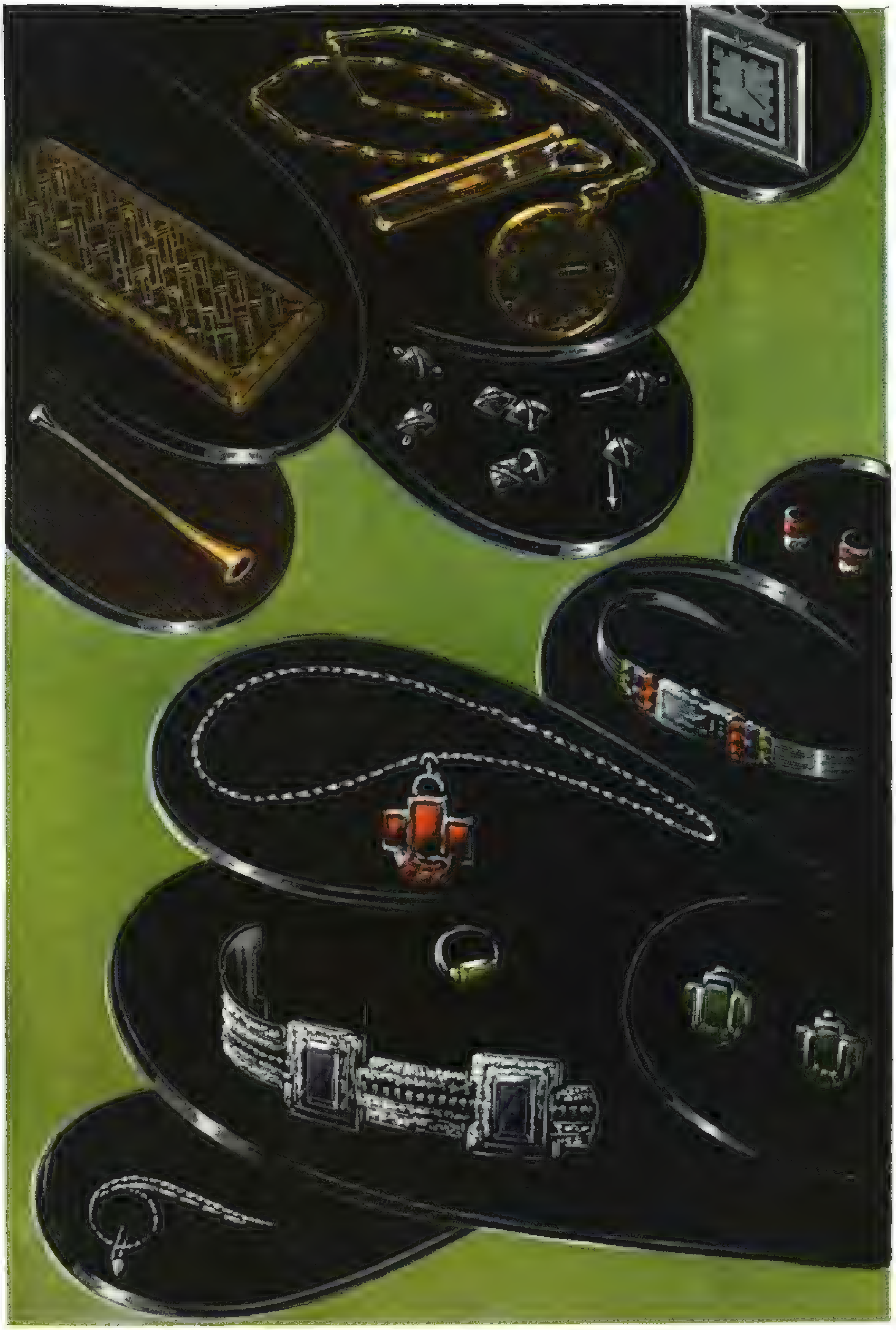
Howard Baer



DRAWINGS BY ALEX S DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Unless she insists on a Cadillac

Let your conscience be your only guide as you ponder on the majority of the items pictured here. Items of jewelry look pretty much alike on the printed page but there are differences, as your checkbook may come to know, in Dwight Fiske's immortal phrase, only too damned well. We have tried to use discretion on this page, but even so you had better sneak around to the jewelers by yourself before you promise anything definite. At the upper left is a cigarette case with a basket design worked out in yellow, green and white gold. Just below it is a ladies' gold cigarette holder with a broad bit. Top center is a man's gold watch with the fashionable bold link chain, to which a knife is attached. At the upper right is a square crystal case watch in modern design. In the upper center is a crystal and baguette diamond dress set. To the right of that are baguette ruby and diamond ear clips, below which is a wrist watch set with rubies, emeralds and sapphires. In the lower center is a ruby pendant beneath which is an emerald ring. The bottom row, consists of a diamond hair ornament, a diamond and sapphire bracelet, and a set of clips in simulated stones.

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For those who do a lot of entertaining

IN THE upper left hand portion of this page is shown an amusing service for informal entertaining, consisting of beer mugs, plates, and a sandwich tray, all quaintly decorated with Pickwickian characters. A gift with a nice element of timely appropriateness if you happen to know friends who have become enthusiasts in the recent revival of interest in Dickens. At the top in the center is a card game in which it is easy to "make a million" whenever the conversation shows signs of running down. In the upper right hand corner is an impressively elaborate bridge outfit, containing four decks and plenty of tallies and pencils, providing everything that is required to make the game complete except, of course, the essential ingredient of argument. Just below it is the newest and snootiest of all vegetable servers, a pot of sterling silver. At the left center are appropriate dinner plates for fish or fowl, and a Tantalus set with lock and key to insure against the mysterious disappearance of the liquid contents. In the lower left is a workmanlike roulette outfit and beside it is that truly ultra gift item, a crêpes suzette outfit. Lower right, cordial or liqueur glass.

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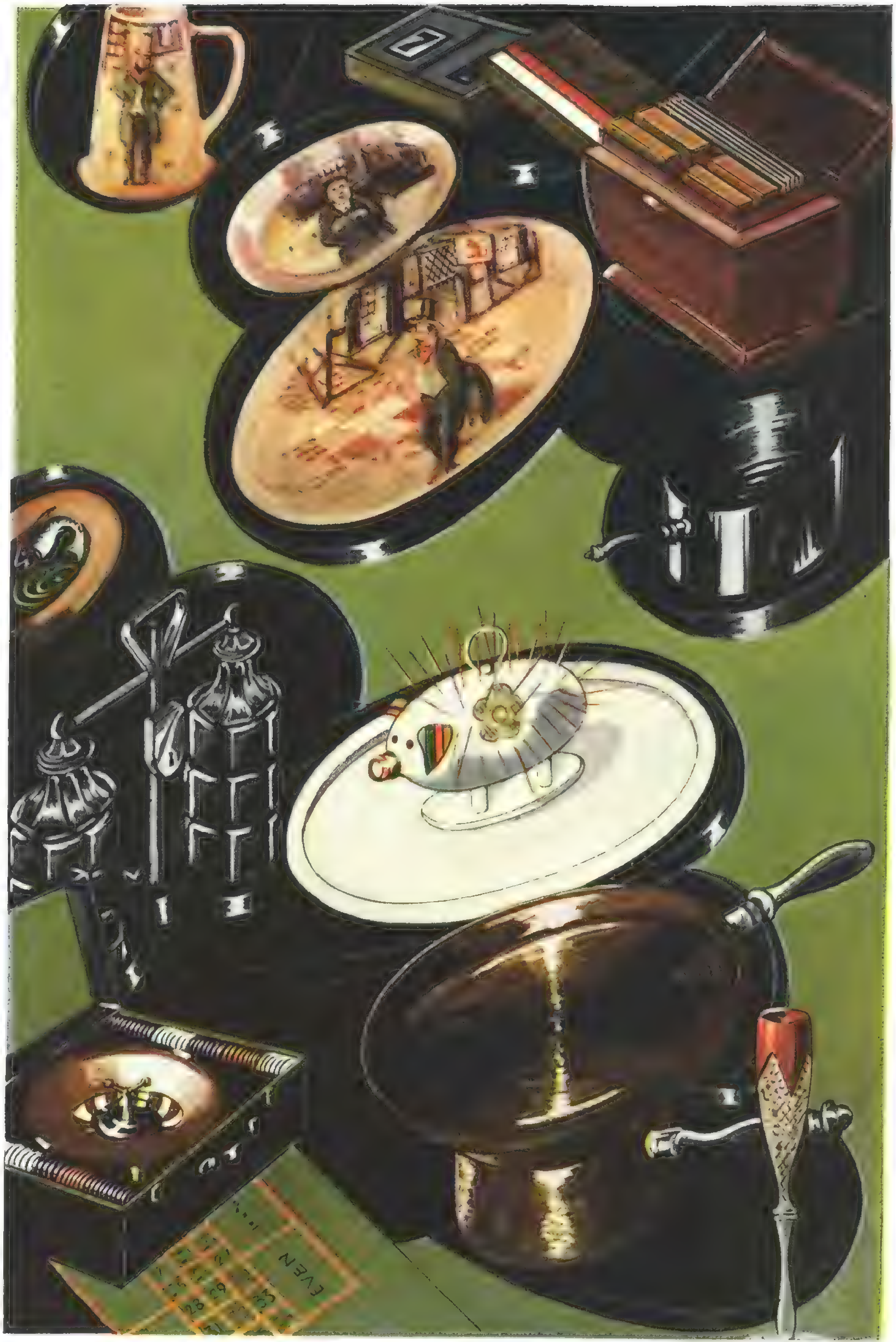

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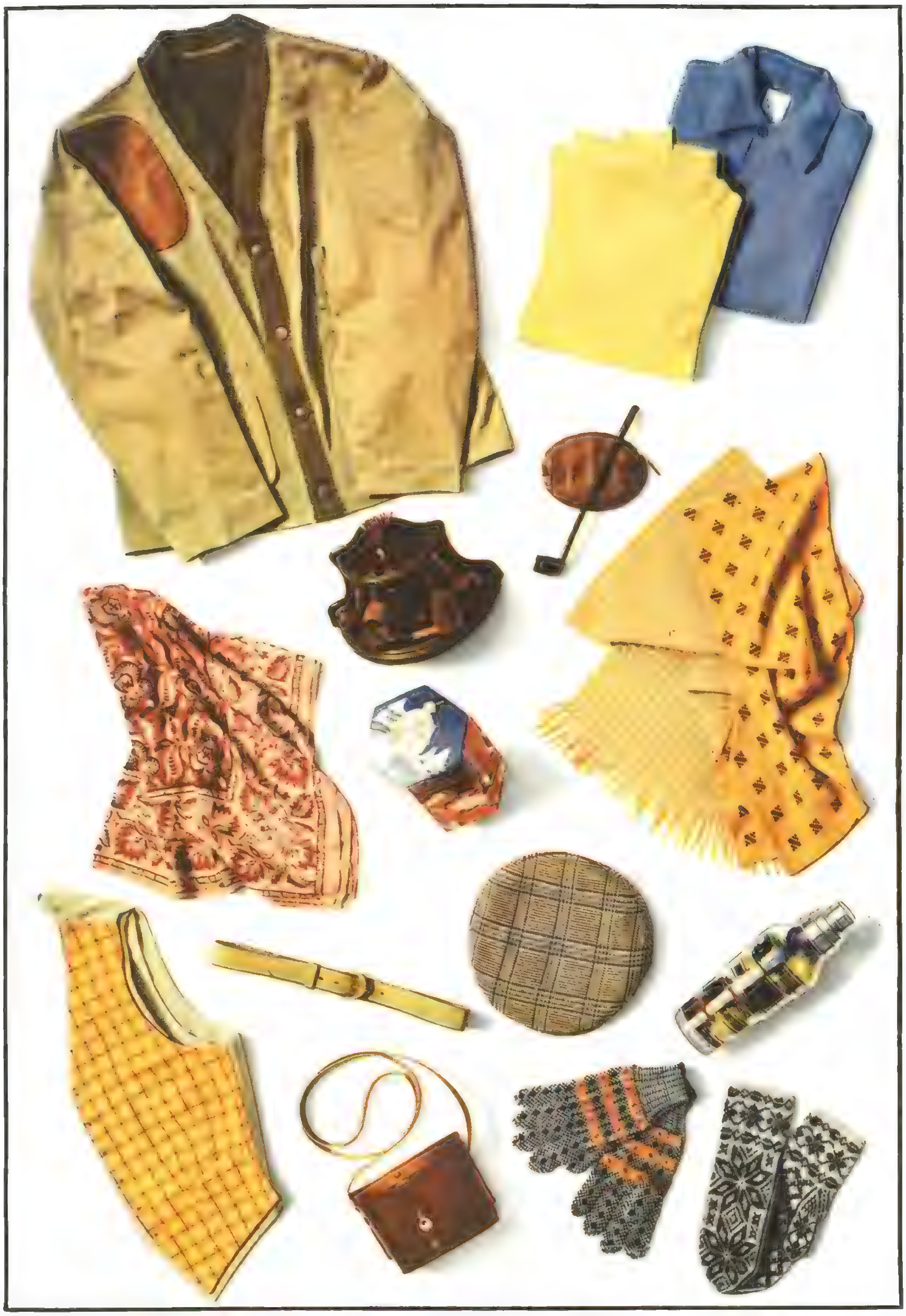

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

Gifts for the man who is an outdoor type

UPPER left, a shooting jacket with shoulder pad, particularly designed for skeet enthusiasts. Upper right, a crew-neck cashmere pullover and a cashmere jacket with a new polo type collar. Upper center, a pipe rack that holds six pipes and the essential pipe cleaners. The pipe in the foreground has a windshield for the outdoor addict. A long stemmed church-warden pipe that promises a cool smoke. An oval shaped tobacco pouch of alligator leather with talon fastener and a jar of tobacco, from which the pouch may be filled. Left center, an extra large size printed India Corah handkerchief. Right center, hound's tooth wool muffler, and one of printed wool cashmere. Lower center, a belt with flexible leather buckle, a cap in Prince of Wales plaid, a dozen golf balls in a glass cocktail shaker. Bottom row, reading from left to right, a waistcoat of flannel in tattersall pattern, for hunting or riding, a pair of high powered binoculars, a pair of hand-knitted Scotch gloves in a colorful and characteristic pattern, and a pair of hand-made mittens from Norway of the type that are almost standard among the more skilled participants at winter sports events.

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Gifts for the man who takes play seriously

We had to turn this page over, after photographing it, in order to make our page sequence come out right, so that explains, in case it bothers you, why all the golf clubs are left handed. Pardon the digression, but this will save us the agony of answering two thousand and twelve letters. Anyway, in the upper lefthand corner is a shooting seat that folds up to be carried like a cane, and is a handy thing not only for shooting but for general spectator use at outdoor sporting events. Top center is a luxurious leather golf bag with accommodating pockets for all anticipated purposes. Upper right is the set of matched golf irons aforementioned. Left center, a tennis racket designed and authenticated by one of the ranking professionals. Right center, a fitted leather kit for the man who rides, with all of the necessities for the care of boots, including shoe horn, boot hook, and bootjacks. Lower left is a carefully selected group of fisherman's essentials, comprising a reel for a light weight trout rod, wading boots, landing net, convenient fly box with compartment for twelve flies, each with an individual cover, a rod and a basket creel. Lower right, a horn handled hunting crop.

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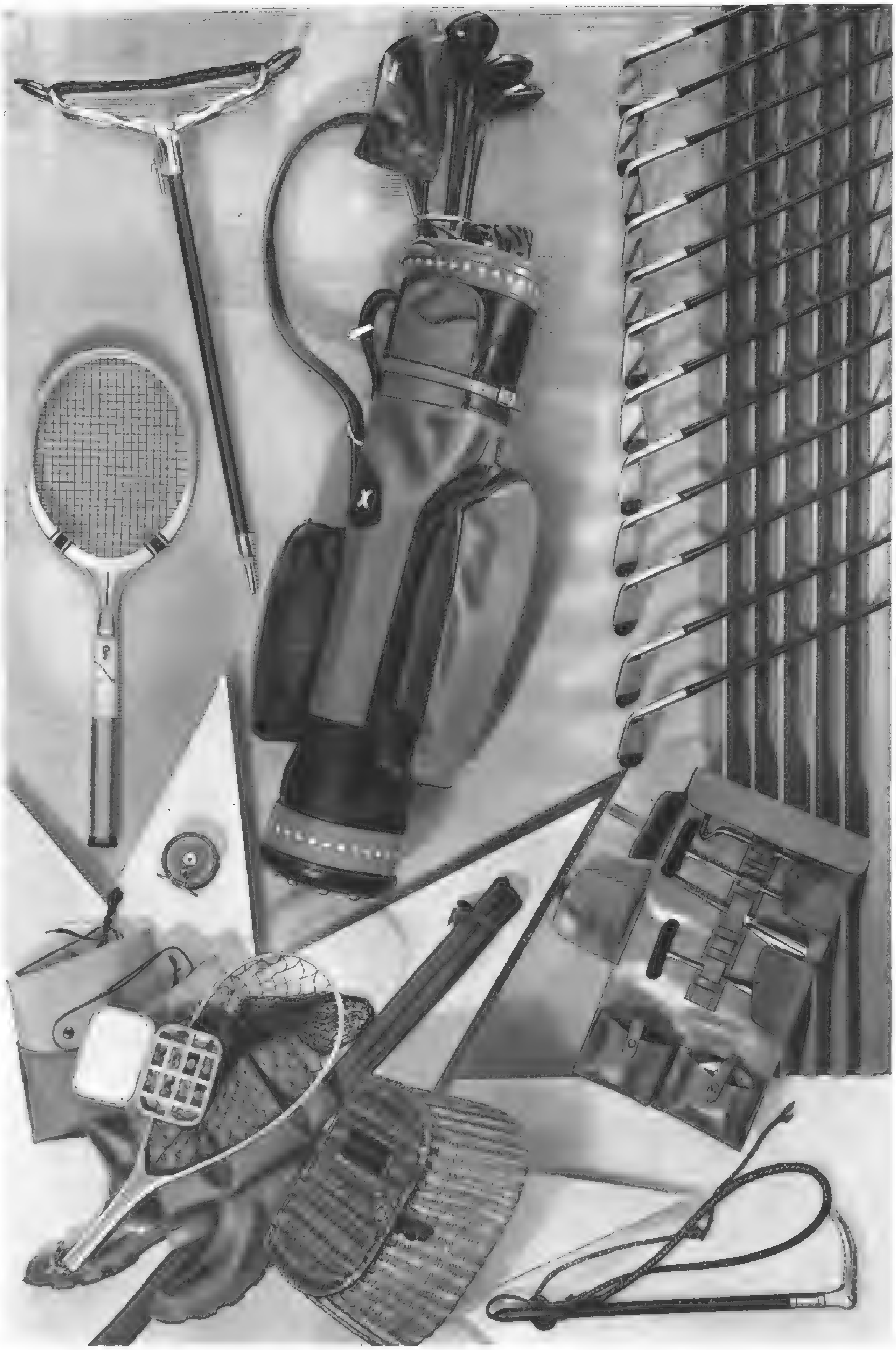
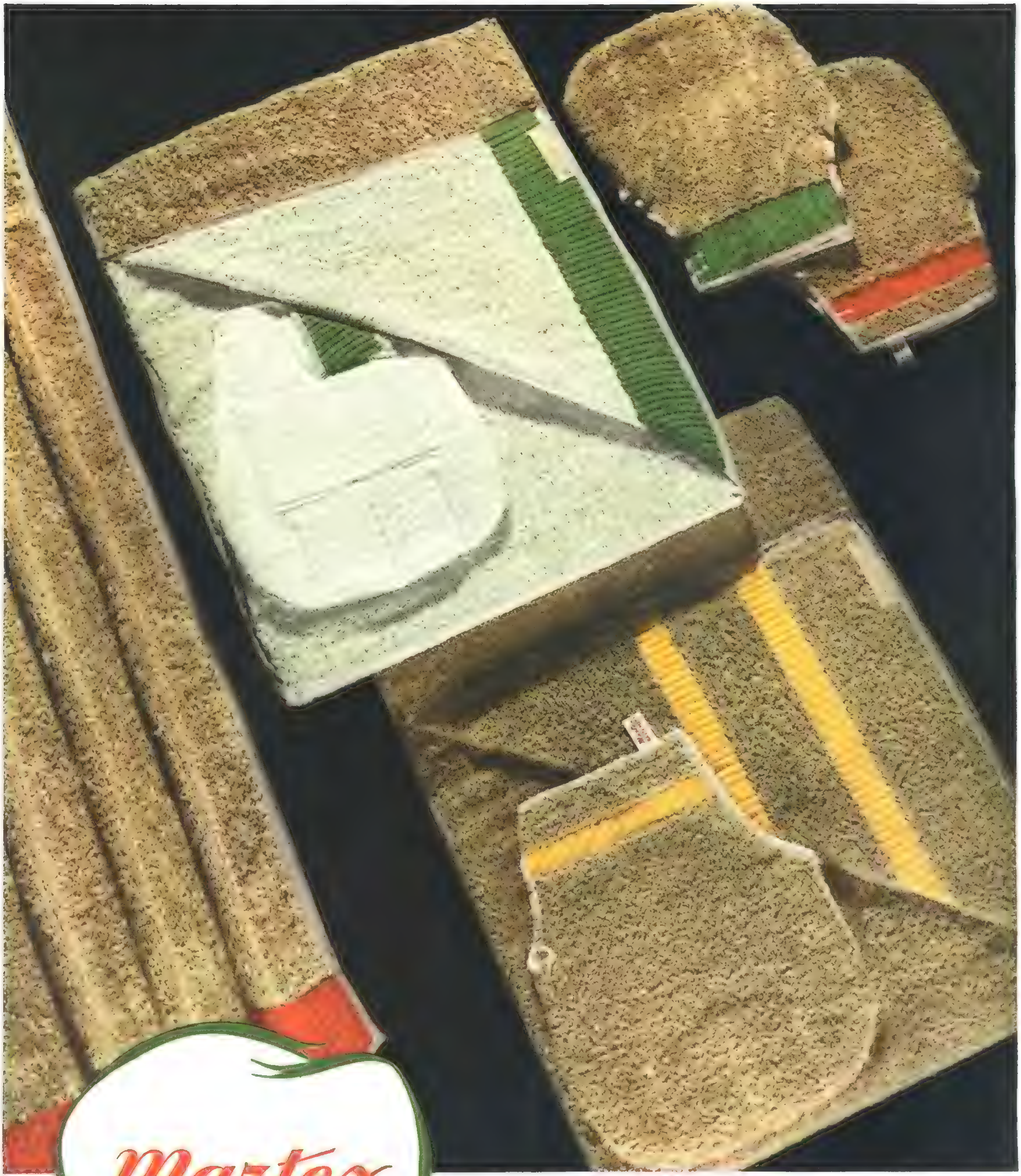


for a *Man's* Christmas



Martex

• rub-down sets •

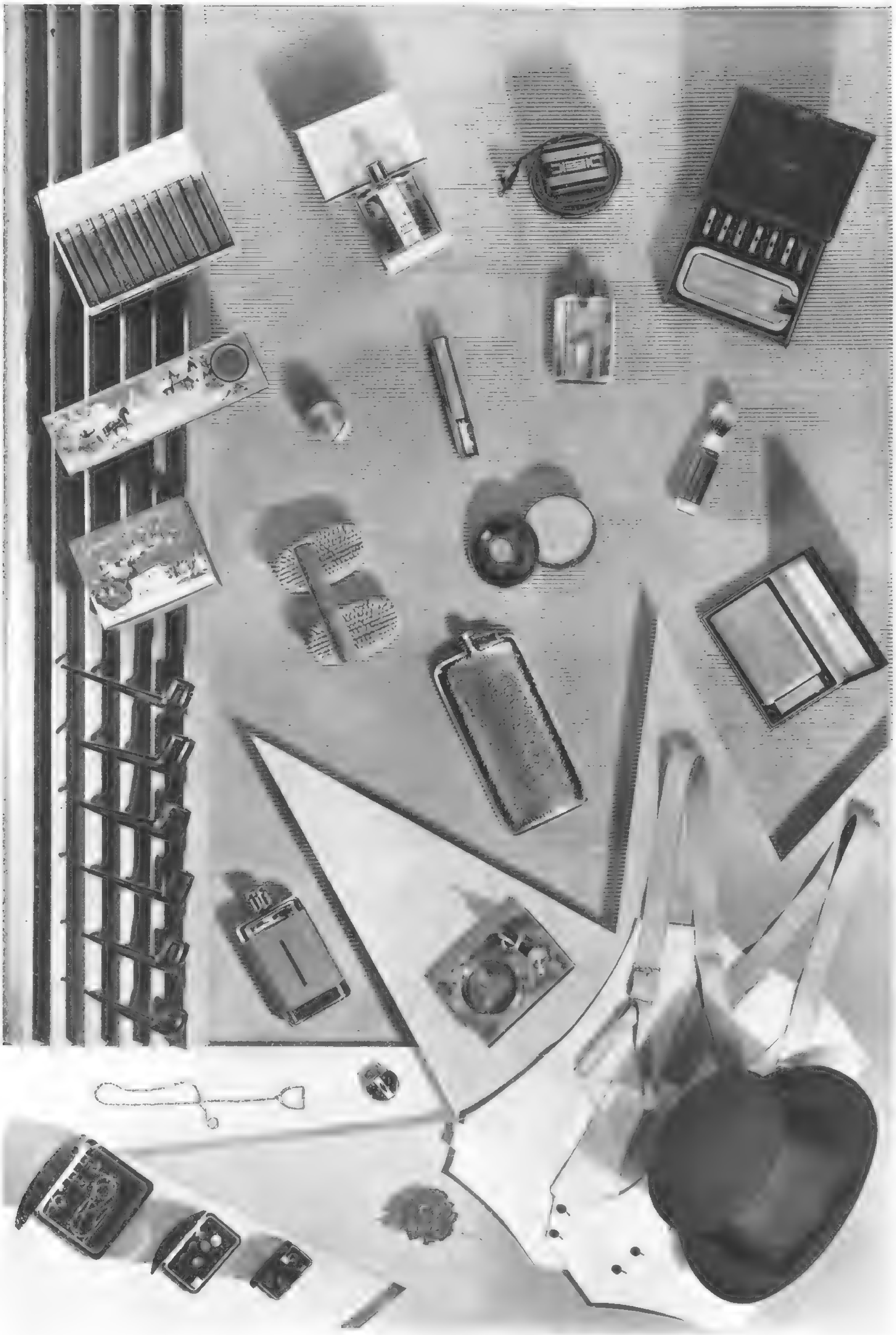
These special rub-down towels for men are big — regular wallopers in size. But even more important, most of them have a linen surface as brisk and tingly as a wire-haired terrier's coat. Some are all linen; others, linen on one side with cotton on the other. Others are all cotton with a special rib for friction rubs. Sold singly or in sets wrapped in Cellophane, with patented rub-down bath mitts in matching colors. Get them at men's shops or at department stores. Wellington Sears Company, 65 Worth Street, New York.

for a *Woman's* Christmas

The men's Martex towels on the left-hand page are sturdily *masculine*. The women's Martex towels shown above are gloriously *feminine*. Extra soft and deep in texture, you can pat them against your body like a powder-puff for quick drying. The single towels are the new Sprig design. The package sets, reading down, are Polka Dot, Macedonia, Empress and Barbados. All sets may be had in special holiday boxes or in Cellophane wrapping, $1 to $12, at department stores and linen specialty shops. Wellington Sears Company, 65 Worth Street, New York.

Martex

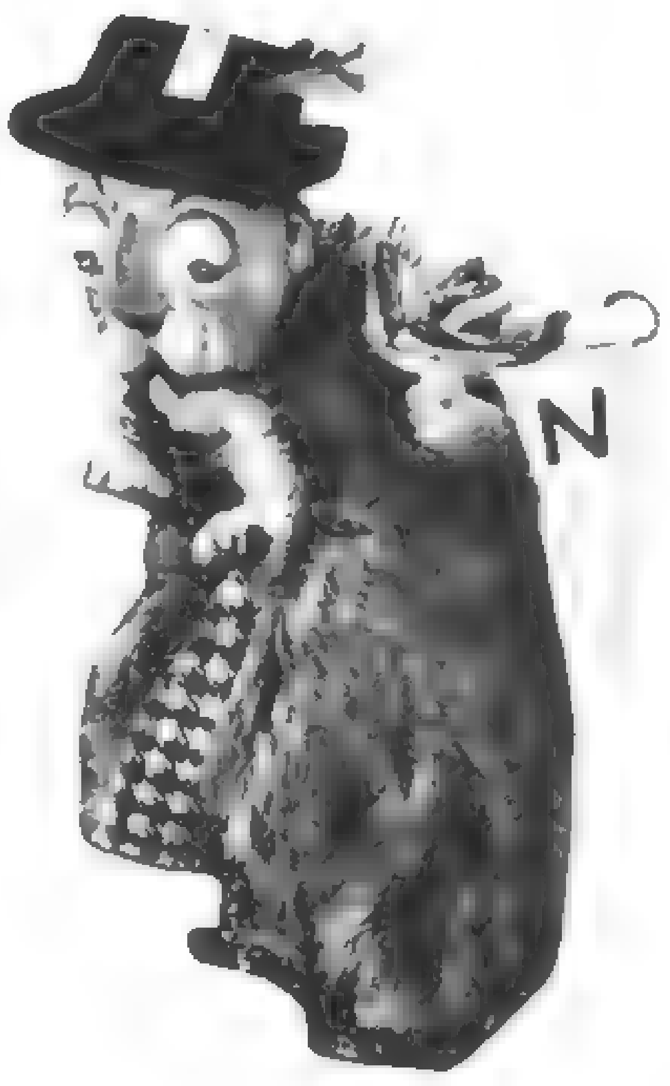
• bath sets •



This page is one of gifts for men only

At the left are reminders that an acceptable gift to a smoker is something to smoke. Proceeding from left to right, first is a perfume that men may use and still be men, and an electrically operated sharpener for safety razor blades, and a deluxe razor with a permanent "barber's blade" for every day in the week. In the next row, an unusual nail brush with a handle shaped like a golf ball, a razor with a magazine in the handle containing twenty blades, a favored after-shaving lotion, and a traveling shaving brush which carries its own receptacle in the handle. Next row, a pair of military brushes of the finest Siberian bristles with a transparent composition comb, a cake of shaving soap conveniently packed in a bowl, a hammered silver flask, and an engine-turned silver cigarette case with matching lighter. Lower left, a selection of best selling shapes in briar pipes, a leather covered flask, a stirrup key chain, a lighter shaped like a watch, a hound ashtray, felt braces, a dress waistcoat with wine buttons, an opera hat, an artificial red carnation boutonnière of feathers, and various recommended stud and link sets for daytime and evening wear.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., for sources of articles photographed)



For undergrad and the more recent alumnus

In the upper left hand corner are two pullovers of pure cashmere. The shirts and ties shown at the top of the page are, reading from left to right, an Oxford shirt with button down collar with a striped silk crocheted tie, a round collar-attached shirt with Macclesfield silk striped tie, and a short pointed collar-attached shirt with silk crocheted tie with stripes of even width. All three of these shirts are ranking favorites among university men. The two ties shown just below the group of shirts are new patterns in striped rep. In the upper right hand corner is a gift that will be greeted with loud huzzahs of genuine acclaim, because it is a lounge robe that is made of necktie foulard. At the left center are shown printed foulard handkerchiefs in Paisley designs and colorings, along with new examples from Scotland of the traditional Argyle plaids in wool half hose. Occupying the lower left hand portion of the page is the current campus uniform, consisting of a sport jacket with side vents and saddlebag pockets in the pattern known as the Prince of Wales plaid, and grey flannel slacks. The other items are regimental braces, wool hose and wool mufflers.

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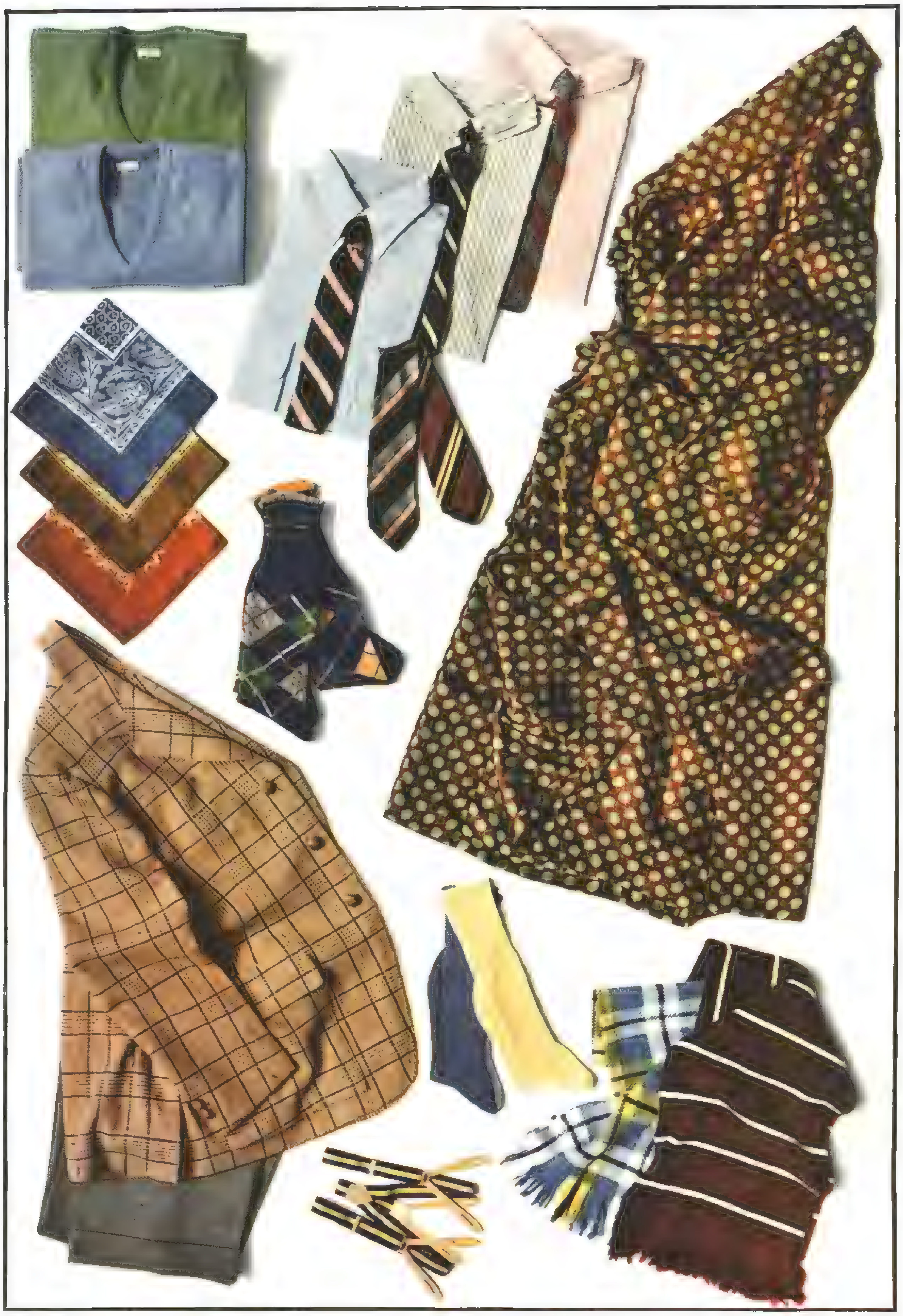

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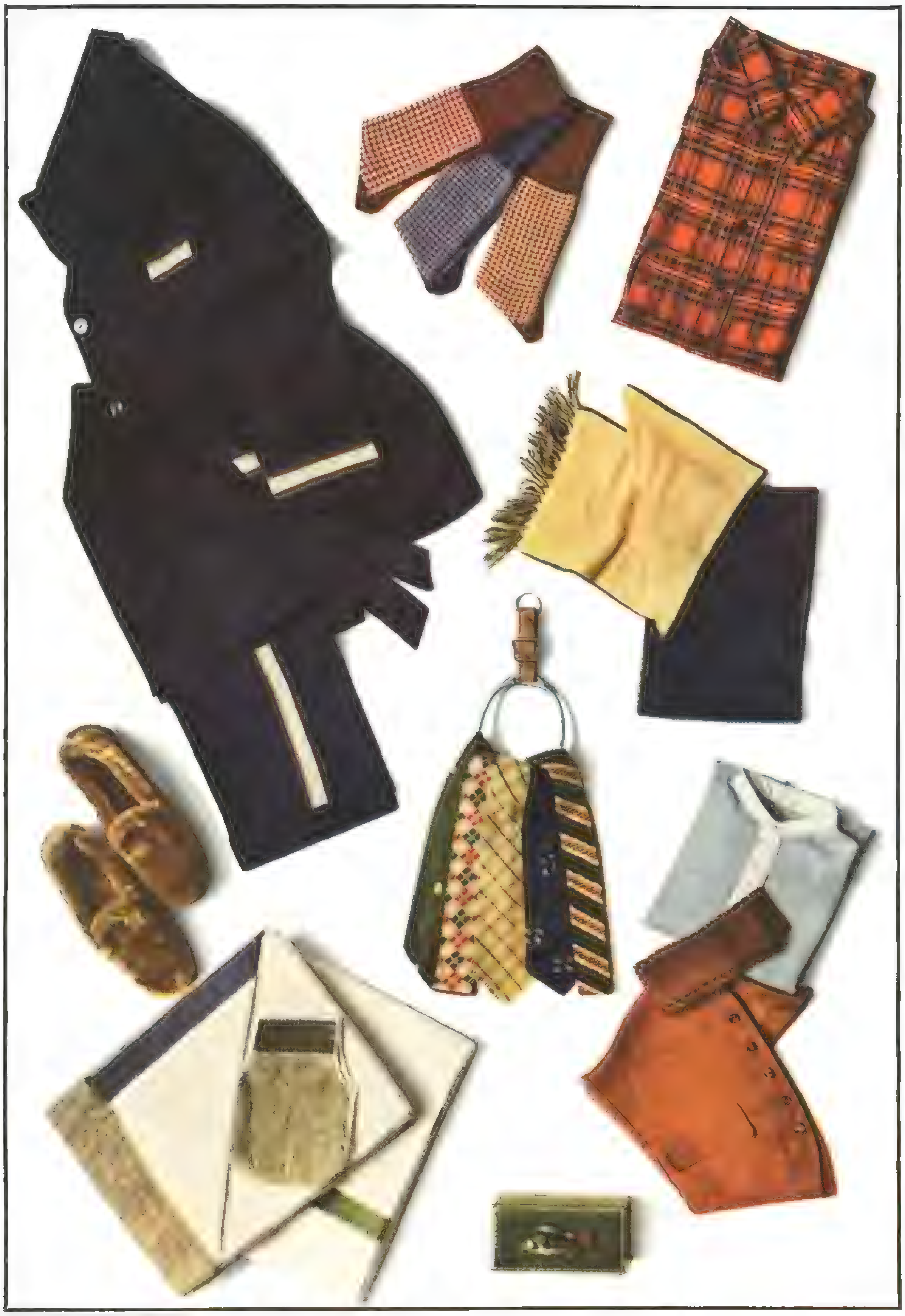

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Good gifts to give to a man's man

For the all round type who combines a home life with a healthy interest in hunting and shooting and fishing, these are suitable gifts. Upper left, a flannel lounge suit with regimental stripes in silk grosgrain serving as trim on the trousers, cuffs, and pocket. Top center, wool half hose in the popular and fashionable hound's tooth check pattern. Upper right, a hunting shirt in bright tartan plaid wool flannel. Right center, a knitted cashmere skating scarf of which one end may be turned in to form a toque. Left center, a pair of very comfortable and warm house slippers made of a deep pile fabric. Center, a stirrup necktie holder in which the neckties are, from left to right, a tied and dyed pattern on foulard, a knitted wool in Argyle pattern, a wool tie with self-fringe ends, hounds on a ground of rep silk, and a silk crochet striped tie. Lower left, large sized towels that are especially designed to suit men; one with linen on one side and a matching rubbing mitt. Bottom, a leather cigarette box with an enameled fish in bas relief. Lower right, a silk and wool hunting or riding shirt with a polka dot foulard stock and a suede leather waistcoat for riding or hunting.

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Gifts chosen for the man of middle age

THE items on this page are suitable as gifts for the man of maturity in age and taste, which does not mean that this is a page for old fogies. In the upper lefthand corner is a velvet house jacket which is lined and faced with silk. Top center, a pleated bosom shirt and a demi-bosom shirt for town wear. Upper right a lounge suit with jacket of printed Paisley pattern on shantung and trousers of plain shantung. Middle row, at the left, braces of regimental stripes, a belt of alligator leather, a belt with silver initialed buckle, slippers of two-color interlaced leather, an umbrella that carries a pencil in its handle, a smart walking stick with unusual leather covered handle, hand sewn pigskin gloves, braces of leather, embroidered initialed handkerchief and an oversized polka dot handkerchief of sheer cambric. Bottom row, at the left, pajamas of Jacquarded silk, and half hose, in miniature Argyle pattern, six and three rib in wool and rabbits' hair mix, and wool hose in a fancy pattern. The neckwear, reading from left to right, is a Macclesfield stripe, a rep stripe, a herringbone pattern Spitalfields, a boucle weave stripe, and an allover pattern Macclesfield.

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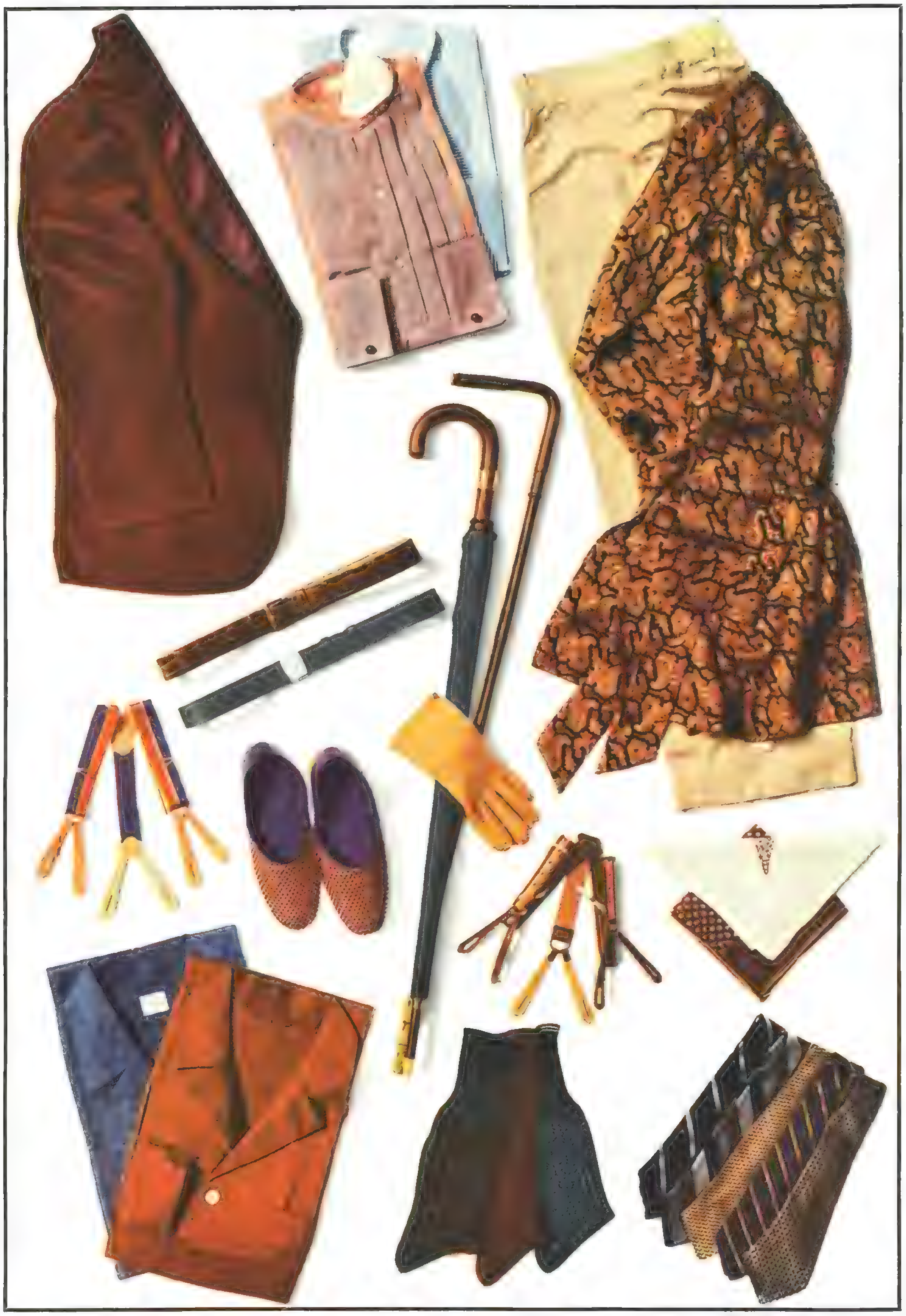

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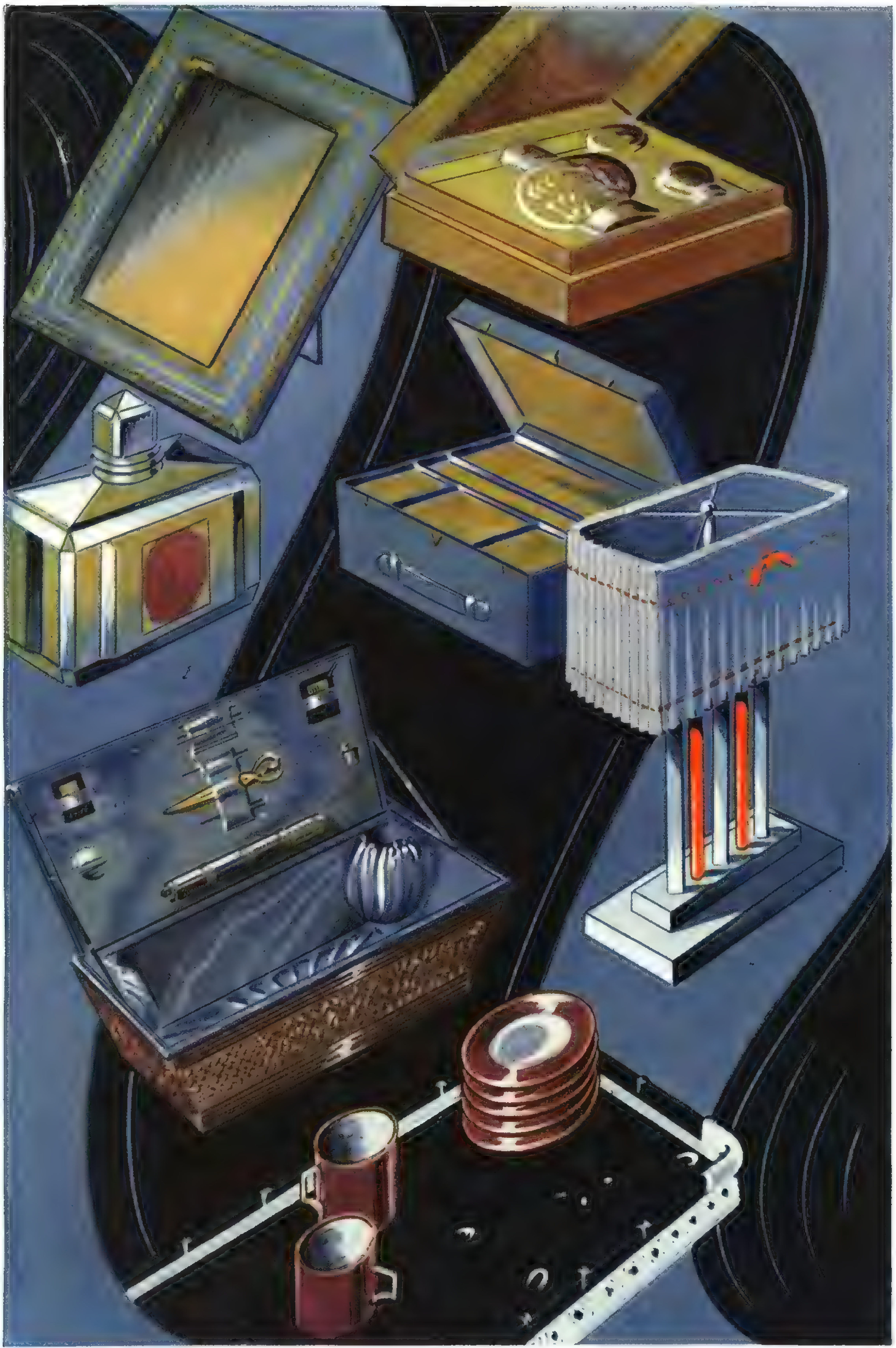

DRAWINGS BY ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Christmas as another form of Mother's day

SHE is probably the only one to whom it is really fitting to present a picture of your own bright and shining face as a remembrance at Christmas time. You can't be sure that anybody else sincerely yearns for a sight of your manly mug. A nice way to surround it is represented by the frame of blue glazed leather shown in the upper left hand corner of this page. At the upper right is a gift box containing powder, perfume, and eau de cologne. Left center, a bottle of perfume of a size sufficiently generous to be appropriate. Right center, a jewel case of blue glazed leather, divided up into the usual compartments. At the lower right is a modern lamp, with the austerity of modern design given gracious relief by the feminine touch of ribbon and bow in the trimming of the shade, making it suitable for boudoir use. At the lower left is an excellent gift suggestion, but one that is offered with a word of caution. Mothers vary, as to type, as much as men, and it is best to be sure that a sewing kit, even though it be as handsome as this one of blue leather, will not be taken as an implication that mother is in the granny class. Bottom: after dinner coffee service with tray and spoons.

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Gifts for the girl who goes away to school

If she hasn't a portable typewriter it's a pretty safe bet that she wishes she had. Next to the typewriter is an enameled cigarette case and lighter that ought to be the envy of almost any campus, and next to that is the ever acceptable and practical gift set consisting of pencil and fountain pen. In the upper right hand corner are two very intriguing umbrellas, the one on the left carrying a carved Scotty's head as a handle and being fitted with a telescoping cover that makes the whole thing look very much like a cane. The other one is an English walking umbrella, desirable because it is so very mannish looking. Left center, a reminder that a purse is always a good gift item and if the college girl on your gift list happens to be a relative, put a bill or two inside. In the center of the page are first a cashmere crew-neck slip-over, next a high neck cashmere jacket, and next a very trick skating sweater which goes well with the beret and mittens shown at the right. At the lower left is a wood encased wrist watch, and below that a reminder that perfumes are always welcome. In the bottom row are a rhinestone evening bag, mules, and lounging pajamas.

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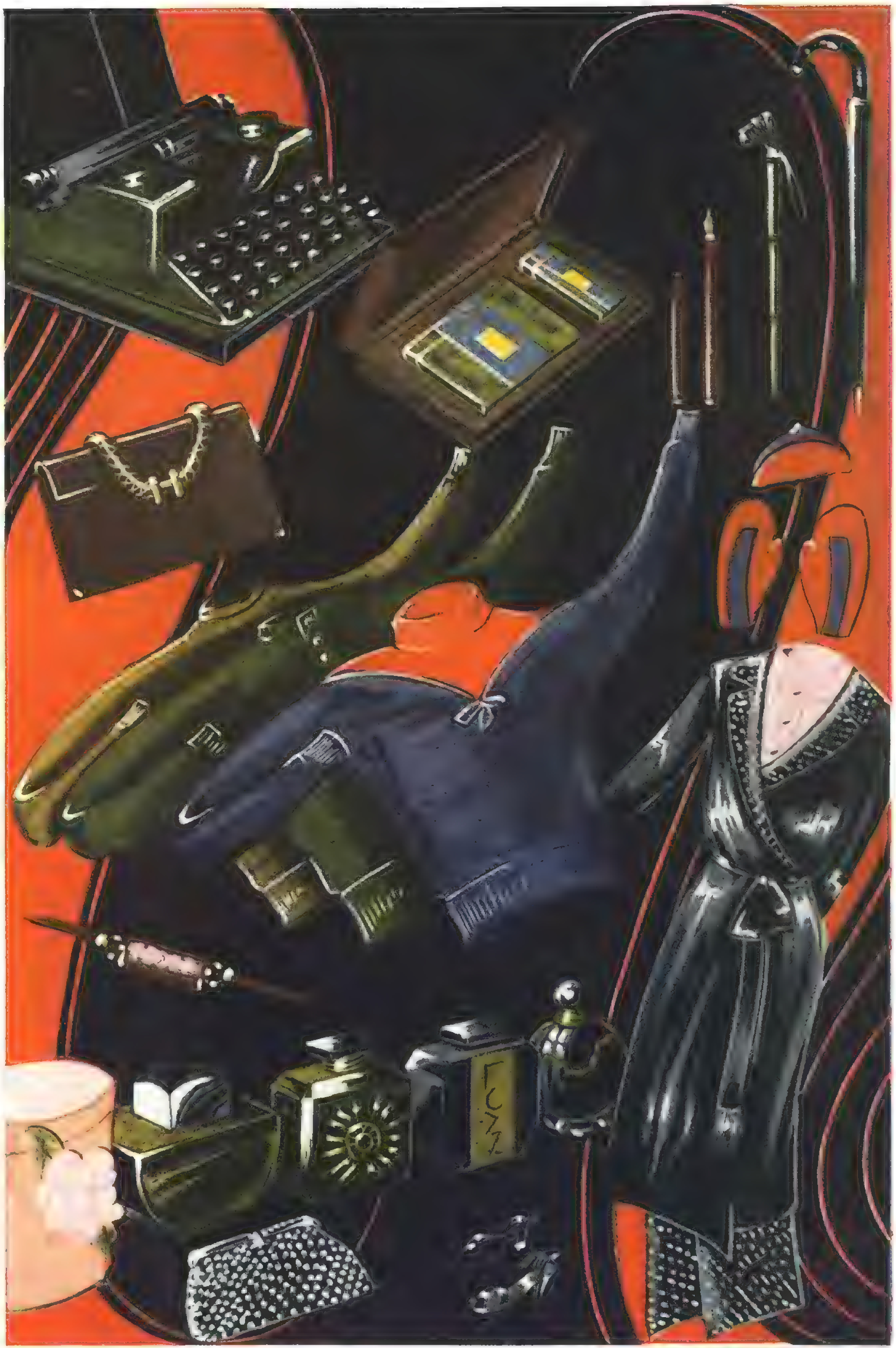
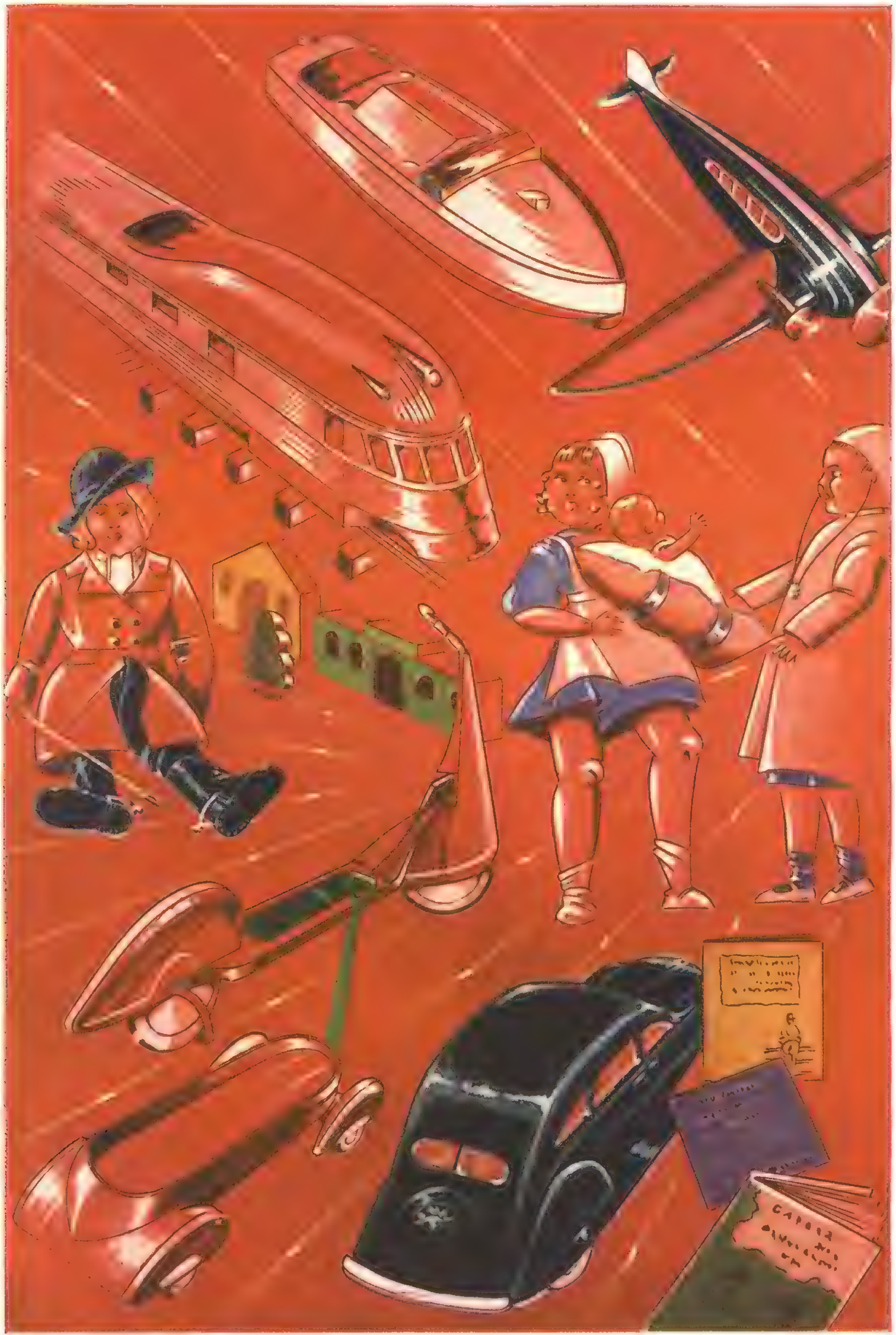


DRAWINGS BY ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY



DRAWINGS BY ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

A page for those of the pre-teen age

In the top row are the latest versions of the toys that never grow old. The electric train comes up to date as a miniature of the Burlington Zephyr, made in three sections, just like the big ones. It comes with the proper amount of track—not enough to suit the kids and too much to suit the mothers. The speedboat is propelled, very fast, by a powerful windup engine. The airliner is complete with all those little details that you don't notice but kids check with eagle-eye thoroughness. At the left in the center row is the perfect gift for the youngest members of the young horsey set, a female M. F. H. doll, with spurs, boots and riding crop, that comes up smiling after every spill. Next is a modern block village that will bring out the architect in yourself as well as in the youngster who receives it. Next is a more sophisticated modern version of the oldest game of all, that of "Let's play house." This one is "Let's play hospital." Lower center is another case of an old favorite in a handsome new guise—a streamlined scooter. Below that is the good old delivery wagon, gone modern in a dazzling streamlined effect. The automobile has a windup motor and lights that light.

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The Two Brothers

Continued from page 31

"Would you love me, Peg? Would you love me always?" he asked.

"It's never seemed like this before, has it, Tom?"

"What does it make you feel like?"

"Just glad."

He didn't know how to answer he was so excited, and they walked along the lane under the great elms with the leaves rustling loudly to the gate, hanging on one hinge, and there she said, "Good night, Tom. It was lovely." She was very quiet, almost grave now.

As he went away he felt like a happy excited child, he was so lucky. "She would have loved me very much tonight," he thought.

At the orchard he climbed the fence, and when he was passing under the apple trees and hearing the horses moving in the stalls in the barn, he began to think, "Her father'll be in bed. She wanted more love than she got from me tonight. She'll still be wanting, maybe." And for half an hour as he did whatever chores he had to do before going to bed he kept thinking of her being really alone in the house, unsatisfied with the little love he had offered. The eagerness to go back to her became too strong to resist.

Hurrying back along the lane he saw that there was no light upstairs where her father slept, just the one light downstairs where he was sure she waited. Tiptoeing to the door, he whistled softly, a signal, though he had never whistled for her before. The wind was blowing strongly from the lake now, blowing his hair back from his head, and he felt weak thinking what he might do. He tapped lightly on the door. When there was no answer he pushed the door open and looked in the big room. Near the window was a black leather couch and she was lying on the couch with her face pressed down against the leather. "Peg," he whispered. "Peg." She raised her head slowly and he saw that her face was sad and troubled, and though she was trying to smile, her eyes were wet.

"What's the matter, Peg?"

"Nothing."

"Why are you crying?"

"I wasn't really crying," she said. She saw how disappointed he was, she felt that he had expected to find her still full of gladness, and she tried to explain. "I was sitting here thinking of the two of us and how everything might be. Then I was thinking just of you because I knew how bad you were feeling over Frank. I felt blue because it all seems to go against you. I was feeling sorry for Frank too."

"Why were you thinking of him now?" he asked irritably. "Why do we always have to think of him?"

"It just seemed a shame. He looked like a fine fellow standing there yesterday."

"You often think of Frank."

"No, I don't, but I've always liked him."

"You've been feeling pretty bad about him, haven't you?"

"It's you that's been feeling bad and giving me the blues."

He couldn't feel her compassion because of his own sharp, unreasonable jealousy. For nights he had hardly slept worrying about Frank, and now he wanted to be alone and free of him; he had been so sure he would find Peg here full of gladness for her love of him. It was hard now to believe in that love that he had felt an hour ago in the field, it was so much more than he had ever expected from her. It was so much easier to remember how Frank had always laughed and teased her just as he did the town girls he was sure of. He felt crazy with worry and weariness, wanting to shout, "Frank spoiled everything in my life," but he blurted out, "Maybe with Frank being away you've found out tonight how you really feel about him."

"It was you I was thinking of," she whispered. "You were so fond of him and I could watch the pain growing in you. If they were hurting you they were hurting me. Please, Tom, don't get crazy thoughts in your head."

"Tonight it was fine," he said quietly, talking almost to himself. "It was all good tonight. But look how it's spoiled now. It didn't last in you at all. Everybody around here talks and worries about Frank and I'm tired, you hear, awfully tired of it. Peg, listen, he always seemed to me to have the inside track with you if he wanted it."

"Sh, sh, you'll wake my father up."

"You know what I'm thinking, Peg. You wouldn't bother with me if you could have him. I've often felt it."

He seemed to be going all to pieces there at the door, jerking his hand up and down in an erratic gesture. Then he turned quick, hurrying away from her. "Tom, don't go. Come back, just a minute." She ran after him begging desperately, "You know I loved you more tonight than I ever did before," but he was hurrying away, not hearing.

He went to bed with the wind blowing much stronger, thinking, "It took her a long time to show much love for me. Frank always laughed at me because I was slow and fumbling with her. What got into her in the field, what made her show so much love?" He lay there holding on to his bitterness. His loneliness, the darkness and the sound of the wind began to distort all his thoughts, and though he tried to be reasonable and said, "Maybe I was foolish with Peg," he knew he would be afraid of Frank even if he married her. Gusts of wind sometimes hit the house and there was the sound of shingles torn from the roof spinning in the wind. He tortured himself thinking of Frank and the trouble that always pursued him. For a while he listened to the waves breaking on the shore, and then he began to torture himself deliberately with a picture of Peg and Frank living together: he saw them together in a room by themselves loving each other and maybe laughing at him. Then he fell asleep.

He woke up thinking he could hear someone moving outside on the veranda, and he sat up, listening, but he could not be sure because of the wind. There again was the sound of footsteps, and then quite clearly, a firm tapping on the door. Opening the bedroom window he called out, "Who's there?"

"Let me in, Tom." You could just see the side of his face in the darkness, leaning out from the veranda. "All right, Frank. I'm coming down," Tom said, and he hurried downstairs and opened the door. Frank was waiting there in his shirt and trousers. He was very wet, for now it was raining hard, and he was breathing so heavily he could hardly speak.

"What happened, Frank? What did you do?"

"Don't light the light, Tom. It was easy. They were driving me in the car to jail. Old Chief Fowlis was sitting with me and he always liked me so it was pretty easy and I jumped out and went off across the fields."

"What are you going to do?"

"Cross the lake."

"It's too rough. It'll take you all night."

"You take an oar, Tom."

When Frank came in and closed the door it was so fine at first to see him there, free, but that gladness went quickly, and Tom said uneasily, "Maybe you're making a mistake, Frank. If you get away you'll never be able to come back here and you'll always be on the run, and anyway, if they catch you, they'll double your sentence. It isn't worth it. Three years would be a long time."

Frank began to laugh, and shooting out his hand, he slapped Tom on the shoulder. "Dear old Tom, always so cautious, what would a guy like me be doing in a jail for a year and a half?" he said. They were standing close together in the dark room with no light coming from the window and Frank's laughter sounded arrogant. When Tom didn't answer Frank said anxiously, "What's the matter, Tom," as if Tom was the one person in the world he was sure of.

"All right, Frank," Tom said. "I'd go with you anyway. You know that. It doesn't matter what I think. I'll put something on. What are you going to do on the other side?"

"Hide in the woods in the daytime and be off when night comes. Bring me some clothes. I'll look around too. Have you got any money?"

When they were ready they went down to the farm's end, carrying a bundle of clothes, and at the water's edge, though it was not so windy now, the lake looked like a restless heaving part of the immeasurable blackness overhead. They carried the rowboat down from its place at the clump of trees, and at the water, when it was tossed back by the first wave, Tom yelled, "It'll take hours, Frank. Maybe you'd better wait," but his words were blown away and Frank didn't answer.

Though they each pulled strongly at an oar it was very difficult getting past the point of land at the end of the farm. The wind swept around the point lashing the rain at their faces. It always seemed to blow harder at the point. Whenever they looked at the tip of land, the black shadow, measuring how far they had gone, it seemed that they had only been bobbing back to the shore, and if they rested a moment they quickly lost whatever they had gained. But they had expected this and they kept on pulling together with all their strength, their backs bending together, the same muscles aching on both of them, till they were out on the channel where it suddenly was easier. As they turned and looked back at the shore, Frank yelled, "Good boy, Tom," and they settled down to row steadily. They rowed perfectly together, they had been rowing on the lake in this way ever since they had been children. All their lives they might have been training for this one trip across the eight mile lake.

Continued on page 102

The Two Brothers

Continued from page 101

During those hours of hard and silent rowing the sound of the oarlocks and the water against the boat became so regular that Tom began to repeat to himself mechanically, "If he gets away he'll never be back around here. The people who used to like him will never see him again. I'll be alone. I'll be alone, I'll be alone." It was such an easy thought to accept. Already he was used to never seeing Frank again, and he was contented; instead of feeling the desolation that such a notion might have brought to him, he was contented. He began to feel, too, that he was carrying Peg deep in his thoughts, but that was very secret. An immense willingness came to him to help Frank, he offered to take both oars, there was a vast gentleness within him urging him to do even more than Frank expected.

And then the hard work and the wind began to tire him, driving all the distorted night thoughts of hours ago out of his head, and soon everything that had happened earlier in the evening seemed far away, as if it had happened to somebody else. "Frank's never mentioned Peg," he thought. "I've been thinking of nothing but myself for hours." The dark blotch of the land was just ahead and they were in the shallow water, the long stretch of it in the inlet where there was a beach, and now it was easy rowing with their oars sometimes pulling out the weeds. "We're there," Tom said. "I'll stay on the beach with you for a while and then you can get going. Maybe you better take some of the food and eat it now. It's stopped raining."

"I'll eat something on the beach," Frank said. He was resting his oars wearily as the boat pushed through the shallow water.

As soon as they pulled the boat high up on the beach they did not even wait to take out the bundle, they were so very tired; they lay down on the sand listening anxiously for any noises that might come from the trees or from out over the water. They lay close together, their bodies heavy and tired, listening to each other breathing, too, somehow being glad that they could hear each other like this. To Tom it began to seem that he had always heard it like this, years ago when he had awakened in the night and had heard Frank sleeping beside him, or maybe after he and Frank had been fighting and they had rolled over and over together: there was that time too, years ago, when they had rowed across the lake for the first time, each at an oar and had lain maybe on this very spot to rest before going back. A bit wearily he raised himself on his arm and said, "Frank, you're making a big mistake."

"Mistake? What do you mean?"

"You ought to go back. You'll be on the run God knows how long, you'll never be really free and in the long run they may catch you. A year and a half now would be a little time compared with that. It would soon be over and everybody likes you around here."

"You're talking like a fool, Tom. I got too many thoughts to bother me without listening to stuff like that."

"You ought to go back. You'll never feel free this way. It'll spoil your whole life."

"Shut up, Tom. If you want to talk like that, get into the boat and go back."

Staring out across the dark water, with his wet clothes hanging on him, Tom repeated with a kind of wretched doggedness, "Please, Frank, come back, you know I wouldn't say it if I didn't think it was best. You know how it makes me feel to have you cooped up in a rotten little jail, but I'm telling you to go back. I've always been willing to do almost anything for you." . . . He put out his hand and touched his brother's shoulder, and at that moment with the wind blowing and the water lapping on the beach, his voice faltered, for he felt a great tenderness for his brother that he could not express. He felt helpless as he said, "Come on, Frank."

Sitting up quick, Frank said, "Do you really think I'd be such a damned fool as that . . . after coming this far. What's on your mind?"

"Nothing but what I say."

"I don't believe it. You've got something else on your mind."

"It's just as I say, Frank."

"You're getting yellow about it, that's probably it," Frank said. He was full of contempt. They were really shouting at each other because of the sound of the breaking waves. "I never thought you'd be so yellow, Tom. You're scared of getting caught with your finger in it, you always were such a nice respectable guy. You'd take me back now because of what the neighbors might think, wouldn't you? You're a fool. Sit there and hold your head. I'm going." He got up slowly and started along the beach, cutting in gradually to the trees.

"Come back, Frank. Please come back," Tom called. Frank's light shirt was moving against the dark line of the trees, going farther and farther away. Tom was frightened, he felt desperate as he used to feel years ago when Frank was in a fight with a bigger boy and getting beaten, so he started to run after him, shouting, "Wait a minute." He caught up and started pulling at Frank's arm. Frank shook his arm free and they both kept walking along the beach in the darkness. "You're not going, that's settled. You've got to come back with me," Tom said.

"Who says so?"

"I said so."

Without even turning his head Frank said, "Try and make me, why don't you?"

Pulling again at his arm Tom pleaded, "If it's the last thing you ever do for me, do this, Frank. I won't ever ask you to do another thing, and if you go back everything'll straighten itself out."

Jerking his arm free, Frank started to run, running slowly and heavily with a lurching stride because his boots sank into the wet sand, and Tom lunged after him, and the two figures were bobbing up and down against the dark background of the trees with Tom gaining steadily because he was not so tired nor had he run so far. Once Frank looked back, then he cut in sharply towards the trees. There was a little embankment with grass on the top between the line of trees and the sandy beach, and here Frank slipped in the mud, and here Tom caught up to him, only Frank lashed out with his foot and caught Tom on the shoulder. Holding though, and pulling, Tom dragged him by the leg back down the embankment, but there he could not hold him. Frank jumped up, ducked and swung both hands, hitting Tom heavily on the head. Then they clenched desperately and rolled over and over on the wet sand and closer to the line of the water till Frank's hands came loose and he flailed away frantically at Tom's head; he kept beating him wildly and when Tom would not move or let go, he suddenly quit, with Tom lying heavily on him and them both gasping for air. They lay there in this way sucking in the air. Then Frank's breathing became a kind of sob. He couldn't help it, he had run far earlier in the evening and he was weak, and without knowing why, he was crying with his face pressed in the sand.

And as he lay there, waiting, Tom was so miserable he wanted to die. He began to pray, "Oh, God, please don't let him cry like that. Don't let him make that noise," because he, himself, couldn't stand it there on the beach with the water lapping on the shore.

When Frank's strength began to come back he still kept quiet. There was no use moving; it was ended for him, there, with his face in the sand. Almost timidly, Tom said, "Come on back now, Frank."

"All right. I got to, I guess."

They went back along the beach with Frank lurching drunkenly, with Tom longing to put his arm around him and steady him, but after the way Frank had sobbed on the sand there was a shyness between them that was hard to break.

At the boat Tom said, "You sit there. I'll do the rowing. It's not blowing hard now," so Frank got into the boat and huddled there with his head thrown back on one arm, his mouth still open as if he would never get enough air.

Tom began to row steadily. The wind was still strong but the water was much calmer now. Soon they were far out on the water. When he was tired Tom rested on his oars, his shoulders drooping over them, and he was looking over the water at one little path of light. The wind, scudding the clouds across the sky, had finally parted them. As the bright moonlight shone more fully on the dark water he remembered all the joy he had felt when the same light had shone on the field of buckwheat and Peg had belonged so surely to him. He could hear Peg calling, "Come back, I loved you more tonight than ever before," but that was just a part of his and Peg's world; it didn't touch Frank.

The oars were very heavy as he rowed, and they got heavier with each stroke, for it seemed that something was breaking inside him. "Frank, you're not sore at me, are you? I wouldn't want to do it if it weren't for you. Can't you see that? Why don't you answer? Listen, Frank. You're not sore are you? If you really want to I'll go back, I mean if you're sore." Huddled there, silent and unanswering, Frank's eyes were wide open, staring up at the darkness of the night above. While he watched, Tom could still hear that desperate sob for freedom that had come from Frank back on the beach, and it brought such an ache in him that he looked around wildly. But he kept on going, one long slow stroke after another, always trying to talk softly to his brother.

Tournament

Boxing is a mug's game whether you fight for two hundred grand or only for good old Phi Gamma

by ROBERT McLAUGHLIN

• FICTION •

The two figures in the ring bobbed uncertainly. The Phi Gam—Gerald didn't know his name—had blood on his mouth but he seemed fresher and stronger than Pongo Harvey. Pongo, squat, scowling, with his straight blond hair in a shock across his forehead, retreated to the ropes. He clung to the upper strand with one hand, swaying his body with the motion of the ropes. The Phi Gam came at him; Pongo caught him full in the mouth with his left, took two hard ones to the body in return. Arching his back he slid away along the ropes. His face was strained.

Strident voices cut across the roaring: "That got him, Johnny!... Take him, boy! ... He doesn't like 'em in the belly, Johnny!"

The Phi Gams are out in force, thought Gerald. He sat nerveless just outside the ring as Andy fastened on the gloves. Andy worked fast, head bent over. He looped the strings around Gerald's padded wrists, fastened them in double knots. Irrelevantly Gerald noticed that Andy was getting bald. It was funny he hadn't noticed it before. He started to yawn, then abruptly closed his mouth. That was stupid; what did he have to yawn about? He knew it was nervousness and was annoyed that he should show it. God! why had he ever gotten into this thing anyway? He huddled his robe closer around his naked shoulders, listened dully to the noise in the stands behind him.

Sitting there trying to keep his hands quiet, trying to ignore the dryness in his throat, he cursed the impulse that had led him to sign up for boxing instead of some more innocuous gym sport. Just what under heaven did he expect to prove by going in there and walloping some fool and being walloped in return? But there was no out now. He had to go in and die for the old fraternity. Damn the fraternity!

The people around him began to shout in earnest. They didn't shout anything that made sense; it was just a swelling hubbub of sound; a sudden spewing out of a low thunder. Then coherent phrases came through the animal mutter: "Get him, Johnny . . . ! Put him away, boy!"

Gerald turned his attention to the ring. Pongo was absorbing a beating. He was backed into a neutral corner, head down, elbows pressed into his stomach so that the gloves protected his face. The Phi Gam was whaling him earnestly but wildly. The bell clanged.

Gerald's throat went even drier than before and his stomach slid away to nothingness. It was his turn now!

"Let's go," he said impatiently to Andy.

"Wait a minute."

Gerald had stood up. It seemed silly to sit down again. He looked through the ropes into the ring; Pongo sat in an attitude of dejection while his gloves were unlaced. Gerald quite wholeheartedly envied him. It was all over for Pongo at any rate.

The referee went over and held up the Phi Gam's hand. The Phi Gams in the crowd cheered lustily.

Gerald crawled into the ring. Pongo was standing up with his leather jacket over his shoulders. He had forgotten to bring his robe. Or did he have one? Gerald couldn't remember.

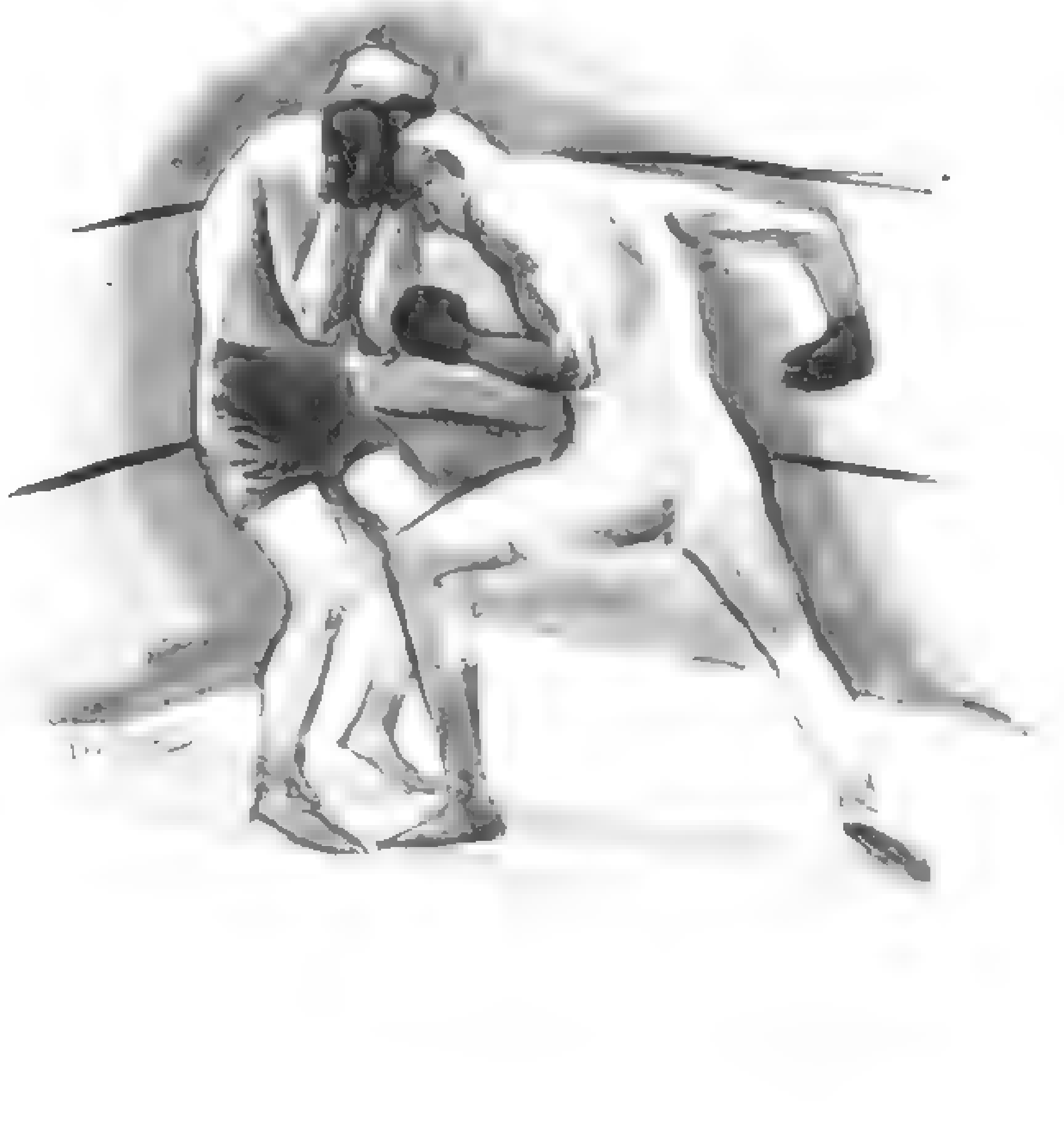
"Nice going," he said, patting Pongo's arm.

Pongo smiled through his puffed lips. "Lamb for the slaughter," he said.

Gerald sat down on the stool while Andy did his best to perform like a professional trainer. He rubbed Gerald's legs. "Take it easy," he cautioned.

Gerald made a grimace. He hoped to God he'd take it easy. He wished he hadn't made that silly gesture last night. Getting drunk at Dick Cowles. That was dumb. Still he didn't feel any the worse for it. And the dope he had to fight wasn't so very good anyway. They had had to stop the fight once in boxing class. Gerald felt an elation as he thought of that day. He hadn't even known the kid was hurt until the coach had knocked down his gloves. Then he saw that the kid was leaning against the ropes with a silly expression on his square, freckled face. But he had only been stunned momentarily and when they went at it again Gerald had tried without success to put him away.

He wished the kid were a Phi Gam instead of a Barb. The brothers would get a kick out of his stopping a Phi Gam.



The referee called him to the center of the ring. He went forward with the robe loose about his shoulders, holding his gloved hands together as he remembered boxers doing in the movies. He didn't hear much the referee was saying, something about breaking clean, taking it easy, ". . . . don't try to kill each other . . ."

He was watching the kid. He was shorter than Gerald and heavier through the chest and arms. He had sandy, nondescript hair and a sandy, nondescript face. It was funny, Gerald reflected, that he didn't even know the kid's name. What was it? Hoskins or Williams or something. He thought irrationally that he was probably being a snob; just because the kid was a Barb—

"Go to your corners and come out fighting," said the referee.

Again Gerald's stomach acted queazily. He left the center of the ring, pulling off his robe. Andy took it from him and Gerald rubbed his feet in the resin box. On an impulse he crossed himself as the Italian boxers back home did.

The harsh note of the bell hung suspended; bright against the dark, murmurous background of the crowd. Gerald swung around, went forward. The kid was coming at him, his pale, freckled face set with a grim intensity. They both tried long jabs that were ridiculously short.

In those first seconds of combat it was as though Gerald's mind had closed itself, had turned inward on a blackness of its own making. Things swarmed in his ears, there was a rushing sound like that of water up a canyon. He moved his arms automatically, thrusting, swinging, working himself into awkward, amateur postures. Neither of them had a thought for defense. The roar of the crowd took on a deep, ecstatic note at the vicious arc of a wildly flung uppercut that slashed the air harmlessly. The padded fists leapt out in desperate lunges; rubber-soled sneakers scraped and squeaked on the canvas; labored breathing whistled between clenched teeth.

Suddenly Gerald came to a surprised stop. His staring eyes finally picked up his vanished foe. The kid seemed hopelessly entangled in the lower strands of the ropes. My God! thought Gerald, I must have hung one on him. Elated he backed away while the kid climbed swiftly and clumsily to his feet.

As they faced off Gerald's excitement lost its edge. The kid was unmarked; he must have stumbled.

They closed again with the din of the crowd surging freshly in their ears—

Then the roof of the gymnasium fell in. Startled, Gerald found himself sitting on the

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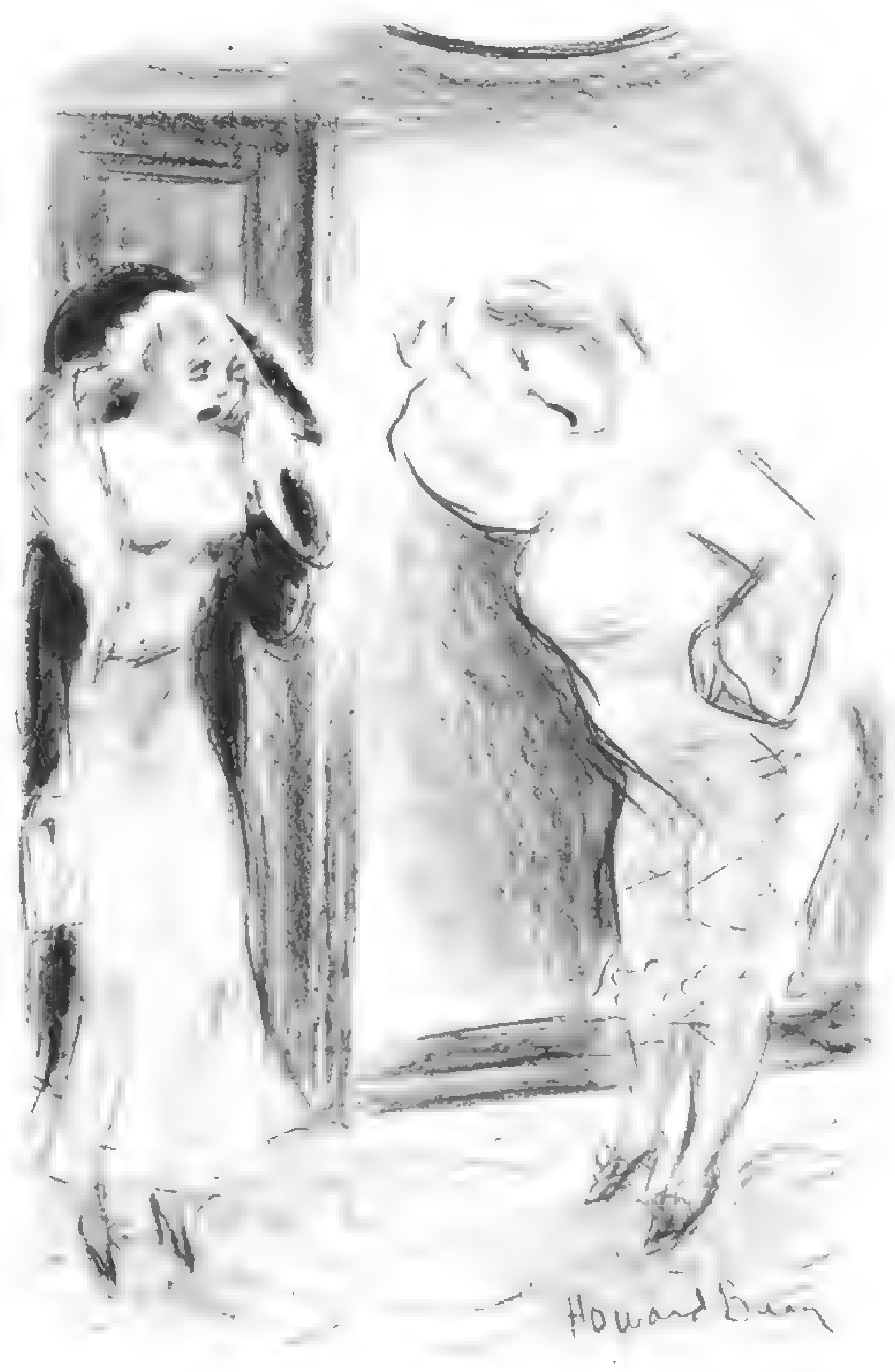
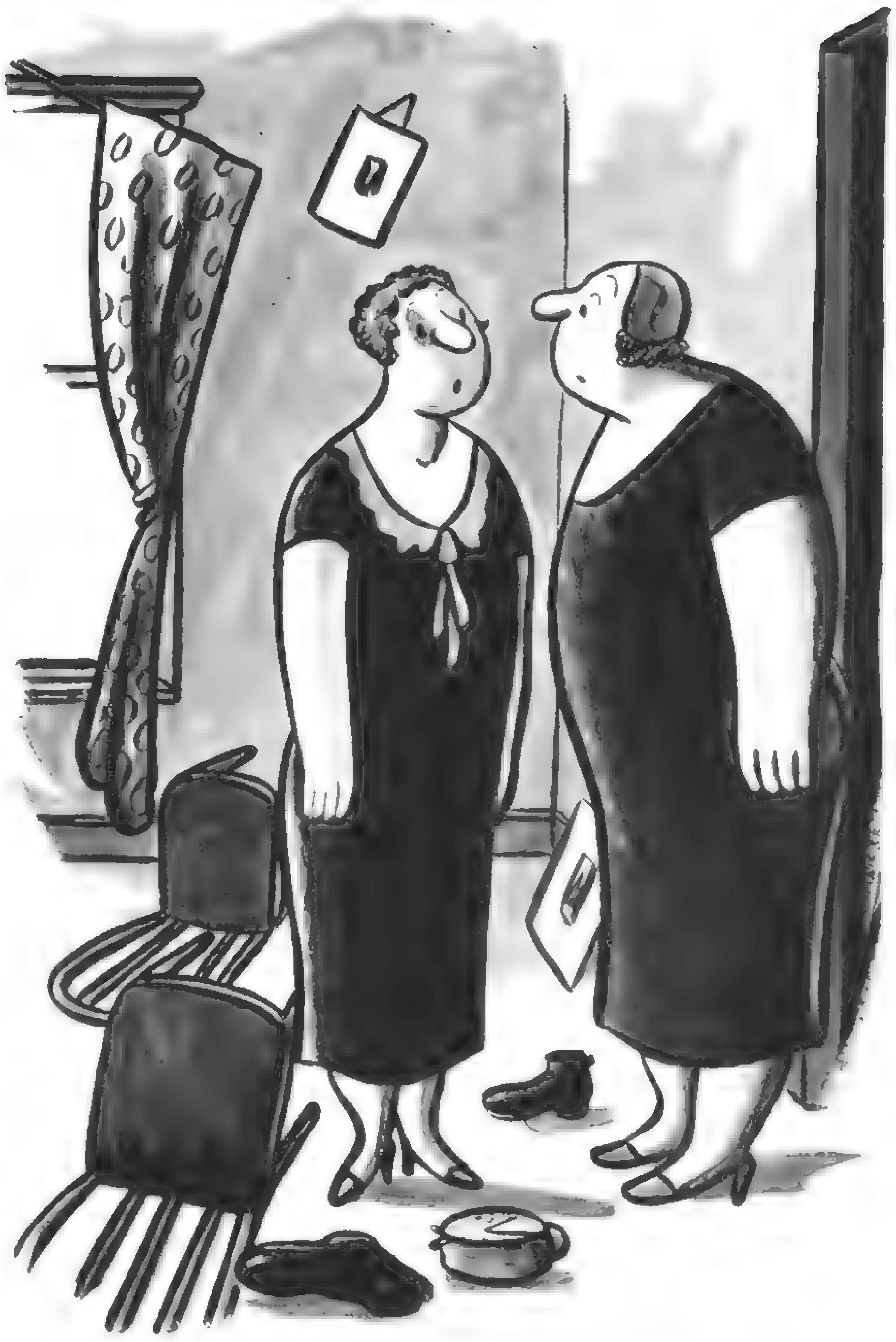
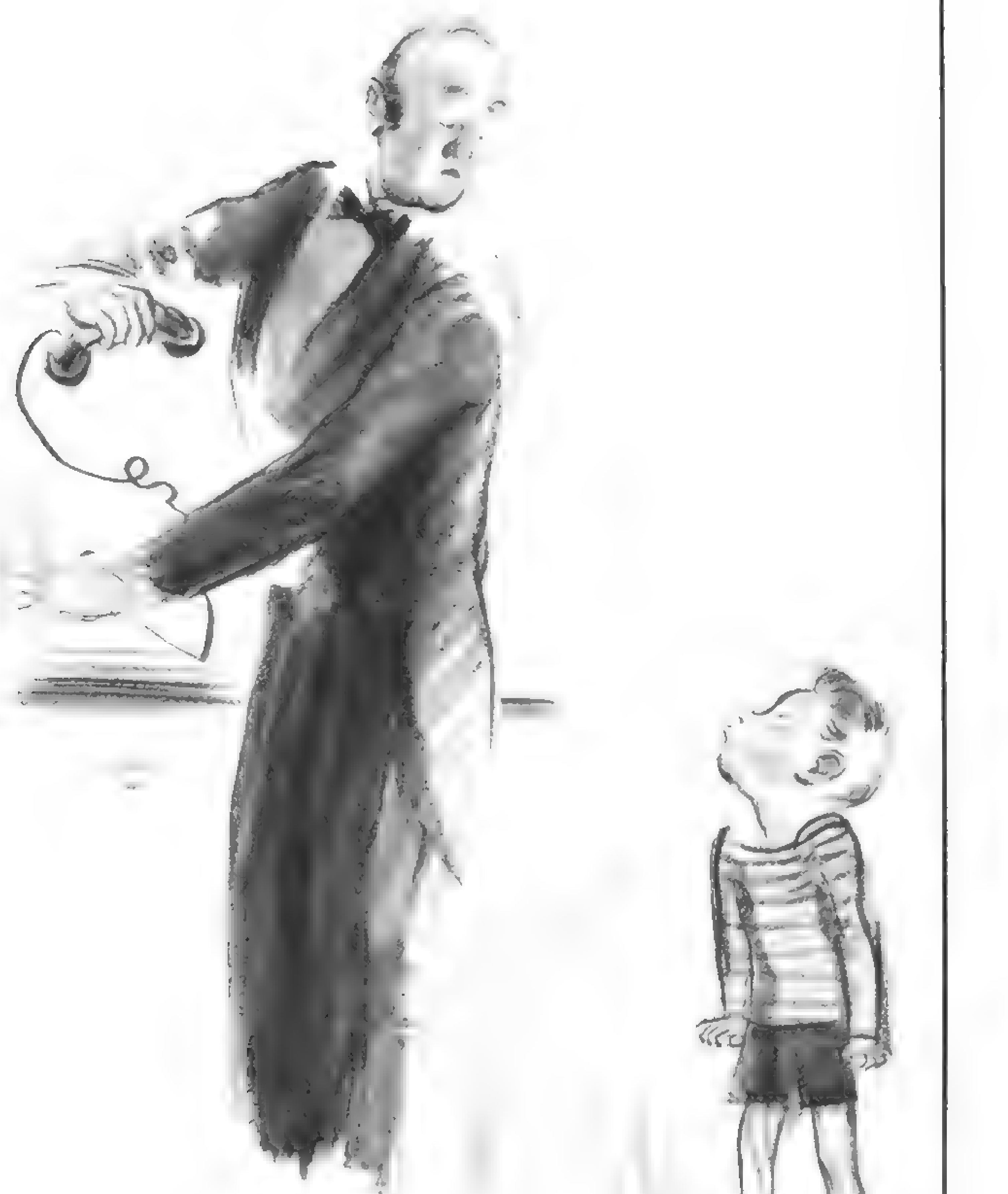


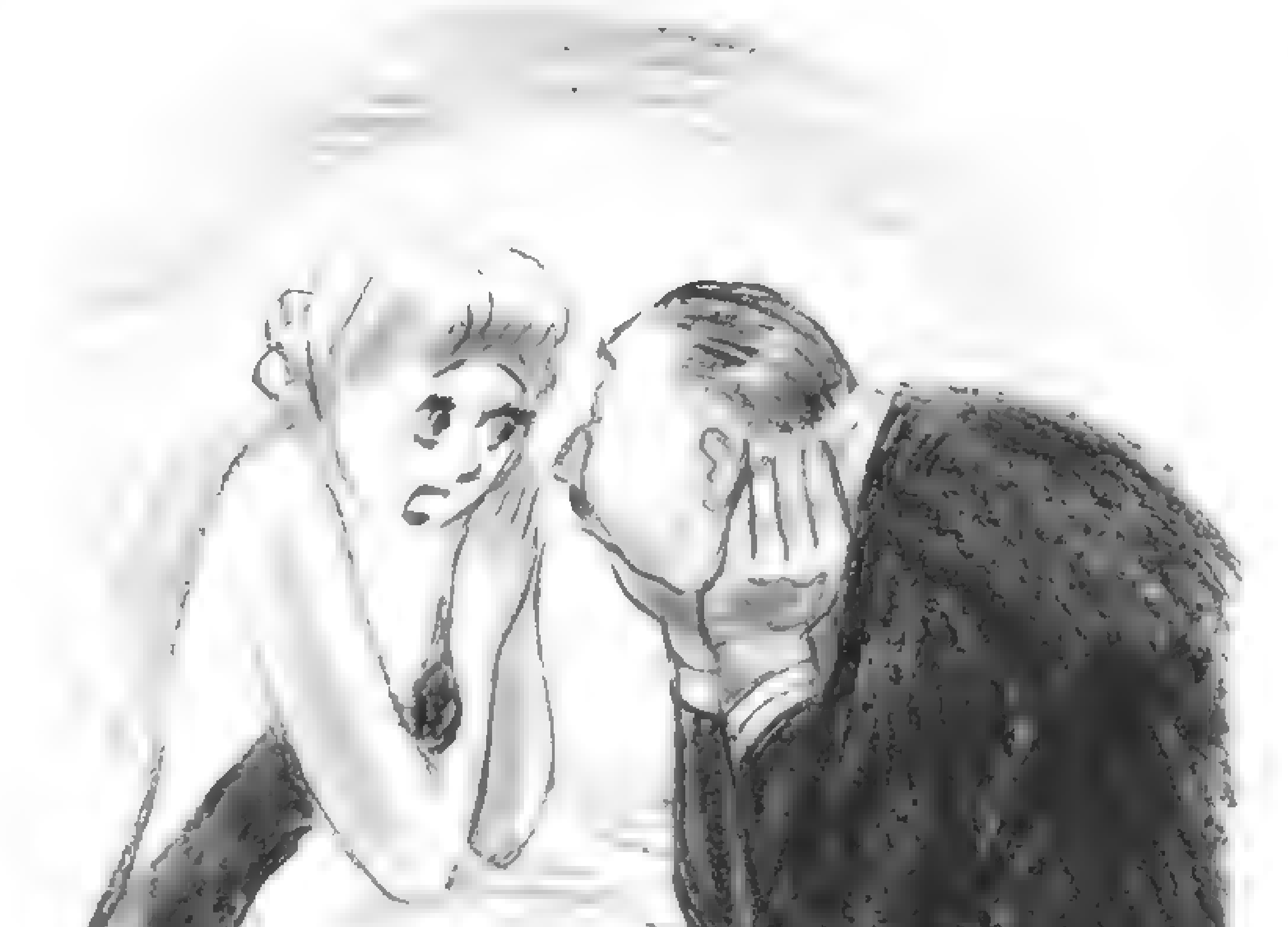
"So you stayed at a girl friend's house, huh?"



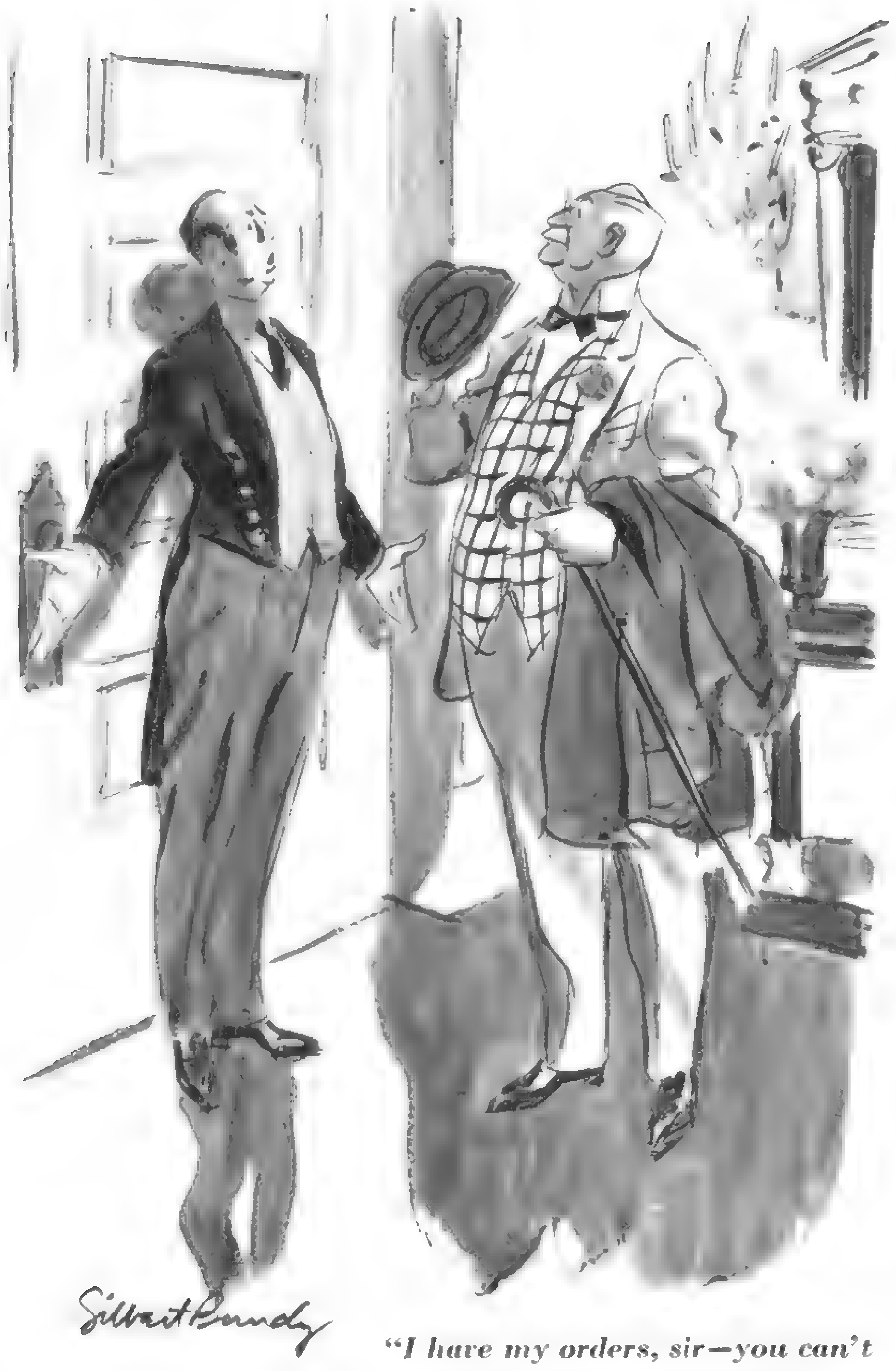
"He revolted against marriage last night."



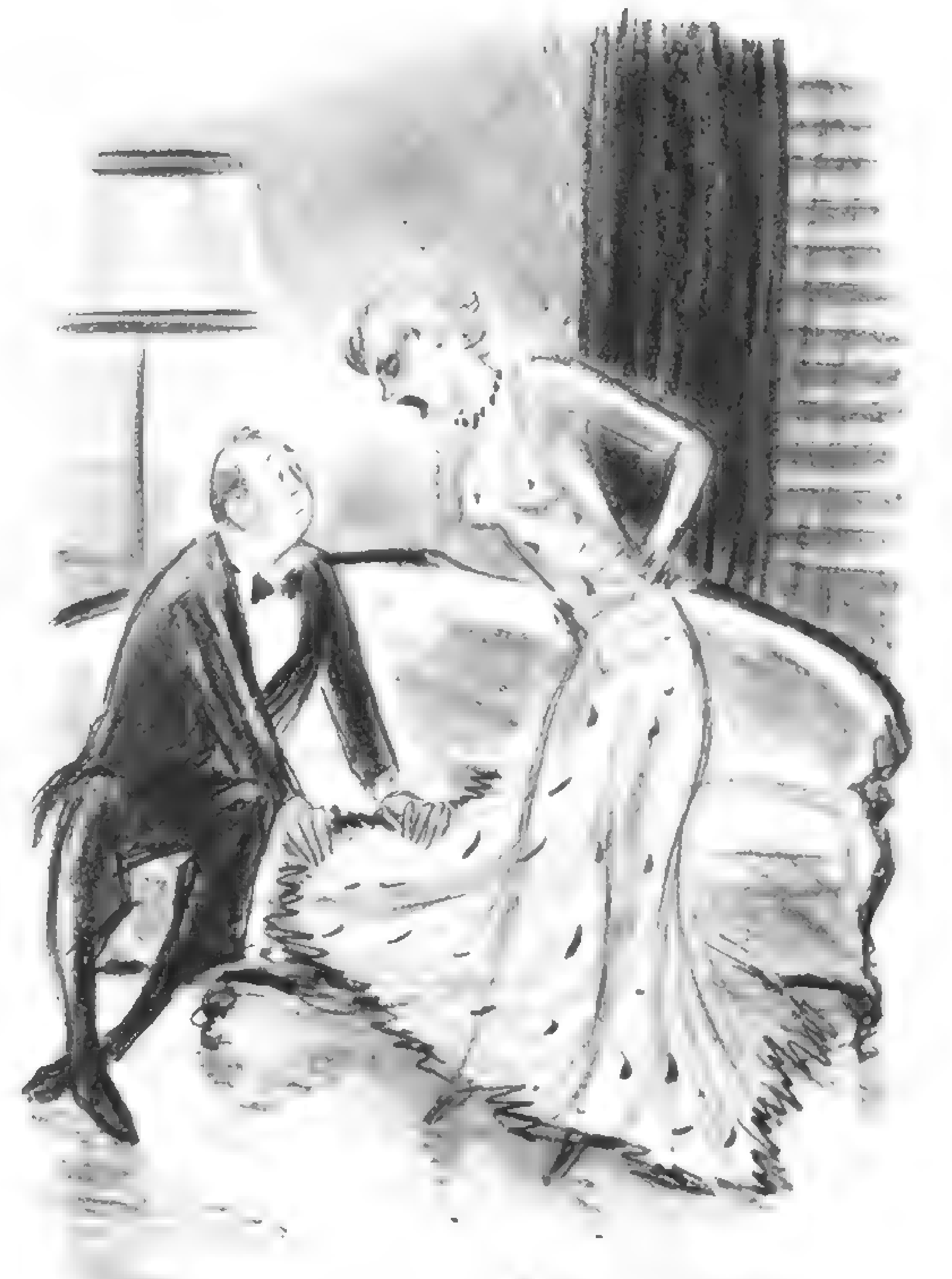
"If it's that woman again—I'm not in!"



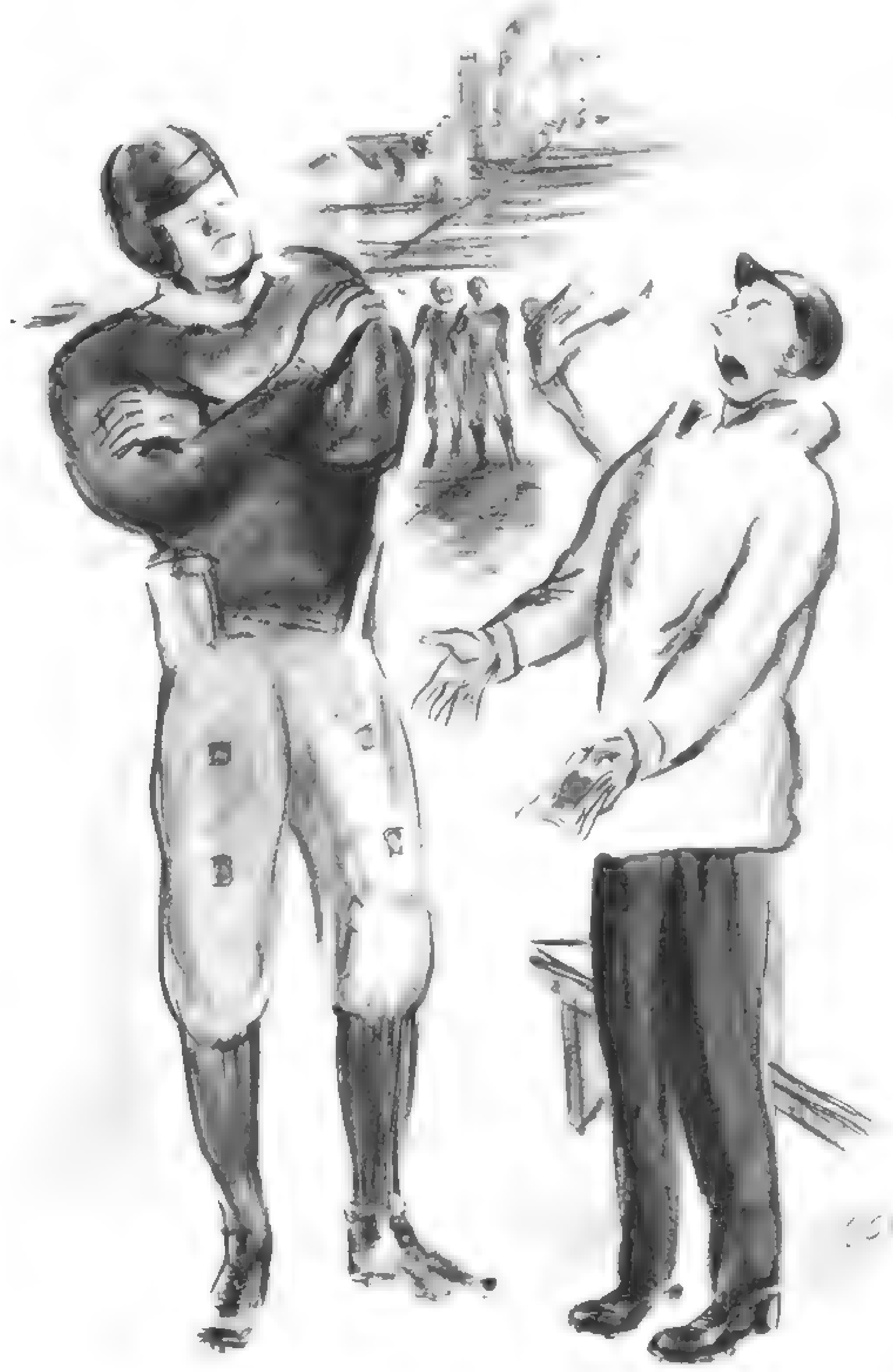
"Oh I feel all right, but this is the day I always worry about my rent."


Gilbert Bundy

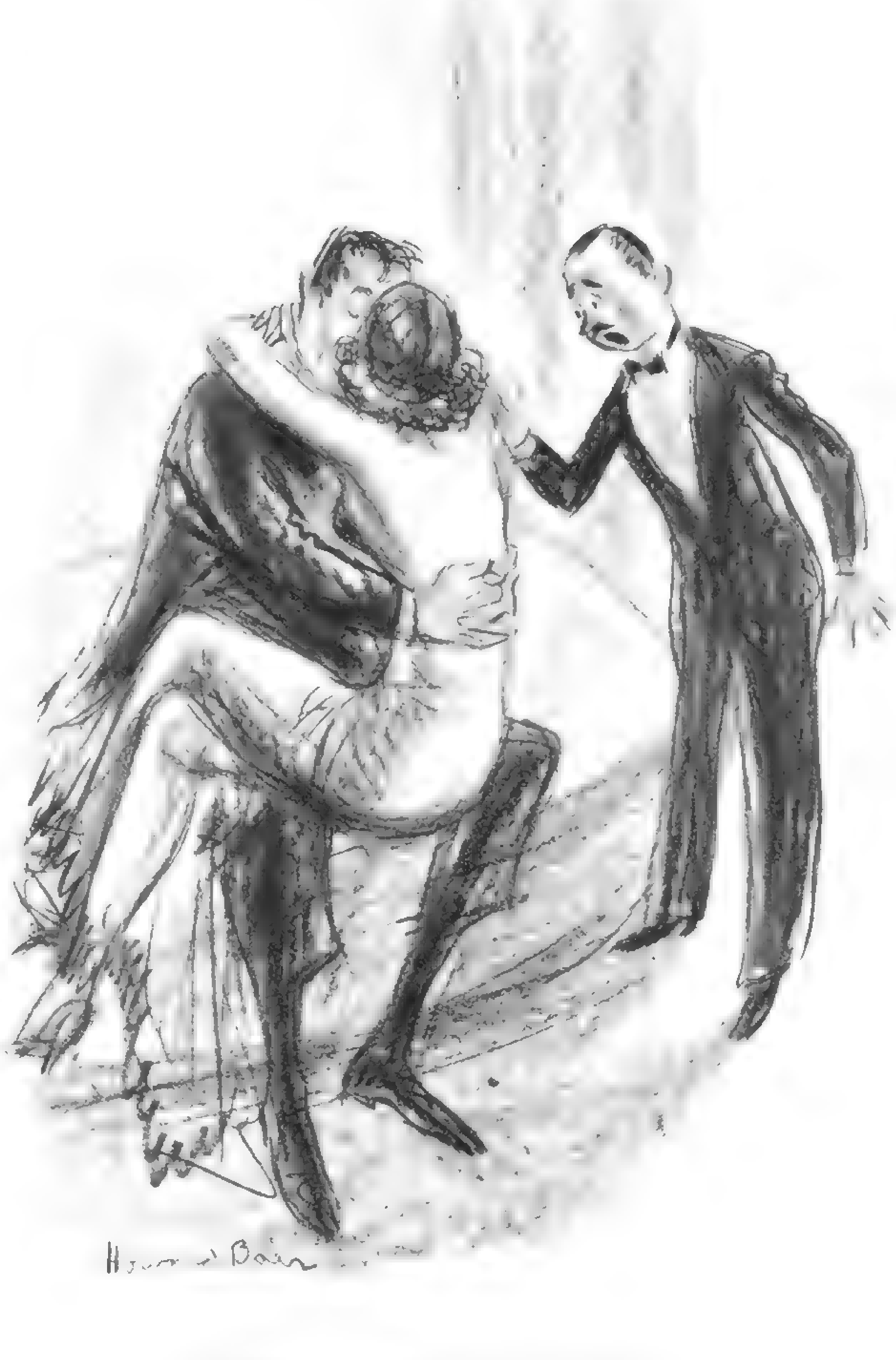
"I have my orders, sir—you can't go out in that waistcoat."



"Yeah, I'll be pals, but not that kind of pals!"



"Where's your school spirit, Flannigan—ain't fifty bucks enough?"


Howard Baer

"Hilda, you can't do this to me!"

Care and Feeding of Fathers

Continued from page 54

mation, "Of course they both got a big edge on ordinary kids their age."

After making notations on a huge, pencil-scrawled chart, he dived under the gas range to emerge with an old German shell-case, polished and etched with robust scenes from the trenches. Placing this implement under the babies' stomachs he rolled them back and forth several times on the kitchen table. Each twin burped gratefully in turn.

"Gas," he explained with pride. "You never catch *my* babies with colic."

In another moment the cooing twins had fallen asleep and Joe tiptoed out of the bedroom to join me in the parlor. Of course I couldn't help asking him how he had become so proficient.

Thoughtfully he placed a spittoon on the carpet midway between us and filled one side of his mouth after offering me his jack-knife and the plug. "Hell," he said, "either you got it in you to raise kids or you haven't. I did a lot of babying down in Carbondale before I was old enough to work in the mines—that give me my start and I've thought plenty on the question ever since. The way I look at it, you got to put yourself in a kid's place and figure out what you'd like to have done to *you*, see?"

That was the most explanation I ever got out of him, for the master was not notably coherent about his talents. "Women," he went on, with a sidewise shot which not only made the cuspidor ring but moved it perceptibly, "aren't fitted by nature for high-class babying. Their hands are too small to pick up a kid right and then, hell, women aren't much good around a house anyhow."

He rolled a cigarette to supplement his chew. "Wait till you meet Ed! He's bringing up a baby of his own—anyhow he hopes it's his own." Joe's amusement made the windows rattle. "That makes me think of a story I heard——"

After listening to several ribald anecdotes I realized that my time was up, too quickly, and began making my excuses. But when I was backing out of the door, hat in hand, it occurred to me that in my fascination I had forgotten the principal object of the call, Cousin Phyllis.

Joe almost felled me with a hospitable whack between the shoulder blades. "That settles it! You got to stay for dinner now. Phyl gets home from work in a few minutes and Ed's coming over with his kid."

In our family councils it had been predicted that Cousin Phyllis would make a bad marriage, if indeed she ever got as far as that altar which represented home plate in the imaginings of the various aunts. Phyllis, it was thought, was too pretty, too feminine, too giddy ever to catch anybody except some gay, handsome scoundrel who would do her wrong. She would never, like my plain Cousin Emily, marry an up-and-coming mortician and rule her own bungalow out in Oak Park.

Nobody could shout "I told you so!" when Phyllis inexplicably eloped with a shell-torn veteran who employed a double or even a triple negative; so it was assumed that she had "thrown herself away out of pity." But the moment she bounced into the apartment I perceived what a gross error this was. Never have I seen a more shining, beloved, dewy look on a young woman's countenance! After the greetings it was obvious that she was as pampered and spoiled as if she were a last week's bride rather than the mother of twins—at once Joe peeled off her coat, snatched her off her feet, gave her a noisy smacker and deposited her in an armchair.

"Oh, can I go look at the babies?" she asked.

Joe nodded indulgently. "Just so's you don't wake 'em up."

He was strict to the point of severity about women gushing over the twins. With his experienced discernment of human duplicity he recognized that such gushing was more than likely to contain guile as well as germs.

"Where's Ed?" demanded Phyllis, coming out of the darkened bedroom with the air of a pretty, petted child. "You see," she explained for my benefit, "it's Ed's turn to get tight. He and Joe divide up the Saturday nights while the other takes care of the babies."

It was apparent that neither of them felt that he could safely leave the three infants with a woman during the brief moment of relaxation from the cares and duties of a fortnight. And the fact that alcohol represented the means of diversion is excused by the explanation that Ed as well as Joe had been an infantry cook. After that a man wants only to forget when he is out for a good time.

The two had met in a reconstruction hospital while their numerous shrapnel wounds were being patched up. The contact had grown into a friendship based upon mutual respect, each knowing what a sombre and godlike knowledge of humanity the other possessed.

"I hope," mused Phyllis, "that poor Ed doesn't get pinched again."

It seemed that on one unfortunate Saturday evening he had developed a fixation about barber poles. It grieved him to reflect how universally the more modern electric device, whirling colorfully in the window, had replaced the honest, old-fashioned pillar attached to the sidewalk. The more he brooded over it, the more he felt that something ought to be done about the matter. Being a man of action as well as thought, he took another drink and began a taxi cruise in search of one last barber pole upon which a man could gaze without shame. He found it in Cicero, after running up an eight-dollar fare, and tore it up by the roots for a souvenir. When the owner protested to the police Ed laid about him lustily with the barber pole as a bludgeon. It took a riot call to subdue him and a great deal of effort on the part of several veterans' organizations to get him out of jail by the following Tuesday.

"He gets too rough," sighed Phyllis, cuddling up like a kitten in the armchair while Joe started dinner.

At that moment there was an off-stage rumbling in the hall which resembled a night jungle chorus in talkies of Africa. I started up but Phyllis assured me that it was only Ed humming "The Prisoner's Song." His sense of tone was not remarkable but he had a rich, furry bass like the bottom notes on a bull fiddle. As he limped in the door, pipe in mouth, dragging an antique baby buggy behind him, he edged sidewise in order to make room for his shoulders.

With a solemnity matching his unblinking blue eyes and stubby blond hair he began taking things from the baby buggy—first an extremely chubby baby, then an array of nursery bottles and finally a glass gallon jug filled with a pale and violent-looking liquid which Phyllis designated as "leopard lotion." It was in the days before Chicago bootlegging had reached the happy efficiency later perfected by Al Capone; and home-brew was likely to speak with various and vigorous esters as well as an alcoholic voice of authority. Ed poured a water glass for himself but Phyllis and I were able to decline without hurting his artistic pride. Joe, too, shook his head with regret.

"Babying and likker," he explained, "don't mix."

His dinner, of course, was a masterpiece. The steak, smothered in a peck of crisp onions, was of a thickness and diameter almost corresponding to the hind-quarter of a beef. French fried potatoes, creamed cauliflower and a combination salad played their parts in a repast topped off by deep-dish apple pie. It was notable that Joe never once got up from the table except for a change of courses, yet all the dishes were simultaneously washed and wiped by the time the coffee was served. "Hell," he answered my praise with becoming modesty, "this is soft after cooking for a couple hundred men, ain't it, Ed?"

The most Phyllis had to do was walk to the table and back, unless Joe took a notion to sweep her off her feet and carry her.

But it was already the twilight of the gods, if I had only known it, and due in part to my own thick-headed incompetence. For I couldn't help writing Aunt Mae after getting home that night; and I was rash enough to add the fatal comment:

"Her husband takes care of the twins and you ought to see how good he is! Really, Aunt Mae, he's *better than any woman* with babies."

Those four well-meant words deserve their italics. They deserve being carved in mournful marble as an epitaph to the contentment I had just seen. But, stupidly, I didn't realize that disaster was impending when Aunt Mae replied, "No, dear, nothing can take the place of a woman's loving care. Poor, poor Phyllis! She is missing so much in life being torn apart from her little ones."

I couldn't write back that poor Phyllis preferred to work at the Boston Store "because you get to see so many funny people"; and that her pay plus Joe's monthly Government check added up to a comfortable living. Nor did I take warning from Aunt Mae's postscript to the effect that she had adopted a new faith, following many previous adventures in soul-healing, and was thinking of moving to Chicago to be near her latest messiahs.

At the time, indeed, Ed was in more imminent peril than Joe. After all Joe was married and it could be presumed that his wife was in charge of the twins. But Ed's bachelordom, combined with rearing a seven-months-old infant, constituted a direct challenge to the other sex. Little Bill, it seemed, was the careless result of one of Ed's amorous encounters before fatherhood made him more serious.

There was some doubt about the responsibility on the grounds that Doris had been a bit lavish with her affections; but Ed was too big-hearted to bother about finicky details of heredity.

He took little Bill into his heart and home when Doris threatened to put the baby in an institution; and it wasn't long until Ed became as expert at "babying" as the master himself.

"It's not hard," he assured me, "once you get the hang of it. I've trained lots of bird dogs, see, and kids aren't any more trouble than teaching a good setter pup. I'm already starting to get Bill house-broken."

Yet it must not be inferred that either Joe or Ed, because of rich native talent, were inclined to neglect higher authority. Each had his well-thumbed copy of Holt's "Care and Feeding of Infants" at a time when that work was comparatively recent; but they had gone far beyond Holt by introducing such improvements as rolling babies on shell-cases to ward off the colic.

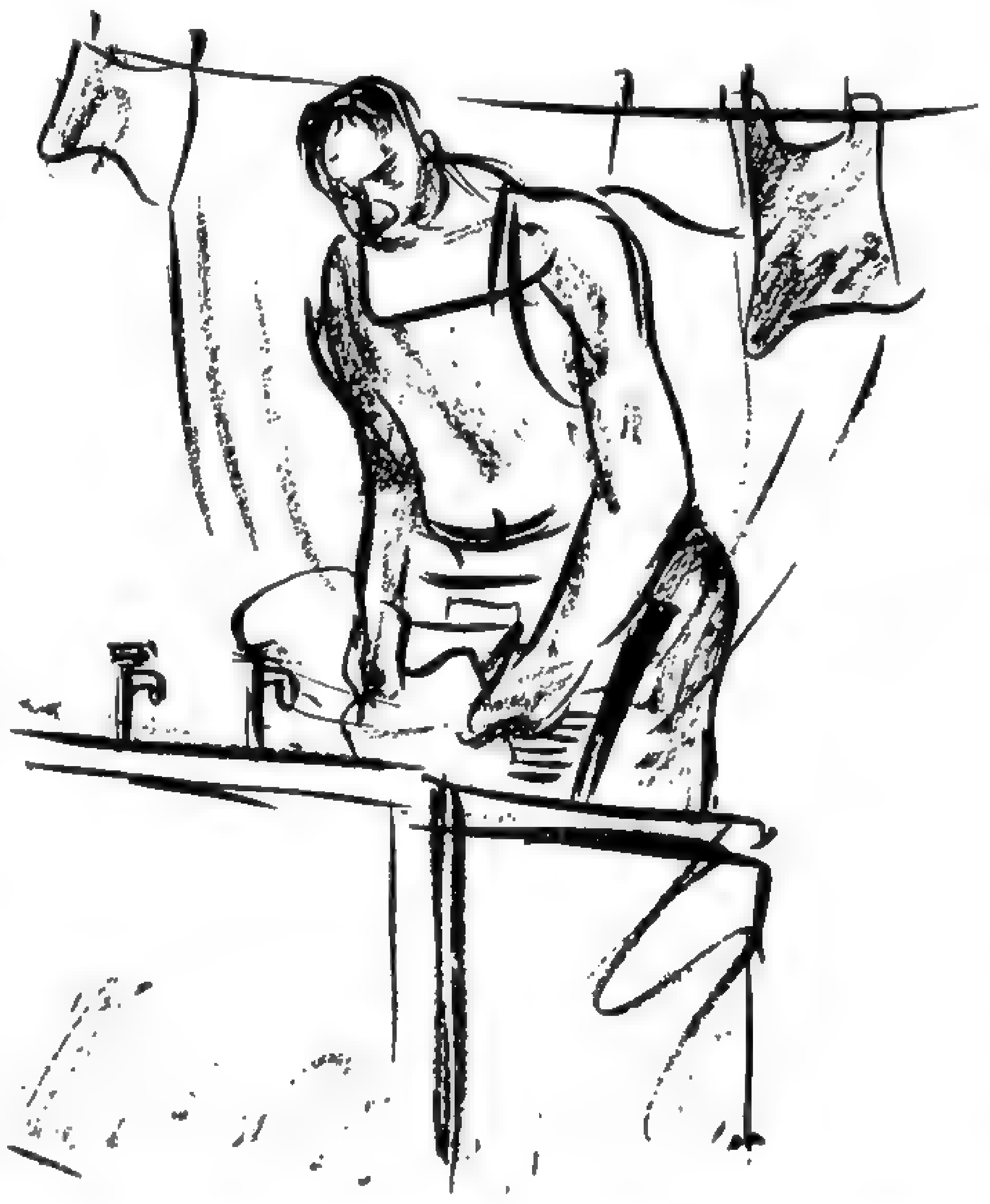
Every pleasant afternoon that summer they could be found in Jackson Park with their tiny wards. And there was no ostentation about the performance such as when a luckless infant is uncomfortably arrayed by its mother or nurse for the inspection of bench-sitters.

Scorning all vulgar show of infantile finery, Ed and Joe let their offspring roll on the grass clad only in diapers while they themselves lounged nearby playing mumblepeg for pennies.

But already, in the midst of this idyllic well-being, the stage was set for tragedy. The blow fell with devastating suddenness when they relaxed the vigilant rule of never entrusting the babies to a woman during a Saturday night outing. With that madness which precedes destruction they decided just once to enjoy an evening together. Joe had Phyllis rehearse with him for a week beforehand, while Ed wrote out detailed directions for the woman he hired to care for little Bill.

They set forth with an ample supply of lotion but it proved to be a quiet, restful occasion except for throwing a fellow out of a West Side speak-easy during an argument about babies. Nothing further happened until six in the morning when Ed began to worry about the baby's feeding period. It was nearly seven by the time he got home but Bill was howling dismally while his nurse still slept on the floor below. Naturally Ed's complaint was a bit profane and the outraged lady called the police.

It took half a dozen battered cops to assist Ed into the patrol wagon. At the station he was booked on numerous charges and, inevitably, the sob-sister of an evening newspaper wept inky tears about the plight of a helpless baby neglected by a drunken and brutal father. The rest of the story is too pitiful to dwell upon in detail. All the women of the Middle West were up in arms to uphold the most sacred rights of their sex; and as the anticlimax to several hundred sentimental offers of adoption Doris emerged from obscurity to be photographed in the act of taking her child to her bosom again after a heartrending separation.



Ed's very life wouldn't have been worth a plugged nickel if the women had got him in their clutches; and after the sanctuary of jail he was smart enough to brew himself a double batch of consolation before disappearing from sight.

No such swift bolt of feminine vengeance laid Joe and Phyllis low, yet I might have guessed that after Aunt Mae had exposed them to sweetness and light they would have no more chance than flies caught in treacle. As it was, I met her at the station quite innocently and even drove her about the South Side hunting apartments without suspecting trickery when she insisted on a seven-room and two-bath menage for herself. Nor did I tumble when she uttered lofty platitudes about motherhood, fatherhood and babyhood.

My first warning came with a 'phone call stating that Phyllis and the twins were staying at her apartment while Joe was looking for a job.

Obviously Aunt Mae had launched her attack at the weakest spots—Joe's masculine dignity and Phyllis's feminine love of "nice things." And with my plump maiden aunt in her favorite role of "doing good for others" I might have known that it was already too late for a rescue.

With a guilty conscience I hurried to her apartment only to learn that Joe had found work as a second cook in a cafeteria while Phyllis had quit her job. Worse yet it had been agreed that they were to remain with Aunt Mae, rent free, "for the good of the children."

Because of quitting swearing as well as tobacco-chewing in the home, Joe was without vocabulary to tell me in detail; but it was plain that both he and Phyllis had been badly infected by high-minded and right-thinking ethics.

Even the twins were hapless victims as they squalled their futile protest against the discomfort of new knitted and beribboned garments of the "cute" variety.

And now comes a wide gap in my account, like the time interval between the second and third acts, occasioned by moving away from the city. Aunt Mae's letters saddened me with glowing reports of Joe's prosperity and advancement, but I didn't suspect the worst until I got back several years later, shortly after a third child had been born.

It was enough of a shock to see Joe, lately the manager of a chain of cafeterias, wearing his coat in the house, smoking cigars and using choice grammar. But it was worse to see Cousin Phyllis with that discontented and far-away look in her eyes—a look as far away as Reno, I am sure. And, saddest of all, I found the twins so painfully "well trained" under Aunt Mae that I never would have recognized them as the happy, cooing babies of yesteryear.

Yet I could have stood all these clammy evidences of respectability just as I endured Aunt Mae's dinner of well-balanced vitamines instead of the lusty, swaggering calories Joe used to serve. What hit me the hardest, with all the impact of a sledgehammer, was the news that a nurse had been hired that day. A nurse for Joe's baby! . . . She minced into the living room, clad in professional white, to hold up for our inspection a wan and meagre infant which scarcely seemed related to the twins. A whipped, cringing expression came over poor Joe's face and I tried to change the subject to happier days.

"Ever see Ed any more?" I asked.

"No," sighed Joe—and he looked wistful, envious as he added, "No, Ed drank himself to death."

Just at that moment the nurse had a bright impulse. Giggling, she poked the baby toward Joe with the coy, feminine warning:

"Now be careful—musn't drop little babykins, you know!"

At that deadly insult to the master himself I half rose from my chair, ready to interfere if Joe forgot himself to such an extent as to strike a lady. There was a second of bare, quivering silence while his features worked painfully, a dramatic instant in which his eyes dilated and his muscles twitched; and then with a beaten, dejected air he took his son in an unaccustomed grasp.

"I'll be careful," he promised.

On Part Time

Continued from page 43

come in like that. I don't want these people to know about it this afternoon. I told them I got to have a little extra time this noon. My God, if they ever seen you! Oh boy!"

Gladys couldn't talk. Mr. Margolies put his little fat white hand on her arm.

"Get downstairs, huh kid? I'll grab my hat and coat and see you down there. Okay?"

She nodded and he pressed the elevator button for her, then hustled back inside.

Down in the lobby she had the same desire to hurry out and go home. But she was so hungry she was sick. She stood in a little recess by the stairs and stared at the floor. She could feel the glances men gave her as they went in and out. Mr. Margolies appeared finally. He looked better when he had his coat and hat on and you could not see his bald head. He always had a cigar in his mouth and they always smelt a little sour. She walked along with him through the lobby. But they did not speak until they had got outside and around the corner. He had got a step or two ahead of her by this time and he stopped and waited for her, his little plump cheeks gleaming as he smiled.

"Well, kid," he said. "Where do you want to eat?"

Gladys avoided his eyes, for she could not look straight at him without embarrassment.

"I don't care," she said. "Only I'm not dressed up."

"Let's walk down here a ways," he said. "Maybe we could eat at the hotel."

"I'm not dressed up for that," she said.

"Well, maybe we'll see a place. I don't want to eat in any of them cheap places."

"Any place where I don't have to be dressed up," she said.

Mr. Margolies squeezed her arm and they started down the street slowly, looking in the windows. He didn't seem to mind the cold.

"Gee, kid," he said. "You don't look so good. You know?"

"I'm all right," she said.

"Well, you don't look so good. You ought to take care of yourself more."

She nodded and he held her arm a little more tightly. He wasn't quite as tall as she was.

Two blocks down the street there was a Chinese restaurant below the street level. It was a small place and didn't seem to have many people in it.

"How about this?" said Mr. Margolies.

Gladys was pleased because it looked rather dark inside. They went down five steps and into the little low-ceilinged room. A smiling Chinaman in a white jacket showed them to a table in a corner under a window. There were other people there but it was quiet. You could even hear the strange sing-song voices from the kitchen.

Gladys sat down and slid carefully out of her coat, arranging her dress about her so as to hide any remaining stains.

She took the menu in trembling fingers but did not read it. She watched Mr. Margolies rubbing out his cigar in a little brass plate.

"I don't like this Chinese food so much," Mr. Margolies said. "I'm going to have this regular American lunch."

"I'll have that, too," Gladys murmured.

She kept her hands in her lap and pressed her lips together, conscious of her nails and teeth. Yet she was so hungry that she seemed to be quivering inside.

It was a good lunch. There was noodle soup and breaded veal cutlet and lettuce with Russian dressing. Gladys ate so rapidly that she was finished long before Mr. Margolies and had to toy with the remnants of her lettuce while he caught up. He didn't talk at all while he ate. He held his face near his plate and rolled his eyes up at her occasionally and kept patting his mouth with his napkin. He drank four or five glasses of water. Finally he sat back and smiled.

"I don't think I'll have any dessert," he said. "You gonna have dessert?"

Gladys nodded.

"Why don't you have it?" she said suddenly. "You pay for it anyway. Why don't you order it? You might as well."

Mr. Margolies smiled, looking surprised. She had always been so quiet.

"Well," he said. "I don't know. I don't eat much sweet stuff. I never care for it much. But I might as well."

The Chinaman came over and handed him a menu.

"I guess I'll have that apple pie," he said. "You want that?"

Gladys nodded, although she would have liked ice cream. She began to feel nervous again now that lunch was nearly over and she kept biting her lips to keep herself from thinking about it.

She had her napkin all twisted. Mr. Margolies was sucking a toothpick and looking up at the window where they could see the moving legs and feet of people going by on the sidewalk.

The Chinaman brought the little pale slivers of pie on blue plates and Gladys gulped hers, watching if Mr. Margolies wanted his. He poked at it with his fork once or twice and then broke off the tip of it, but he didn't eat it.

"I'll eat yours," Gladys said, "if you don't want it."

Mr. Margolies flushed slightly.

"No," he said, glancing across to the people at the next table. "You better not do that. It would look funny. You know. People might think it was funny. Like I was a cheapskate or something."

Gladys' ears and neck burned.

"All right," she murmured.

Mr. Margolies picked up the check.

"Holy God!" he said. "Will you look at this? Only 70 cents."

He held the check out to Gladys. She glanced at it without interest. Mr. Margolies studied it further.

"I wonder if they got that right. God! You mean to say them lunches was only thirty-five cents apiece? Can you imagine that?"

Gladys noted that he left a quarter for the waiter. She fixed her coat around her and walked out ahead of him, not looking at anyone on the way but seeming to feel the glances at her poor clothes and heels. She waited on the sidewalk for Mr. Margolies. He came out with a toothpick in one corner of his mouth.

"God!" he said. "Can you imagine that lunch for thirty-five cents? I wouldn't have believed it. If I'd known how much it was, I wouldn't have gone in. You know? I'd have figured it was too cheap. That's right."

He held her arm again and she walked along toward the hotel almost in a trance, unable to believe that it was really going to happen.

It was eleven blocks to the hotel but they were out of the wind here and the sun was bright and made it seem less cold. They walked slowly. Mr. Margolies talked all the way but Gladys did not hear him.

Four blocks away she could see the big sign of the hotel made of dead electric bulbs that spelt HOTEL across the top and SEIFFERT all the way down. As they drew nearer and nearer she regarded it with a sort of dumb dread.

She was aware of all the people that passed and the faces that stared into hers as she went up the steps of the hotel but she did not really look at any of them. The lobby of the hotel was dingy. They walked right across the faded carpet to the little elevator. Mr. Margolies winked at the elevator boy who was smiling broadly. Gladys felt herself go white and dizzy and as she got off the elevator there was a buzzing in her ears. She did not remember how they got to the room.

The next thing she knew his hands were on her and she had begun to cry. She could see her own wan, frightened face in the mirror.

On the way back, in the subway, she took the little seat in the front end of the car in the cab that the motorman used. In here she thought she might cry undisturbed but she merely sat there and stared at her own dim reflection, dry-eyed. Automatically she fumbled in her pocket for the money and a sudden panic froze her heart as she did not find it at once. She dug madly into the pocket, deeper, and found it at last, all rolled small. She took it out and smoothed it. It was five dollars. She hadn't been sure at first. She knew she ought to be glad about it.

She got off the subway rather blindly and had four blocks to walk. She stopped in a drug-store on the way and got a pack of Chesterfields for Fred and then on her way out she stopped at the fountain and got a little fifteen-cent box of chocolate ice cream. And then she hurried home, anticipating the warmth and the ice cream and her own bed, beginning to feel good again and happy.

She lit the gasplate at home and stood close to the warmth. When the chill was gone she shed her coat and hat and sat down to eat the ice cream. It was rich and smooth and sweet.

She straightened the bed and picked up the room a little, even wiping dust off the sills and chairs. Then she lay down suddenly on the bed and cried a little.

After a time she got up and put on her coat again to go to the A. & P. She put two dollars away in a little round basket on a shelf and with the other money she got butter and bread and two cans of beans. She got a small chocolate cake for fifteen cents and coffee and a quart of milk. She smiled happily to herself as she carried the

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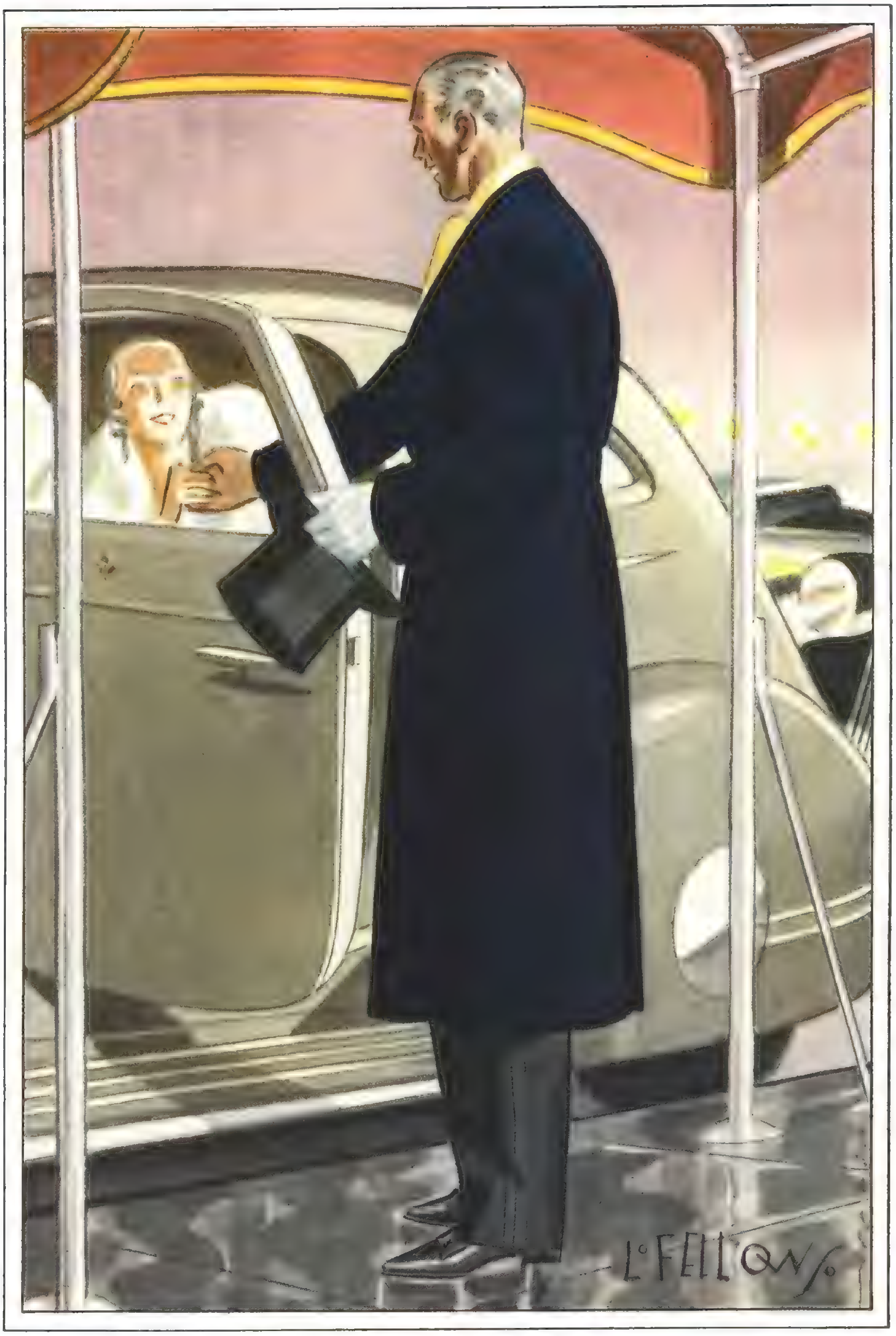
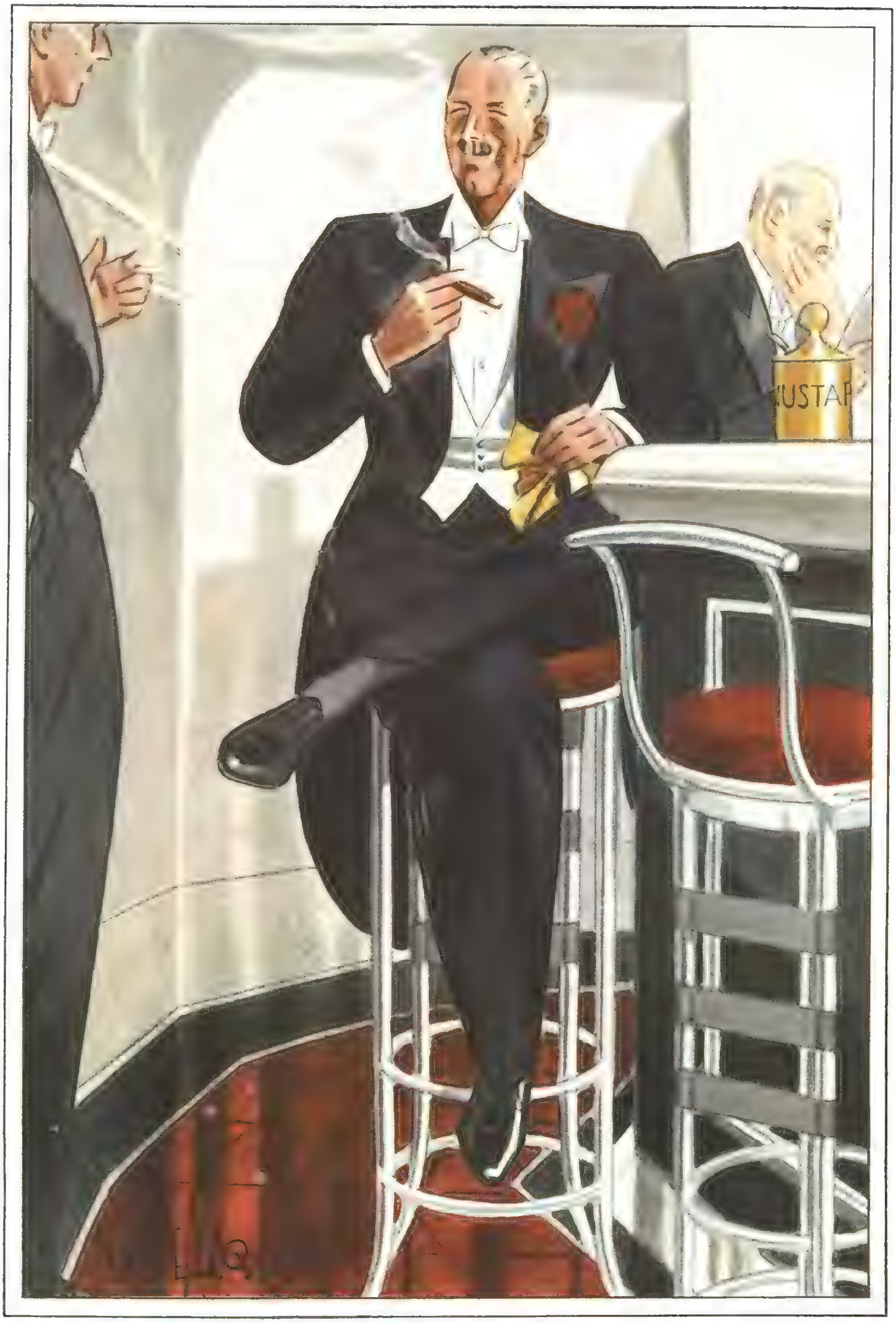
The one coat that defies the clock

The guards coat of navy blue may be worn correctly with evening clothes and it is, of course, an ideal coat for all-occasion day wear. Thus it is a very important coat to have, particularly on short trips out of town when you don't want to carry a lot of luggage and an extra overcoat would be a nuisance. It is double breasted, cut fairly long, with a half-belt and an inverted pleat in the back. The fullness in the back and the pronounced flare to the skirt are characteristic details of this coat. It may be made, of course, in almost any blue fabric, but the best is a very fine blue chinchilla. The slanting flap pockets and the turn-back cuffs are other details worthy of notice. This coat may go to business with a worsted suit and a derby or homburg hat, to a football stadium with a tweed suit and a scratch felt hat, or as pictured here. The details of the accessories that deserve study in this instance are the top hat of dull merino cloth, the gloves of fine white chamois in a one-button style, and the muffler. This is of pale yellow silk, much smarter right now for evening wear than the conventional white. It is worn thrown open at the throat in the Ascot manner.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., for sources of articles sketched)


L. FELLOWS

John Groth



Blacker than black is this midnight blue

This is the evening dress outfit that is now practically standard equipment with London nightlifers and that is beginning to be seen in increasing numbers at the smartest places in this country. The suit is of a fine basket weave fabric, in midnight blue instead of the conventional black. Actually, under artificial light, it looks blacker than black itself which has a tendency to appear slightly greenish under the bright lights in the evening. Note, especially, the extreme width and the stubby shortness of the lapels, and that their facing is of a dull ribbed silk grosgrain, the shiny faced lapels being out at the moment. Note also that the coat sleeves have false cuffs. The shirt is of a very fine white linen, with white pearl studs. It opens at the front and has a very narrow bosom. The high wing collar is wider than the white pique bow which is of the semi-butterfly shape. The waistcoat is a single-breasted model, made backless, and worn with black buttons. A distinguishing feature of this tailcoat is the absence of an outside breastpocket. The Harvard red carnation worn as a boutonniere, is no carnation at all. It is made of feathers and its life is everlasting.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., for sources of articles sketched)

On Part Time

Continued from page 108

big bundle upstairs, thinking how surprised Fred would be.

She had time to get the beans on and start the coffee bubbling before he came. She put out the bread and butter and sliced the cake.

Then she heated water in a pan and washed dishes enough and silver. She even dug out a couple of old napkins and put one at each place.

The coffee began to steam and the whole house was fragrant with it. She set out the clean plates and cups.

Then she heard Fred's slow steps coming up and she turned the beans out on to the plates so that when he pushed the door open, wearily, he found supper all on the table.

It took him a minute or two to appreciate what he saw and then he gasped and grinned at once.

"Jesus!" he said.

"Hurry up and get washed," said Gladys, pretending to be too busy to look up at him.

But he did not even take off his hat.

"What happened?" he said.

"Oh, I got that money. I got more than I thought. I had a chance to do a lot of extra work and I got more. Now you hurry up and sit down."

He peeled coat and sweater off and spluttered for a while at the sink. Then he came over and pulled his chair out, rolling his sleeves down.

"For God's sake!" he said. "Cake and everything!"

"That's not all," said Gladys. She took the Chesterfields off the shelf and set them before him. He gulped a big mouthful of beans and dropped his fork with a clatter.

"Holy Christ!" He grabbed up the package, almost fondling it and began to tear the top off with his nails. She snatched it away from him.

"No," she said. "You can have one with your coffee. It'll taste better then."

He reached after them.

"Oh, listen," he said. "Come on. How long since I've had a whole cigarette to myself? My God! Have a heart! I can't wait!"

She held the package behind her, shaking her head.

"Oh, okay," he said, going back to his beans.

Gladys hardly tasted her own food, watching him. She poured coffee out and he drank two cups with his beans. He forgot the cigarettes and sopped the bean juice off his plate with bread. He held his cup out for more coffee and took a piece of cake. He took one bite and then stopped to spread butter on it.

"Oh, you pig!" Gladys laughed.

"What the hell," said Fred. "Tastes good."

"Listen," said Gladys, brightly. "You know what?"

He rolled his eyes at her over his coffee cup.

"Well, there's a double feature at the Granada tonight. What do you say we go? We haven't been to a movie since . . . "

Fred became serious.

"My God," he said. "Just because we've got a few cents. We have to eat tomorrow."

"Sure," said Gladys. "I got money enough. And anyway, I think I'll get more of this work. I'm pretty sure I will."

"I know," said Fred. "But we can't be sure. We can't be spending our dough . . . "

"Listen," said Gladys. "I know I'll get more. I know I will. What do you say? You can smoke in the balcony."

"Well, I don't know. Boy! It's been so long since I've seen a movie."

Gladys stood up.

"All right, then," she said. "Hurry up. We don't want to miss the newsreel. Come on."

Fred tipped his cup back to drain the sugar out of the bottom.

"Okay," he mumbled. "It's your dough, baby."

End of a Journey

Continued from page 50

immovable, transfixing it as though it must be lifeless forever.

She was busy with the house most of the day, but through her tasks came shooting one incredulity after another. Could a man who had been the perfect father during that summer holiday at Clynton, who loved them all as Paul loved them, do this thing? Could he have taken all that trouble with Barbara's homework, sitting there, full of the secret knowledge that the next evening he would be with his mistress? Teaching her other things, she thought bitterly, not met with in the Schools' curriculum.

Yes; she told herself sadly that it was possible. Why should it not be? He could be kind, kinder than other, perhaps—of what avail was that? Her real surety lay in her knowledge that he loved her, still loved her. Was he, then, deceitful in essence? But it was no use musing herself stupid. She shook herself once more into the sane, unchanging routine of the house.

At tea-time, the children home from School, Paul asked Anne, "Will you give me another half teacake, please, Anne? That's not very much. My Daddy always brings home nice presents, really lovely ones."

Anne looked smilingly at Mrs. Sennett, and she nodded, stricken with dismay. He would bring home presents, almost certainly. She wished suddenly, passionately, that he would bring nothing but himself. For how many worlds away were presents from the problem he had given her to solve?

Yet, strangely, quite inexplicably, sitting there quietly, throughout the long evening, she felt herself gradually overtaken by the feeling that life was large and wonderful and adventurous, and that she and Paul were entitled to all the compassion and understanding that they could get. The feeling grew and grew until it filled her with a hard-won peace.

She saw the two of them, from the calm of this shore, each in a separate bark, nice people, with a zest in life and fronting bravely all the chances of these journeyings on unexplored seas, but not accomplished mariners. "Children — we are children," she said to herself.

Barbara and Paul were in bed when she heard his key in the door and went quietly to meet him.

His deep voice said, "Hullo, Pen!" It sounded very tender. "It's good to be here again! Did you get my wire? I almost thought at first I shouldn't manage it today. Everything alright?"

"Yes," she said, "quite alright."

She listened a little dully as he talked on. He came in and sat in the opposite armchair. He looked strained, his eyes were dark, as he began to tell her of his journey.

She felt again, overwhelmingly, that she could not hear, that there was a falseness in this.

But, before she could speak, he jumped up, with a hurried "Before I forget—" and went out to his bag.

He brought in three packages and, smiling at her, placed them on a little side-table.

"It's too late for Barbara and Paul," he said, "but won't you open yours?"

She went over and stood looking down at the table, then turned suddenly to face him.

"Paul," she said, "that's part of the lie, isn't it? Why do you leave me for another woman?"

He flushed to the hair, his mouth hung open in a way she had never seen before. His eyes, startled at first, sought hers but dropped immediately. That was a quite different face—it was like fronting a stranger.

She looked at him carefully, and added hardly, "You are dressed like a business man, Paul. Tell me, have you been on business?" His eyes were on the carpet and she grew suddenly bitter at the folly of men. Then she jeered, as though coming fully to life, "Black ties are for funerals, not weddings . . . Does—does she like black?"

He faced her then desperately, but stopped, and, still silent, walked slowly to the armchair and sat down wearily.

He looked at her again then, helplessly, like a caught schoolboy.

"She's dead," he said quietly.

She stood rigid, with a sharp catch of her breath, looking down at him as he sat there, defeated, lonely.

For a full half-minute she heard the clock tick fatalistically in the silence of the room.

Then she almost whispered, "Was she so nice? Was she pretty?"

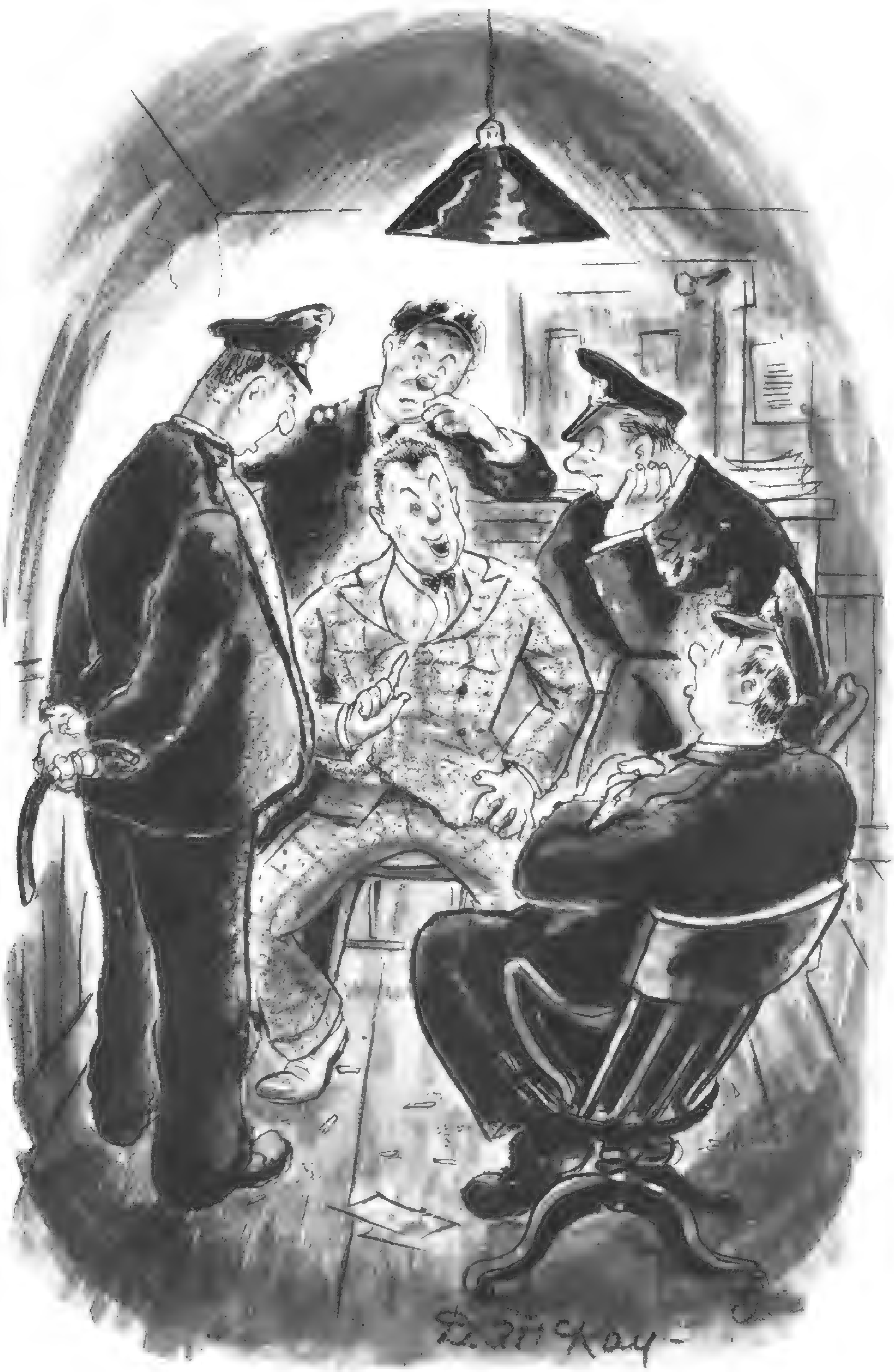
Like an automaton he took out his pocketbook, and held out a photograph. She took and looked at it, one long look, and gave it back to him, then walked slowly to the other armchair.

"I—I—," he began at length.

She got up lightly, and went across to look down at him. "Never mind, now, Paul," she whispered. "Sit still, you must be tired. I'll get you some supper."

She looked at him again, with a little wan smile. "Poor Paul," she said.

He took her hand and kissed it reverently, tenderly, gratefully. She touched his boyish-looking hair with the other.



"Once't upon a time . . ."

Mystery of the Happy Family

Proving that even the blithest homes may not escape the sudden attacks of unsolvable homicides

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

"The cases which have come before us," an inspector at Scotland Yard said, "can be divided into four classes: those which we have solved; those which we solved to our satisfaction but in which, from lack of conclusive evidence, we obtained no conviction; those which are unsolved; and the Sidney case."

A COLD wind blew around Queen's Road Cemetery in Croyden, in the midnight hours of March 21, 1929. The cemetery lay in blackness which blotted out even the gravestones. Around one grave stood a dozen men. Here were the five heads of Scotland Yard, the master detectives of England, Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the famous pathologist of the Yard, several cemetery officials, and one man who shivered but not from the cold. The group were watching several workmen who were digging into a grave. Its headstone, marked "Sidney," had been put to one side.

Oil lamps cast a feeble light on the ground and none at all into the grave's depth. The light flickered in the wind. Not a word was spoken. Only the thud of the clay and the swish of the shovels broke the silence. It was easy digging; the grave had only been filled a few days.

One of the shovels struck a casket and shattered the silence. An electric torch flashed in the darkness. One of the group passed a glass jar down to the workmen. They filled it with soil from under their feet. The work of completely unburying the casket continued. Straps were passed beneath it and it was dragged laboriously to the surface.

Another hour's work and a second casket was raised, but not until some of the soil surrounding it, too, had been carefully collected and put into another jar. In the early light of dawn the coffins were hurried to the coroner's laboratory in Croyden. Here the first casket was carefully opened. Inside lay the body of a young woman in her thirties, beautiful in the stillness of death. The flowers in her hands had withered but her body showed little sign of decomposition. One man turned to another and muttered a word that crackled in the quietness of the room.

"Arsenic!"

Then the men turned to the second casket.

At one time arsenic figured frequently in English crime history. Until Parliament stopped its free sale, more than seventy years ago, it was one of the murder weapons most easily obtained. It can be found in many common things, in insecticide, in garden sprays, and even in some sorts of fly paper. Because it is easy to secure it seems like the murderer's friend, but it can betray him. Unlike other poisons traces of it remain long after death. It has an extraordinary preservative effect on bodies and can be detected, if used in any quantity, even in the soil surrounding the casket.

Until 1929 the most famous arsenic case in English crime history had been the Maybrick case in 1889. The song writers took up the theme in those days:

"Oh my young friends do take care,
And the flypapers beware!
If you want to take the pimples off
your face,
Try something else instead,
Or into trouble you'll be led
Like the lady in the Maybrick case."

In 1928 Mrs. Violet Sidney was nearly seventy. She was living with her unmarried daughter, Vera, and kept house with the aid of a cook and a gardener. The old lady was completely happy for she had all her family near her. A few doors away lived a daughter, married to Creighton Duff, retired High Commissioner of Nigeria. They had two children living, the eldest a boy of fourteen. On the next street lived Mrs. Sidney's son, Thomas, a man of forty, a "lecturer and entertainer," with his wife and two small children. All three households, so close together, were comfortably well-to-do. No business worries of any sort troubled them. There was never a quarrel between the various members of the families. They visited each other constantly. If the front doors should be closed, there was always a screen door, open all day, at the rear of each house. The members of the families had few outside friends; they found their pleasure in being with each other and were all remarkably self-contained.

The first calamity to hit the happy family was the death of Creighton Duff, in April, 1928. He had returned home from a short vacation not feeling well. He seemed to get better and even took a couple of drinks. Suddenly, increasingly severe pain set in and he died. An inquest was held and the verdict after an autopsy was "death from heart failure."

On February 14, 1929, Vera, the unmarried daughter, took sick. She had had the flu and had gone out before the family doctor advised. She went back to bed and the doctor prescribed a special diet for her. Suddenly, after increasingly severe pain, she died. The doctor gave as the cause of her death, "gastric influenza." No autopsy was held.

Old Mrs. Sidney mourned Vera's death. She was under the doctor's care and was taking a tonic. On March 5th, an increasingly severe pain set in. By evening, her death was imminent. Her family were gathered around her bed. Before she died, there was something she tried to say. The doctor stooped over her. Suddenly he stood up, turned to the table beside the bed, and picked up the bottle of tonic standing there. He had understood what she was trying to say. Against the light of the lamp he saw a brown sediment at the bottom of the tonic bottle.

The old lady had died and her bereaved family held a speedy funeral. In the meantime, without consulting any of them, the family doctor had gone to Croner Jackson of Croyden, taking with him the medicine bottle. Dr. Jackson notified Scotland Yard. The detectives immediately decided on the exhumation of Vera's body as well as that of her mother, and they began to search for anything that might be of service to the coroner's juries, should exhumation show what the Yard and Dr. Jackson now suspected.

Quiet, serious-faced men searched the houses of the three families, questioned Mrs. Sidney's cook, Mrs. Noakes, who had been in her employ for five months, and the gardener, Lane, a half-blind old man. Detectives noticed the screen door to the house, open all day, through which anyone could have entered the house unobserved. The detectives turned to the surviving members of the family, who were asking silently, "With three of the family gone, who is next?" There was Mrs. Duff, a slender, beautiful woman still in mourning for her husband; her brother, Tom Sidney, and his wife. All of them answered willingly every question that was asked, shocked at the thought of murder.

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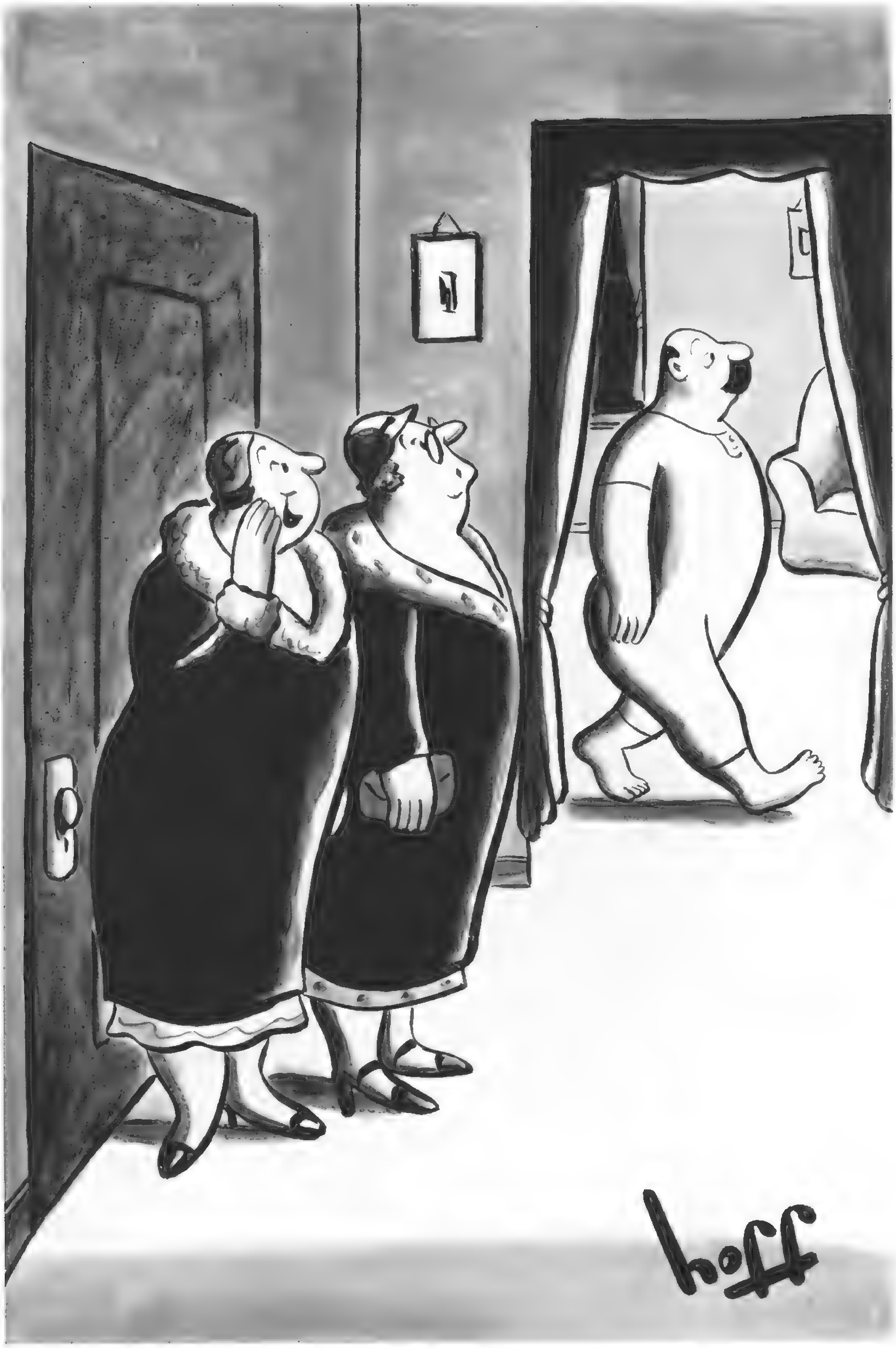

"Watch my husband's expression—he didn't hear us come in"

War in the Banana Republics

Continued from page 84

railroad ran through a deep cut and sprayed them with machine guns until the floor of the flat car was several inches deep with empty cartridge cases.

The following day, after having removed three cunningly placed bombs from the railroad tracks and extinguishing two burning bridges over which my train had to pass, I managed to encounter them again—and again they were defeated. I took a lot of military loot, such as saddles and camp gear, from the dead horses and men along back with me and there was prolonged and appropriate rejoicing among the inhabitants.

Not long thereafter I went to Guantanamo and found that greatly exaggerated stories of those two small engagements had preceded me. I was, in every sense of the word, a bully boy with a glass eye. I immediately received guest cards to the town's two good clubs and the American wife of a Cuban physician who had been educated at Fordham took me under her possessive wing. To provide a partner for the social activities she had planned she introduced me to the girl I still remember.

She was, by American standards, only a kid of probably sixteen; but being a tropical Latin she was mature, fully developed and as seductive as Hell itself. Not long before she had returned from Spain, where she had been educated, and an inkling of her ideals in romantic personalities may be gleaned from the fact that her dearest possession was a blood soaked glove that had been tossed to her box by a renowned Madrid bull fighter. I was sufficiently gory to be attractive.

She was ripe for anything, ripe in the fullest sense of the word, and when she insisted at once that I give her something to remember me by I agreed to do so—after indulging in a fleeting hope that it might not be something which she regretted possessing. However, I never did, for I learned almost at once that the charming young lady (who is now probably the two hundred and fifty pound wife of an equally obese sugar grower) had a coal black aunt living in Santiago!

Yet that girl looked white; she was entirely lovely, glowingly vital, positively palpitating with willingness and—aw, to Hell with her! I moved out next day, anyhow.

If that was romance, then I encountered romance in connection with tropical fighting. But the memory of one abortive amour yielded by fifteen years spent intermittently in such activities does not seem adequate to justify any claim that they are romantic. The only women usually available were professionals, women of all ages, colors and nationalities segregated in a section of any given town which frequently seemed larger than all the remaining sections combined. They were as numerous as they were unattractive, and their favors were as inexpensive as they were potentially dangerous. Romance of that sort can be obtained at home, on the other side of the railroad tracks.

Aside from the improbability of romance the only certain thing about fighting in tropical revolutions is that the fighting encountered will be both irregular and grim—grim to the point of fantastic ghastliness. Such fighting degenerates into personal combat, against men whose bravery is not really courage but a form of fanaticism. Military operations as a rule are impersonal. In France, for example, men rarely saw the enemy. They knew that the bullet that hit them was not fired at them as individuals, but just directed toward a common target, but that is not the case in the tropics.

There each fighting man is not only singled out, but he is actively hated. Death comes not as a result of a clean hit but because of infection from ammunition deliberately made filthy so that it shall cause either blood poisoning or lockjaw. Prisoners are not interned and held captive until the cessation of hostilities. They are tortured to death only too often and in Haiti they were likely to be eaten, as well, after having served as human sacrifices for the black voodoo worshippers in loathsome rites held in remote jungle fastnesses to the incessant throbbing of tomtom drums.

Haiti, incidentally, is the worst of the tin can republics in which to free lance as a soldier, due to a peculiar combination of circumstances which are not encountered elsewhere. To begin with, the blacks will invariably be led by a chief who is also a papa loi—a priest of the voodoo cult. In addition to being their military head he is also their spiritual leader. He can, and does, appeal to them from both angles. The result is that his men are whipped into an emotional frenzy before an action even begins, and that is a mighty bad condition to encounter unless one is sure that his own men are fatalistically certain that they cannot possibly be defeated.

Obviously, such leaders know nothing of the Rules of Land Warfare. Things that could normally be disregarded as either forbidden or improbable are the things to be expected. Further, the men in such commands rarely remain together longer than necessary to fight an engagement. They then disperse to their little mountain jardins, where they put aside their rifles and machetes, take up a clumsy hoe and lose all trace of their military identity. They become, ostensibly, peaceful peasants.

This very fact has fooled nearly every commentator on the recent Haitian situation. They see the blacks of the interior, apparently happily tilling their little garden patches of petite miel and manioc, and easily "deduce" that they are simple, happy sons of the soil. However, during times of revolution or insurrection those same black peasants simply slip their hoes into the bush, drag out whatever weapon they have, and the metamorphosis is effected. The simple, happy sons of the soil immediately become savage, murderous sons of bitches that can't be stopped until they are so badly defeated that further fighting is an absolute absurdity.

And that appraisal of their tenacity is not merely my own opinion. Smedley Butler won his second Medal of Honor in Haiti during the Marine Corps occupation. There were five or six other Medals of Honor awarded during the pacification of the country, as well; and Medals of Honor do not materialize when the enemy is second rate. In addition, the Haitian government awarded quite a few of its own Medals of Honor to the American officers of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti—and before extraordinary bravery and courage can be demonstrated there must be stiff opposition. Draw your own conclusions.

Most of the action in Haiti revolved about interior patroling. The blacks would congregate at some predetermined place in answer to the throbbing beat of the tomtom drums and there would be a bambousche—literally an orgy of inebriety, religious ecstasy because of voodoo associations, lasciviousness and eventual complete sexual abandonment. Their preparations for warfare would begin with a drunken dance in which all the movements of copulation would be simulated and terminate after simulation had become actual demonstration, for the women always attended such celebrations.

The following morning the men would take the trail and raid when and where they could. The only chance of meeting them was to take the trail in pursuit and holding it, day and night, until they could be engaged. Obviously, that entailed the element of surprise attack, unless the commanding papa loi regarded his forces sufficiently superior in numbers to safely establish an ambush. Both situations were bad, especially so because white men were terribly handicapped by the wounded.

One man, hit so badly that he could not continue under his own steam, meant the end of mobility. No matter what its size, the patrol had to stop and care for him. He could not be made comfortable and left to his own devices for even a little while, for that would have meant his certain death, after torture and mutilation—with the additional certainty that his body, or at least a large part of it, would disappear down the gullets of the cannibalistic savages.

And yet the eating of human flesh was not entirely cannibalistic, in that the blacks merely had a depraved taste for such esoteric food. They all believed, and voodooism fostered the belief, that if they ate a white man's brain, for instance, they would gain his superior intelligence because of it; his heart would give them his courage, and other organs would bestow different desirable virtues. Consequently, they did it.

They also believed that human flesh, duly consecrated by a papa loi after fitting voodoo ceremonials, was holy. The blood of a human sacrifice would be drunk and the entire body eaten (preferably raw!) with exactly the same mental aspect and moral convictions with which Christians take Holy Communion. Instead of substituting wine and bread as symbols the savages prefer the originals. However, a detached and academic viewpoint did little to alleviate the pain and suffering of the man being sacrificed.

Happily, such a gruesome fate was not to be anticipated anywhere but in Haiti, even if torture as a means of execution was a possibility, even a grave probability. In Mexico, on one occasion, we lost two men because they were careless. They learned too late that relaxed vigilance is likely to be fatal.

We had been fighting near El Tejar, in the state of Vera Cruz, and things had quieted down almost completely. The men in question decided, one evening, to take a little ride into the surrounding country for diversion—and they never came back. When they

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The White Hats

Brilliant tactics are all in the day's work to the Napoleons in fire helmets whether the public knows it or not

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

It was a quick fourth alarm—one of those "workers" the sight of which compelled the first due officer to skip the formality of a second or third and bang in the fourth upon his arrival.

It started with an explosion on the waterfront, scattering fire in all directions. And with a stiff wind blowing in off the bay, hell was popping before the first pumper rolled in.

When the Chief arrived, fourteen land companies had already stretched every length of hose they could man. And headed into the heart of the flames at the blistering proximity of seventy-five feet, a fireboat was playing eight powerful streams into the inferno. In spite of which the blaze was gaining ground, and it didn't take the main White Hat long to see it when he stepped out of his snorting red car and threw a wary eye over the terrain.

Sweating deputies clumped up in their boots to give the boss the lowdown from their respective angles. The involved structure was a sulphur plant; directly across the narrow street were twelve enormous oil tanks flush in the path of the wind; adjoining that property for the next thousand feet was a series of flimsy wooden sheds stacked high with hay. It was a swell set-up, and as they rattled off the details of their operations up to now, they waited to hear him order a fifth or even a general alarm.

But he didn't. "Shut down all but two lines on the boat," was his first command. "Put a three-inch nozzle on the monitor, give it 145 pounds pressure, and head that stream right in there," indicating the advancing wall of flame with his hand.

Beckoning his aides, he took up a more advantageous position while the boat, responding to hoarse shouts from the dock, veered around, six of its lines dying one by one as men dashed across the decks carrying out instructions. In a moment there was a raucous sneeze from the monitor, a gurgle, then a roar as a solid column of water flung itself into the heat with the rigid directness of a searchlight beam. Three thousand gallons per minute were being flung out of that giant playpipe and the force was so terrific that the advancing line of fire hesitated and wavered at the point of contact.

"Keep it right there," bellowed the Chief. "Pull those companies over here," he continued to a deputy. "Put a line on each side of that stream: as the blaze bends back in a V, throw more lines into the gap to flatten out the sides of the V. Then move the boat down and keep beating it back."

Leaving them to round up enough companies from their far-flung lines to complete this piercing movement, the White Hat repaired to the opposite side of the field to scan the exposures. And that's how that fire was licked!

Sounds pretty much like the tactics of a smart field marshal in France, doesn't it? Pierce the line—hold your position while you bend back the flanks—then drive in the spear-head again.

Well, it is war, all right: and a tough one against a shifty enemy who gives no quarter and takes no prisoners.

And although they use water instead of shrapnel and wear white leather helmets instead of steel ones, there is just as much generalship involved in fighting a fire as in combating a trained human foe.

The terms are different but the idea is the same. Your engine companies are the infantry, the backbone of the service bearing the brunt of the engagement and constituting the decisive factor in the battle; the hook and ladder crews are the cavalry, a surprise force to harass and disconcert the enemy with hornet-like sallies for the plugging infantry to capitalize; the big deck guns and water towers and deluge sets play the role of light and heavy artillery, covering advances and retreats, laying down barrages, blowing the adversary out of entrenched positions. Behind these are machine gunners, trench mortars, sappers and miners, engineers, the ordnance branch, the S. O. S., the signal corps: the whole army line-up swathed in rubber coats and boots.

As in war, so also in fire it is essential to "coordinate the tactics of the three arms" with a full knowledge of logistics, enfilading movements, liaison maintenance, utilization of the configuration of the terrain, and all the rest of the military rigmarole. And no matter how great your man power or how superior your armament, if the tactics laid out by GHQ aren't up to par, you're licked!

Of course, there is one distinction between military and fire wars: in the latter, tactics usually have to be conceived in the thick of an engagement. Napoleon worked for two years on his Italian campaign, and when war was finally declared, he took off his boots and went to bed. His job was done: the others had merely to follow the papers.

Occasionally, of course, you'll find a parallel in the fire service. In Los Angeles, for example, Chief Scott can show you the campaign he has laid out for a possible repetition of the 1906 disaster. You would be amazed at how voluminous and complete the details are; at the apparently foreign factors that have been considered; at the number of other chiefs, as far as a hundred miles away, who have complete copies of that campaign in their safes and a thorough knowledge of where they fit in should the call come.

But this is an unusual situation and an unusual treatment. By and large, it isn't the conflagration which tests the mettle of a fire officer but, rather, the little fire which may so quickly develop into a conflagration if he lets it get the jump on him. In that respect the odds are all against him at the start: he can have no pre-arranged plan because he doesn't know that hostilities have begun until some passing milkman

snaps a fire box at 3 A. M., and rudely notifies him that the enemy has already crossed the border and is going strong. When he steps out of his car a few minutes later, he gets his first idea of what he is up against, and in the next sixty seconds he's got to formulate his program of counter-attack.

There are, to be sure, a thousand and one details to be considered and no time to lose. The nature of the building, its structural characteristics, its age, its contents, the location and extent of the fire, are fundamental and present a wealth of conflicting possibilities undreamed of by the civilian. The exposure threat to other buildings is sometimes even more vital and, if grave, might result in calling all hands to cover extensions while the main fire burned unmolested until reënforcements could be rallied.

Many other items follow. Can the fire floor be vented adequately by smashing windows to relieve the pent-up heat, giving men a living chance to work inside—or does the presence of vertical arteries threaten a "mushroom"? If so, then the roof must be opened at exactly the right spots: not prematurely else the blaze may be sucked up unnecessarily; not too late else the rising heat will flood the top floor, ignite the contents and in a twinkle give you two fires instead of one. There's room for some nice judgment there!

In any event, men with lines have to get inside because working from the street isn't worth a damn. He may not use such artillery terms as trajectories and elevations, but the White Hat knows that when nozzle angles depart from the horizontal, penetration of the streams is reduced so much that water from hand lines at street level won't go more than five feet inside of a third-floor window. What, then, about this great array of deck pipes, deluge sets and towers: are they giving effective streams or just "window washing" and making swell pictures for the press boys? If the water is getting in, are there walls or partitions that will block its flow?

Calculating water values introduces many complications. Shall you use the 2½, 3 or 3½ inch lines; will 1¼ or 1½ inch tips be preferable? Each has its advantage or drawback in volume, power, friction loss, mobility and whatnot, and the answer depends upon the extent of the fire, its height, its movement, the fuel involved. A burning ton of one material will evaporate 1000 gallons of water, rendering it impotent as an extinguisher: another type will nullify the effect of 6000 gallons and burn merrily in the face of that delivery. You must determine, then, how much water is needed; whether volume or force is preferable; and how to arrive at the answer. Do you want 35 lbs., nozzle pressure on the hand lines, delivering 250 gallons per minute? Well, are they 2½ or 3 inch lines; are they fitted with 1¼ or 1½ inch tips; how far away is the pumper; how high in the building are the nozzles? Each of these factors influences the friction loss, the gravity loss and the delivery volume and determine whether you need 125 lbs., pump pressure or 250 lbs., in order to achieve 35 lbs., at the nozzle. Figure wrong and you commit either of two unpardonable sins: you will throw too much water into the building for the size of the fire and thus increase the damage unduly—or you won't have sufficient water and the blaze will run away from you right under your nose.

Meanwhile, what's going on inside? You've got eight hand lines and four deck pipes working—that means a delivery of about 24 tons of water per minute. How are the floors, sturdy or weak—will they hold that water or let most of it run off? What is the floor load of the occupancy and how much more can it stand? What is the nature of the contents: are they absorbent, sucking up this water, growing heavier and swelling every minute? With men inside, how much water can you safely throw in there before those floors will collapse or the walls bulge out? Shall you order the men to back out now—and lose the fire—or keep them in a little longer—and lose the men?

All very interesting problems for the easy chair—but the White Hat doesn't bring his chair. Or his pencil and paper. He looks at what he can see, listens to what he can hear, smells what he can smell, and makes up his mind. His decision has to be made from a standing start and within a minute or so. He has to get the machine moving *now* and it must go in the right direction on the first guess. Indecision is absolutely fatal and changing plans in the middle of an operation wastes precious minutes, so speculation and debate are out.

This means little to the average layman because few civilians realize how fast and far a fire can travel. But firemen know, too well. And what they've never checked with a stop watch was clearly demonstrated for them by some Bureau of Standards engineers who made a scientific test by burning two buildings which were scheduled for demolition in a park project.

Two attached structures were involved, five-story, brick and timber, and in good repair. Stocking the floors to simulate a light occupancy, they put a torch to a small puddle of gasoline on the ground floor at exactly 6 A. M., and then pulled out their watches. There was no explosion, remember; the blaze just travelled naturally—and this is the progress they clocked:

At 6:05 A.M., the *fifth floors* of both buildings were ablaze;
At 6:10 flames were belching from every window on all floors of both buildings;
At 6:15 the roof fell in;
At 6:20 the wooden floor joists burned through and the floors collapsed;
At 6:28 the front brick wall fell into the street;
At 6:45 nothing was standing above the ground floor.

In zero weather or on a windy day much better time could have been recorded, but this is still pretty fast. However, it is purely academic: the performance of actual fires may be more impressive. Well, when the Baltimore *Post* building burned recently, the entire structure was involved two minutes after the first signs of smoke were detected—and the full force was working there at the time. Likewise, all employees were on the job at the famous Binghamton factory when that outbreak was discovered as a small bonfire. Yet in less than five minutes' time—even before the firemen could respond to the alarm—35 of those workers were roasted to death on the fire escapes and in twenty minutes that four-story brick building had been levelled.

So it goes. In Richmond a fire swept through a brick hotel while the excited night clerk tried to collect his wits: it burned down six other buildings and killed twelve men. In Boston much the same thing happened, with 28 dead before the firemen could jump off their trucks. In Atlantic City a grease fire got out of a hotel kitchen despite the frantic pumping of four employees with extinguishers, and the whole rambling structure was doomed even before they became frightened enough to send in an alarm!

In short, fire travels fast. And if you want to pull one of those pretty "stops" that firemen gloat over—if you want to extinguish the blaze instead of merely playing an hydraulic accompaniment while it consumes the building—then you've got to be there early in the game and you've got to think an awful lot of thinking in a couple of winks of the proverbial eyelash. In other words, you must step lively in your "coordination of the tactics of the three arms."

That's why I often wish that Napoleon would come back looking for a job: they might be able to use his type of mentality in some big city fire department and I'd like to see him work. To be sure, he'd have to ditch the cocked hat and the cute knee panties for a white helmet and a dirty set of turn-outs. And, more important, he'd have to sharpen up his wits and speed up his methods quite a bit.

War in the Banana Republics

Continued from page 115

were finally found, one had been crucified and died because of continued exposure to the fierce tropical sun and the agony of his wounds. The other had been buried to his neck close to a huge ant hill and a streak of wild honey drawn from his mouth to the ravenous insects' nest. Only a naked skull protruded from the soil. Not pleasant deaths.

Such cruelty is not uncommon and, futile and useless as it seems, I can understand it; but there have been times when I have wondered whether leaders of guerilla bands of irregulars who have been successful in the field have had the slightest inkling of what they were doing. I often suspected that they were temporarily afflicted with a form of dementia expressed by delusions of grandeur or that they were not sufficiently intelligent or imaginative to comprehend the results of their actions.

During a recent insurrection in San Domingo one of my friends was Jefe de Artilleria for such a leader. The representative of a British arms manufacturer was trying to sell him some heavy machine guns mounted on carriages and was giving a demonstration from a cliff overlooking the Carribean. The salesman traced beautifully accurate patterns on the water with prolonged bursts and smilingly advised the chief that he could control the approaches to any position he might take in the future with the same certainty.

There was a trail used by market women, patiently plodding after their heavily laden little burros, only a short distance away. The chief asked if he could dominate such a trail, if necessary, and was assured that he could. To further demonstrate the guns they were transported to a position overlooking the road, and the Dominican chief sat in the saddle of one of the guns, squinting over the sights.

When the next group of market women

thing else, however, and I have never hesitated to apply the psychological screws when conditions indicated its advisability. Once, though, I failed; and not only did I fail miserably but I narrowly escaped death because of my forbearance.

It was in Nicaragua. We had been on patrol, following a raiding band of mounted irregulars through a jungle. We were on foot, but it was during the rainy season, which was a good break for us—as the horses of the outfit we were trying to contact had to plod in single file through the mud. The result was that they made a fairly well packed path upon which we could travel just a tiny bit faster than our quarry. The third day out we overtook them.

We opened up at once with our light Brownings, and in a moment or two there was nothing left at which to shoot. Those hombres went away from there and they went fast. I knew they must be tired and, hoping to overtake them, we pushed on as well as we could. Presently we came to a small clearing in the jungle in which there was a single shack. Thinking we might get some information there that would make our pursuit more effective, we halted temporarily. The little casa was occupied by a fairly old couple of perhaps fifty-five years and their grown daughter.

We made them come outside and I began interrogating the man, a really distinguished looking old peasant. He was hostile, and he wouldn't talk. I flung him against the wall of his house, held him there and stuck a vicious looking knife against his neck.

Looking as ferocious as possible, I opened up. "Por Dios!" I growled, "You'll tell me what I want to know or I'll cut your throat!"

He looked at me silently for a long moment, gazed briefly at his hysterical wife and daughter, who were being held by my men, drew, himself proudly erect and then an-

Probably we should have given him either the fire cure or the water cure. I'm quite sure he would then have talked. I've seen both "cures" administered several times and they have never failed to produce results.

The water cure is relatively simple. The hombre who is to receive it is spread eagled on the ground on his back, hands and feet closely fastened to stakes so that he cannot squirm much. Two small bamboo sticks, the ends of which have been made needle sharp, are thrust into the soil beside his head so that the sharpened points nearly gouge into his eyes—thus insuring that any subsequent rolling of the head will produce just that result. A wooden plug or gag is then made with a hole about a half inch in diameter in the center of it. This is fastened (preferably by adhesive tape) into the man's mouth and a piece of split bamboo is clamped over his nostrils, so that the only air available comes through the little hole in the gag.

Then the stage is properly set. Water is poured into the little hole slowly, while the hombre is gently encouraged to talk. Naturally, he doesn't, for he simply swallows the water and probably indulges in a mental grin or two because of his cunning. But the time inevitably comes when he can swallow no more, and the water keeps on coming! There is only one place for it to go; into his lungs, and that is where it goes. It must be agonizing to gulp for air and get water instead, but the water cure has no permanent bad effects. On the contrary it has the immediate beneficial effect of extracting information that may save the lives of every member of a pursuing patrol.

The fire cure is equally simple. As before, the prisoner is staked fast onto the ground and a slab of bark is placed upon his chest. Then a small fire is built upon the bark. At first the man is completely undisturbed, but as the fire eats through the bar

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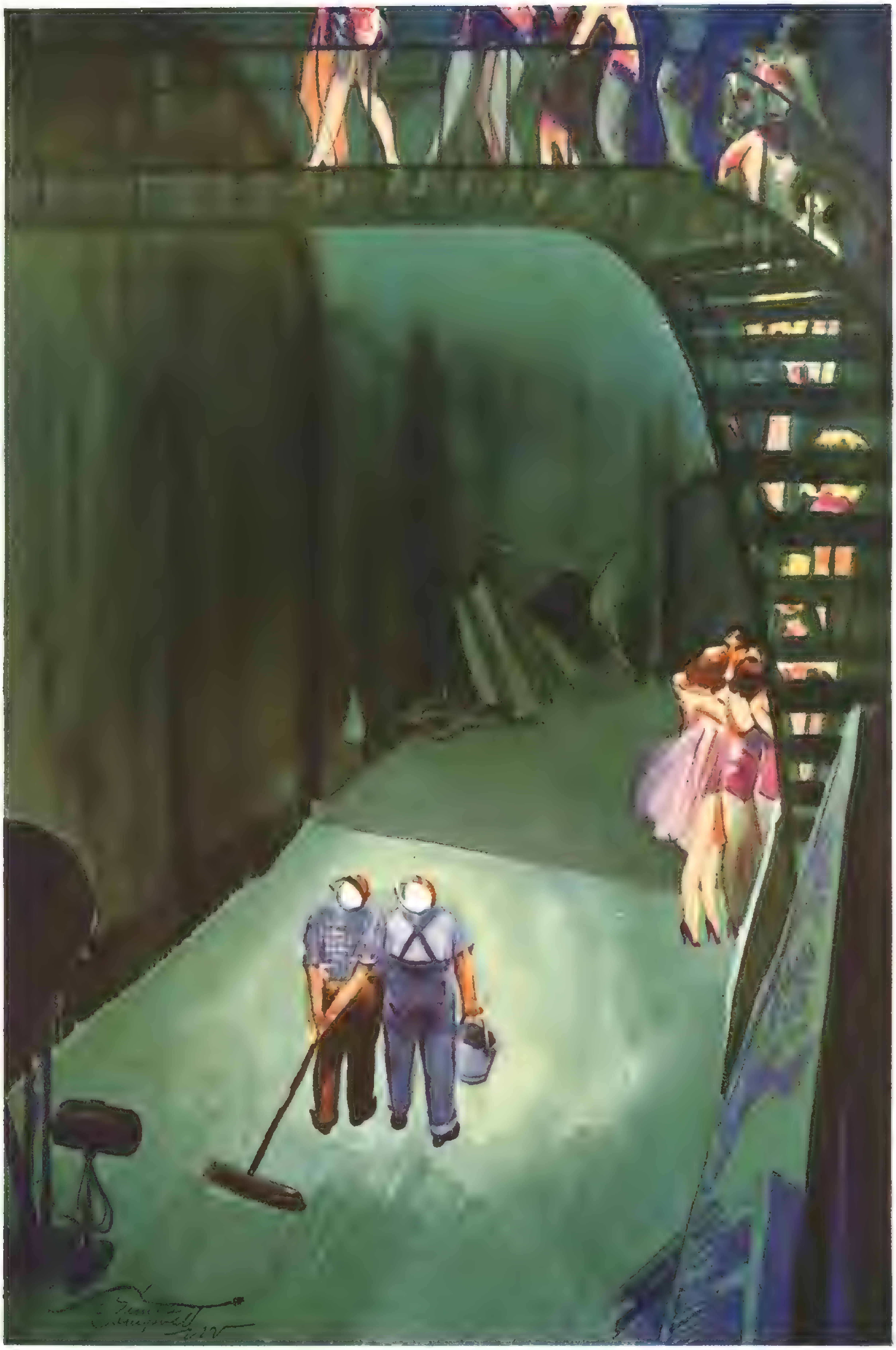
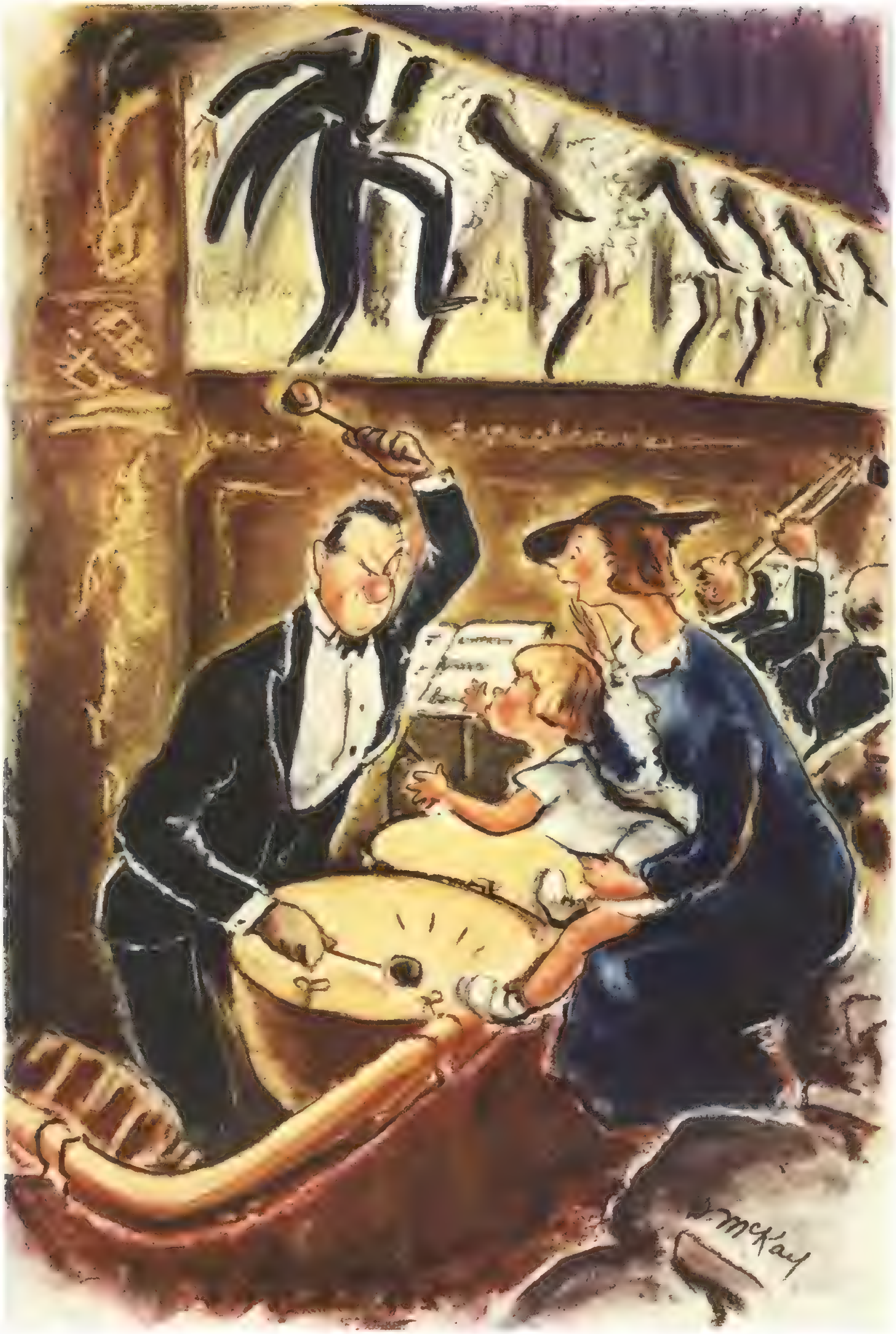


"It was love at first sight wit' me"



"Aw, let him try it once!"

The Listening Post

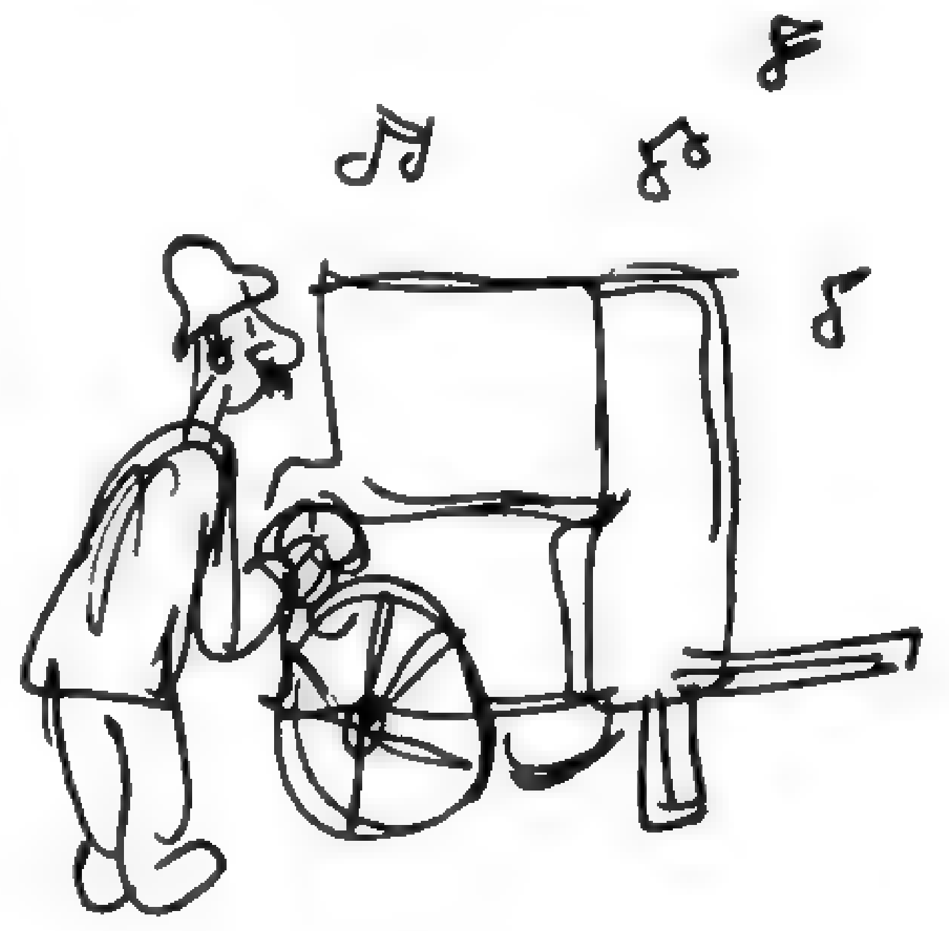
Listing the blue notes and the grace notes that feature the new season's musical fare

by SIGMUND SPAETH

▪ MUSIC ▪

A PIANIST is said to hit a blue note when he misses the one he is aiming at, and hits the one alongside. Blue notes are frequent when people tackle the subject of music without sufficient knowledge of ordinary details.

I have yet to find a cartoon, representing somebody as singing or whistling, in which the musical notes make any sense at all. Regardless of any real meaning as melody, the notes are seldom even close to a possible progression, often facing the wrong way, and representing absurd quantities in time or degrees in pitch. Cartoonists seem to think that musical notes are utterly meaningless symbols, whereas to many readers they are just as definite as a printed word or letter. It is as though a cartoon character, supposedly speaking, appeared with a vocal balloon containing the cryptic Etaoinshrdlu.



James Thurber, noted for his crazy drawings, goes completely nutty when he deals with musical instruments. In *The New Yorker* he has recently pictured some men playing what are evidently intended for bass viols. But the instruments are absolutely impossible combinations of the guitar, cello and double bass, emphasizing the worst features of each. The general shape suggests a guitar, with an uncertain waistline, and the large hole in the centre is also a guitar characteristic. But instead of plucking the strings, Thurber's musicians play them with a bow, eliminating the guitar family, and implying either a cello or a bass fiddle. Yet they couldn't be cellos, because there is no peg at the bottom, and they couldn't be bass fiddles because they are played sitting in an ordinary chair.

It is easy to argue that Thurber intentionally, and perhaps inevitably, draws badly, but at least he does not draw a man with his feet where his hands ought to be, or vice versa. For anyone at all familiar with musical instruments these Thurber monstrosities create just such an effect.

The latest Mae West film, Belle of the Nineties, tries to give a convincing picture of the Mauve Decade, but its musical setting is full of anachronisms. After introducing several tunes like the Saint Louis and Memphis Blues, which were composed long after 1900, a climactic absurdity is achieved by the dance-music played in a New Orleans gambling-house. The piece that one hears from the screen is Shoo, Fly, don't Bother Me, which was a popular hit during the Civil War!

Max Gordon's production of The Great Waltz, based on the lives of Johann Strauss, father and son, might be expected to show extra care with its musical details. Certainly the costumes and settings are well carried out, and Guy Robertson gives a surprisingly good imitation of a conductor and violinist. But in one important scene a piano is used. It is highly decorated, and might easily have appeared in Strauss' Vienna, except for one vital detail. The feet are supplied with the large rollers and connecting frame characteristic of all modern stage pianos, but never seen in a drawing-room, particularly before 1900. And when Strauss plays on this piano, the tones resemble those of a harpsichord! Honestly, Mr. Gordon, they had pretty good pianos even in Beethoven's time.

The Blue Note Prize for this month, however, goes to the New York *World-Telegram*, which prints an editorial referring to Siegfried and his "swan-boat." The writer must have been thinking of Lohengrin's dragon, waking up in the fiery circle of the Mastersingers.

When an extra note is played intentionally and artistically, it is called a grace note. Fortunately the new season already shows a good percentage of grace notes, as compared with blue notes, in the well planted field of entertainment in general.

In refreshing contrast to the boners exhibited in the music of most stage plays, "Merrily We Roll Along," by George Kaufman and Moss Hart, offers an almost perfect tonal accompaniment to the reverse chronology which has been the talk of New York's Rialto, and whose real significance seems to have been strangely muffed by some of the dramatic critics. With the time sequence moving backwards, there are of course many opportunities to emphasize the dating of scenes through popular tunes of the time. The authors have not overlooked any of these opportunities, but their incidental music never seems forced or pointed, and it is all correct and appropriate as well. It is quite natural for a passing gob in Central Park to be whistling K-k-k-katy at the end of the World War, and the street piano that wafts Pretty Baby through the windows a few years later is more than mere atmosphere. The most realistic touch of all is the entrance of the organ after the hero's valedictory address at college (set by Jo Mielziner in a grand Gothic arch, backed by stained glass). You can almost see the college organist coming down with hands and feet in one of those agitato organ-pipe-dreams that make the windows rattle. If any musical criticism is to be made of "Merrily We Roll Along," it is that the character obviously representing George Gershwin should play something that might have been his own, instead of Limehouse Blues.

Among the strictly musical shows, "Life Begins at Eight-Forty" seems to be drawing the crowds, although the reason may be found in the quartet of comedians, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, Luella Gear and Frances Williams, heading the John Murray Anderson production. Harold Arlen has done a workmanlike job with the music, and there are some nice lyrics by Ira Gershwin and E. Y. Harburg. There is no outstanding hit song at the moment, and this observer still finds Weidman dancers a little hard to take. Luella Gear's "My Paramount-Publix-Roxy Rose" is a rough copy of the Roxyette number by Jacques Krakeur introduced at the Barbison-Plaza last year, and another of her songs begins with two lines that came right out of the verse of Chloe. There is nothing very original either about the attempted political satire at the close of the show, which falls quite fittingly flat. Grover Whalen and Jimmy Walker no longer seem funny even to New Yorkers. But perhaps that's as good a way to disperse an audience as any other.

There was a short-lived musical comedy called Saluta, which might have survived if it had been performed on the opening night as it was by the time it closed. There were some good pieces of music in it, from the pen of a newcomer named Frank d'Armand, and a beautiful bit of dancing by the Sorel-Vilan team. The show would have been worth while if only for the clever counterpoint of a double chorus and the mad operatic experiments of Milton Berle.

And speaking of operatic experiments, the newest attempt at the New York Hippodrome, under the Max Rabinoff banner, seems already to have justified itself. Certainly it has been far in advance of anything in the way of grand opera previously shown at the big indoor circus.

Rabinoff avoided the sensational stunts

Continued on page 135

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

In which a literary critic, eyeing greener pastures, tries to muscle in on the fashion staff's territory

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

In a salubrious and sapient effort to combat the general sloppiness of costume which mars, if it does not positively make a mock of, the gracious pageantry of the hunt in America, Eugene S. Reynal, Master of Hounds, Millbrook, Conn., has issued a brochure, *Thoughts Upon Hunting Kit*, privately printed, distributed through Ernest R. Gee of 35 East 49th street, New York City, at three dollars a copy. Would you believe it, there are people, and people of the very best families, mind you, sons and daughters of the D.A.R. and sons and daughters of veterans of the sexual G.A.R., who are so ignorant that they have been known to assemble at the hunt wearing ratcatchers and polo clothes? Some have been known to appear wearing green shadbellies (at fox hunts, just imagine!) topped off with guard's grey hats (they might as well borrow a brace of firemen's helmets and be done with it); others have shown up wearing scarlet coats but without hats or caps (as if they were shameless mockers in a synagogue) and even ladies privileged to carry the horn have been known to show up in scarlet shadbellies.

This is all extremely shocking to Mr. Reynal. It makes him think of a lot of Mack Sennett comedians. He expects them any minute to start throwing custard pies, with a "View Halloo!" and "Tallyho!"

(I'll let you in on a secret if you promise not to let the boss know that all this time he has been harboring a contributor who is only now just learning what to wear at the hunt. Truth is that until about ten minutes ago I didn't know what a shadbelly or a ratcatcher is. A shadbelly, I learn, is something like an evening coat, cut short in the front, with swooping tails. As for a ratcatcher, it constitutes my entire wardrobe, except for the beetle-suit and accessories. You are dressed in, or like, a ratcatcher when you are in tweeds or sweater and whipcord riding breeches or anything you are accustomed to wear around the house or on the golf links.)

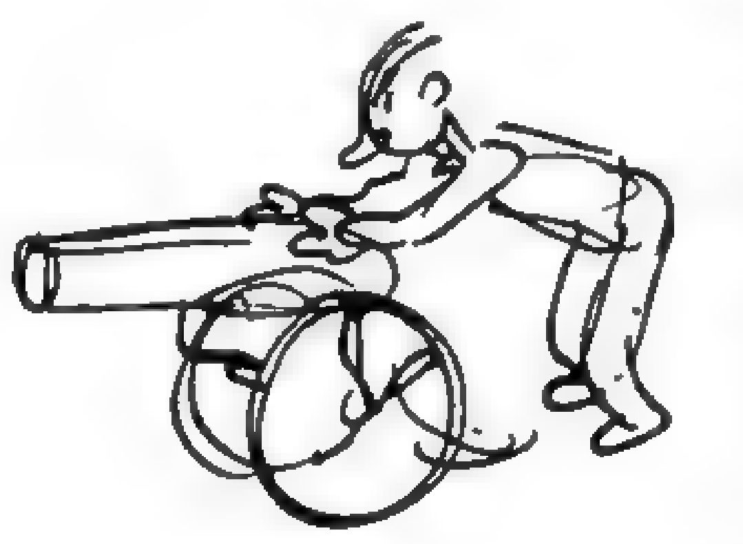
In his brochure Mr. Reynal tries to enlighten American sportsmen as to the proper kit for the hunting field. If you are invited to a hunt or if you want to barge into one, the first requisite, it seems, is a horse (but not absolutely necessary) and the second is the proper kit. It is highly important if you are a mere guest that you should wear clothes proper to your station and not the get-up of a master or a whipper-in. Your ensemble should be similar to the master's except that your coat should be pink or very dark grey, cut away and rounded in the front, with three buttons instead of five, top boots, spurs, and a top hat. This is the way the master and whipper-in are accoutered:

"A velvet cap, bow at the back, ends of the ribbon hanging down; white stock with safety-pin, which is most useful in bandaging horses or man, scarlet coat or green, if hare are hunted, cut square in front—not too long, with only a change pocket with flap, no side pockets or flaps, five buttons in front, two at the back and two on each sleeve. His coat should have very large pockets in the inside of the skirt. His waistcoat should be made of thick flannel, patch pockets, hunt buttons, and last but not least, long in the back to cover well his kidneys, white breeches showing four buttons at the knee. Black boots with mahogany tops, although some amateurs use pink or straw color. If they do, the whipper-ins must correspond; white garters and spurs."

The instructions are elaborate and include the kit the lady masters should wear. They recite the etiquette to be observed, including "Always turn your horse's head toward the hounds even if he does not kick at hounds," and "Remember the Master, Huntsman, and Whippers-in have the right of way at a fence or going through a gate in fact at any time, and that the Master is KING in the hunting field, regardless of what you think of him at any other time."

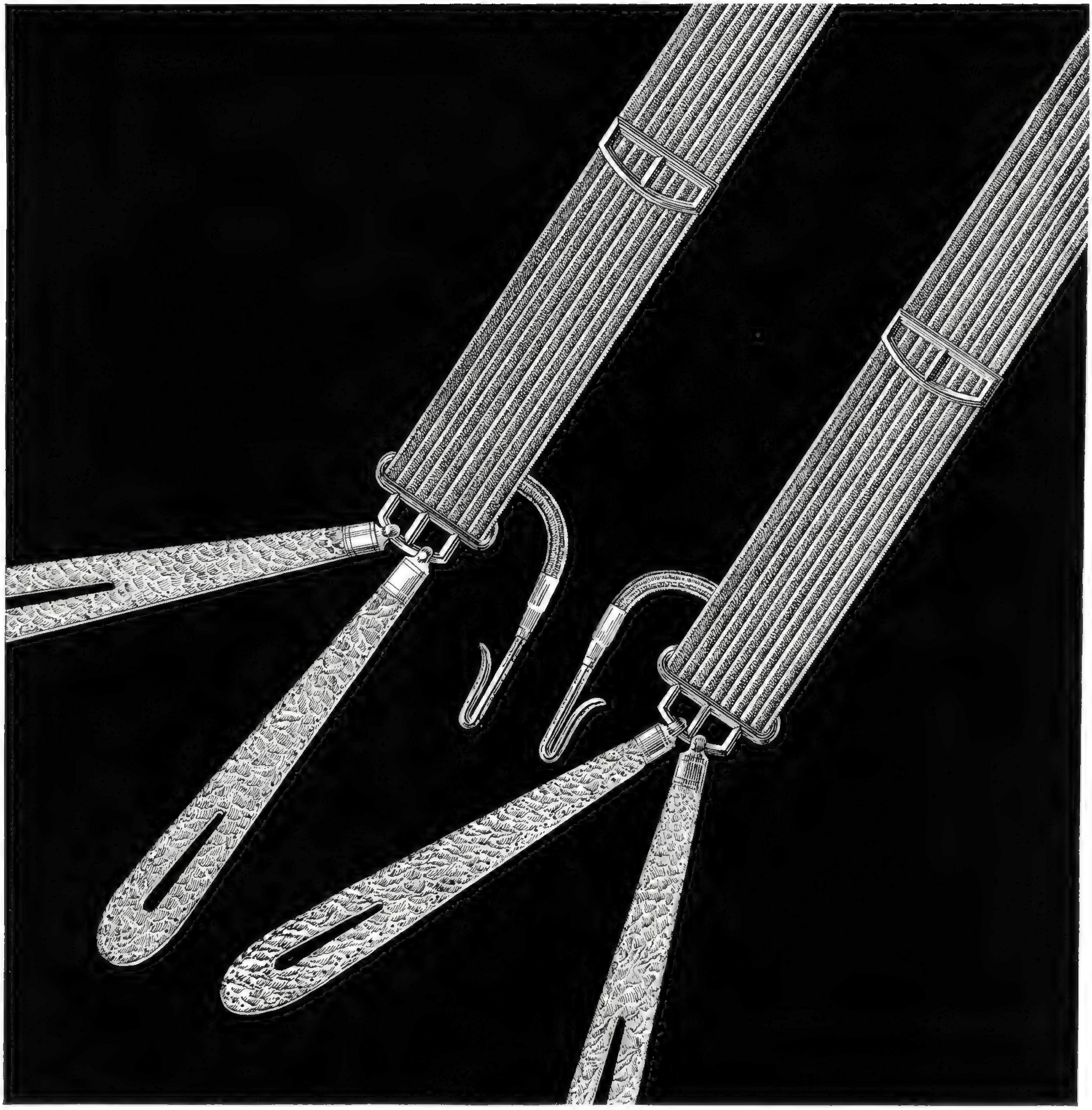
There is one thing, though, that Mr. Reynal doesn't seem to hope anything can ever be done about. And that is the inglorious fact that most Americans who ride to hounds don't know one side of a spur from another and, as a result, usually get their spurs on upside down. English huntsmen are so used to seeing American huntsmen wearing spurs wrong side up they think that is the style over here. It puzzles them but they have conceded that there must be some utility in it, because Americans are such sticklers for utility. Americophiles among British sportsmen have been known to show up at a hunt with spurs upside down and to swank it about, treating their fellows like a bunch of toffs. At a hunt in Leicestershire, Mr. Reynal had his spurs on correctly and, because he was an American, they thought he was being perverse or affected, like Harvard boys with an Oxford accent. To show him they were in the spirit of the thing and not to be outdone they considered putting on their spurs upside down, leaving him be American in his own fashion.

Speaking of comical outfits, reminds me that the ribald and racy Gene Fowler has just published a book about Mack Sennett under the title, *Father, Goose* (Covici, Friede $3.). It is much more than a biography of the comedian-producer; it is a snappy history of the motion pictures from the old flicker days to the introduction of the sound reproducing mechanism. It is intimate and anecdotal, amusing and informative. It is not one of those commissioned and paid-for biographies, like John Drinkwater's life of Samuel Goldwyn; it is a moonbeam-roaming and nightmare-riding hard-boiled sentimentalist's story of the rise of the moom-pitcher industry from the astigmatic flickers to W. C. Field's pantomime with sound. Fowler chose Sennett to write about because the creator of the bathing beauty films was most engagingly representative of the fantastic life which developed in Hollywood with the fabulous fortunes the movies created. Fowler delights in the grotesque, the absurd and the tear-squeezing incident and, like a sophisticated peasant yarn-spinner he weaves into a longish book ream after ream of anecdotes that form the folk-lore of filmdom.



From the ridiculous to the sublime we leap at once to Bertrand Russell's *Freedom Versus Organization, 1814-1914* (W. W. Norton, $3.). Let us not kid ourselves. Not many of us, no matter how many degrees we have taken at college, known much more than the more obvious superficialities about European history during the Nineteenth Century and fewer still have any philosophy about it. This and that happened; events occured thus and so; this king was an enlightened man sunk in the morass of circumstance and that king was a simpleton and rake; Napoleon suffered from a Napoleonic complex and Castlereagh was the disembodied spirit of abstract justice whose misfortune was that nobody cared a hoot about him.

Continued on page 167



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Mystery of the Happy Family

Continued from page 113

On an April morning, the coroner startled a jury by saying gravely, "When you have heard the evidence, it will be for you to say what was the cause of death, and if you find that it was due to poison, then it will be for you to say how, and by whom, and with what intent that poison was administered." The coroner told the jury that three grains of arsenic had been found in Mrs. Sidney's body. Another jury called to conduct an inquest on the death of Vera heard the same charge. One and a half grains of arsenic had been found in her body. In neither case had any arsenic been found in the hair or in the nails, where it would have been discovered had the poison been administered over a long period of time. This meant that both had died from one or two large doses. And each had died from poison after having had some slight illness.

The two juries were told the story of the deaths of the women. Each story had one strange fact in common.

In early February Vera had been ill with influenza. The doctor prescribed a special broth for her which the cook made. Mrs. Sidney did not take soup; Mrs. Noakes was not permitted to have soup. A very small amount was needed and Mrs. Noakes usually made enough for several days. It was kept in the refrigerator near the screen door in the rear of the house. Vera ate the soup and, after dinner, said she felt slightly ill. Against rules, the cook took a small cup of the soup and likewise felt sick. Two days later the soup was served again; this time the cook avoided it. On that evening, Vera died. Old Mrs. Sidney asked a strange question, "Will there be an inquest?" The doctor told Scotland Yard that he had not noticed any sign of arsenical poisoning, although to be sure he had never seen any cases before.

After Vera's death, the doctor prescribed a special tonic for Mrs. Sidney. Every day the members of the family were in the house trying to cheer up the old lady. On the morning of March 5th, Mrs. Noakes found Mrs. Sidney, with wine-glass and spoon in hand, finishing a dose of medicine. This was the first time that Mrs. Noakes had seen the bottle since the delivery boy brought it to the house a week before. Mrs. Sidney had kept it hidden; neither Tom nor Mrs. Duff could remember having seen it. Mrs. Noakes testified that she believed that she had seen Tom and one of his children in the house on March 5th, but he denied being there. After luncheon, Mrs. Sidney complained of pain. The doctor was sent for and diagnosed the illness as ptomaine poisoning. The old mother died in the early evening, but not before she had whispered, "That medicine left a bitter taste in my mouth."

The medicine was analyzed by Scotland Yard and contained a large amount of arsenic. It had been made up by a nearby druggist from a simple prescription and he described the methods he had used in making and bottling it, methods which did not admit the accidental admixture of any poison. The wine-glass and the spoon also showed traces of arsenic. The poison had been added in the house, by someone who knew what even the housekeeper did not know—where the medicine was kept.

Each of the two stories showed that the poisoner was after a definite victim and knew the victim's habits, for, in each case, he chose to poison a liquid which only the victim used.

Before exhuming the two bodies, Inspector Morish spoke with Tom Sidney about the deaths. "If they found arsenic in connection with Mother," Tom replied, "there is no reason why they should not find it in Vera. Thank God I was in bed with the flu for a week at the time she died."

Men from the Yard searched for the source of the poison. In a shed in Mrs. Sidney's garden, they found a tin of liquid weed killer which contained arsenic. At Tom Sidney's house his wife insisted there was no poison on the premises. Just then Tom arrived. "You forget that we have some weed killer," he said, and he gave the police a tin of powder which contained a large amount of arsenic. Lane, the gardener, told the police that the weed killer found at Mrs. Sidney's had been given to him several months before by Mrs. Duff. "I don't want to have this around my house with the children," she had told him. Detectives discovered that Tom bought his weed killer several years before at a nearby drug store. signing for it with his own name and address.

Mrs. Duff and Tom Sidney had to bear the brunt of the questioning, they being the only two remaining members of the immediate family. Tom's wife had seldom come near the house. These two had to be counted on the list of suspects. "I know that I am one of the first to be suspected," Tom told a reporter. The list might likewise include Mrs. Noakes, who had been in the house only five months, and Lane, the gardener. He insisted and Mrs. Noakes supported him, that he had not put foot inside the house for three months. These, excluding the children, were the only people known to have had the run of the house. In addition, there was the question of some assassin, yet unknown, sneaking in through the screen door.

Tom was asked about his reason for saying, "Thank God I was in bed for a week when Vera died."

"I don't deny that I said it. I was very high-strung that night. I'm not used to getting up in the middle of the night to see my mother and sister exhumed."

"Did you wish the inspector to believe that you had been indoors a week prior to Vera's death?" the coroner asked.

"No sir, but I am quite sure that I did not care whether he knew or not."

"Are you not disposed to agree that an innocent man welcomes some proof of his innocence?"

The jury were shocked at Tom's answer, "I should not mind being charged with the murder of my mother and sister. I should sleep quite soundly at night. I should have the experience of going into a jail, and it would be very useful to me in my lecture business afterward. I expect I should get my expenses back writing it all up for the newspapers. If I were guilty, I should be very careful in speaking to the police at all."

The next encounter between Sidney and the coroner sent a nervous tittering around the room. The coroner asked, "But if it were such a matter of indifference to you as to what the inspector thought or believed, why did you say 'Thank God'?"

"I think we had passed the hour of midnight, when we get more devout sometimes. It is an expression you use a dozen times a day—'Thank God it is not raining,' 'Thank God it is fine,' and I shall say 'Thank God' when this inquest is over."

The inquests dragged on during the next four weeks. There were many conferences in Scotland Yard. The detectives, considering the question of motive, found that Vera had left a fairly large amount of money, perhaps $20,000, to her mother, and her mother had left that and perhaps $35,000 more; but most of it went to the grandchildren. Tom and Mrs. Duff shared only slightly in it. They found that Tom's business was in good condition and that he had plenty of capital. Mrs. Duff had been a trifle pressed after the death of her husband and had been receiving help from other members of her family. There was no indication that anyone but the grandchildren stood to profit financially by the death of Mrs. Sidney and her daughter.

The investigations of Scotland Yard only seemed to complicate the case. After a conference on May 19th, the Yard decided on a dramatic move. They ordered the exhumation of a third body, that of Creighton Duff, now dead over a year. But traces of arsenic can be found for several years after death!

Duff had gone on vacation in the north in April, 1928. He had come home late in the afternoon of the 24th and had complained of not feeling well. The doctor was called but found Duff in bed looking quite normal and the doctor thought he was exaggerating a slight indisposition. When he called on the following day, Duff was in great pain. During this time he had eaten one meal of which all the members of the family partook; but he alone drank beer and later had his wife bring him some whiskey. No friends or members of the family had called at the house during that time. On the following day, Duff died. The doctor ordered an examination for signs of ptomaine poisoning. None were found. The cause of death was given as heart failure.

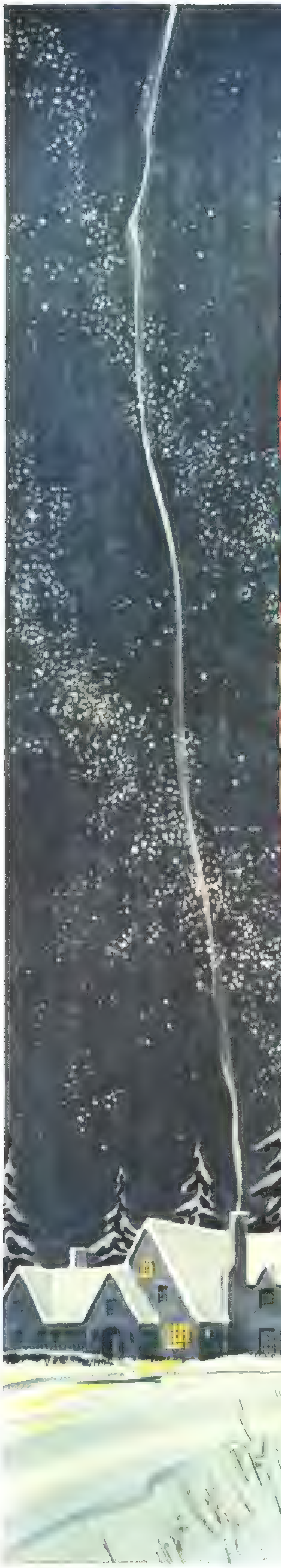
Knowing these facts, the men at Scotland Yard saw two threads running through the case, which had been traced in the other two deaths: the victim had died in pain after a short illness and he too had taken a liquid which the other members of the family did not take—beer and whiskey. Arsenic can be dissolved in either of those liquids.

The grave in Croyden cemetery gave up its third body. Again in the mortuary, there was the same stillness while the casket was opened. In it lay a body well preserved. Detailed examination showed arsenic in every organ in the body. A third coroner's jury was summoned.

The coroner now focused his examination on Mrs. Duff. She was a person who easily dominated the courtroom, a woman of forty, with most intelligent and observant eyes, dark hair, firm mouth. She spoke in a low musical voice. The grief had not dimmed the sparkle in her eyes. And nothing made her lose her cool, well-mannered composure.

Point-blank, the coroner put a question, "Did you gain or lose by your husband's death?"

Continued on page 127



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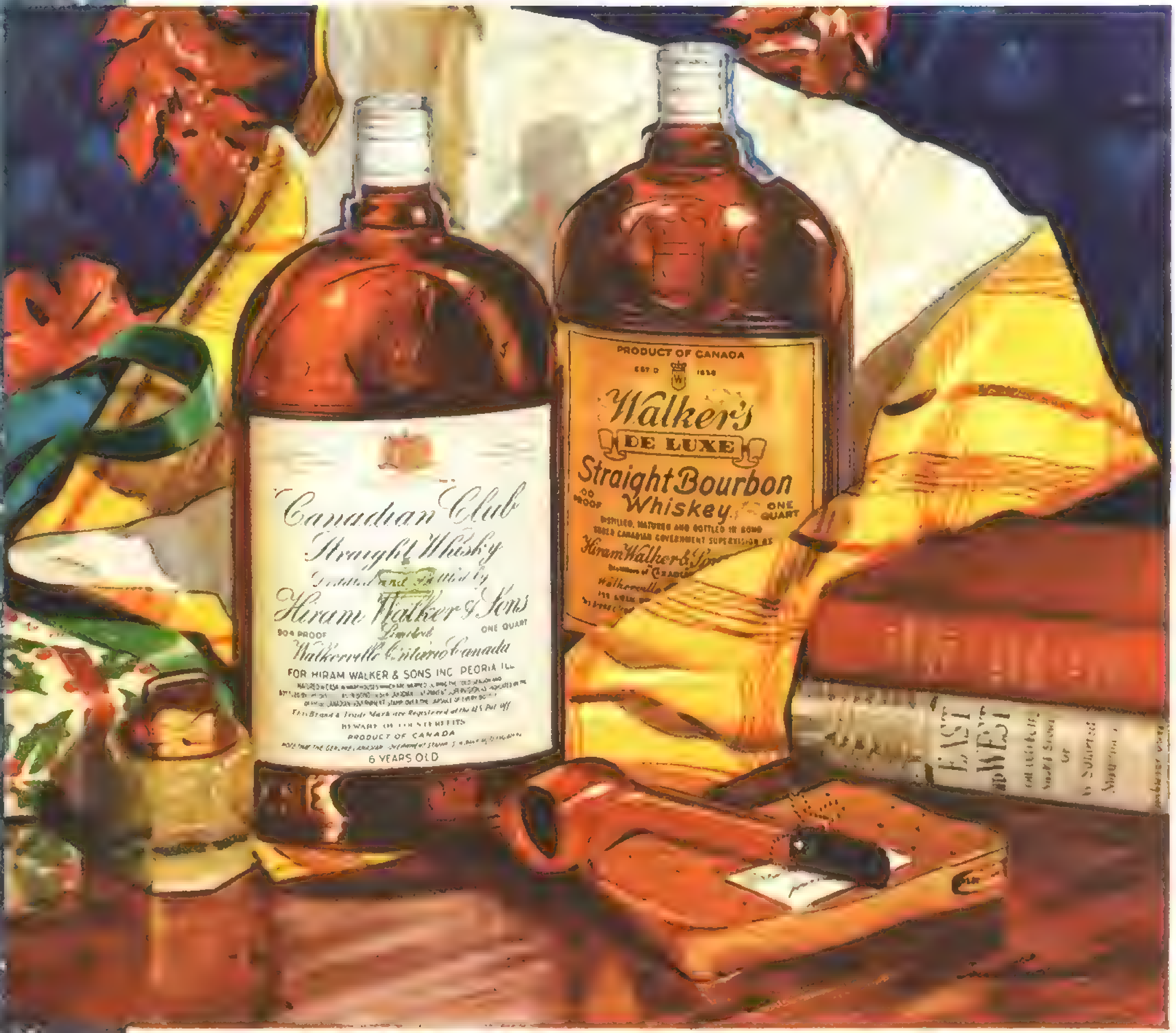
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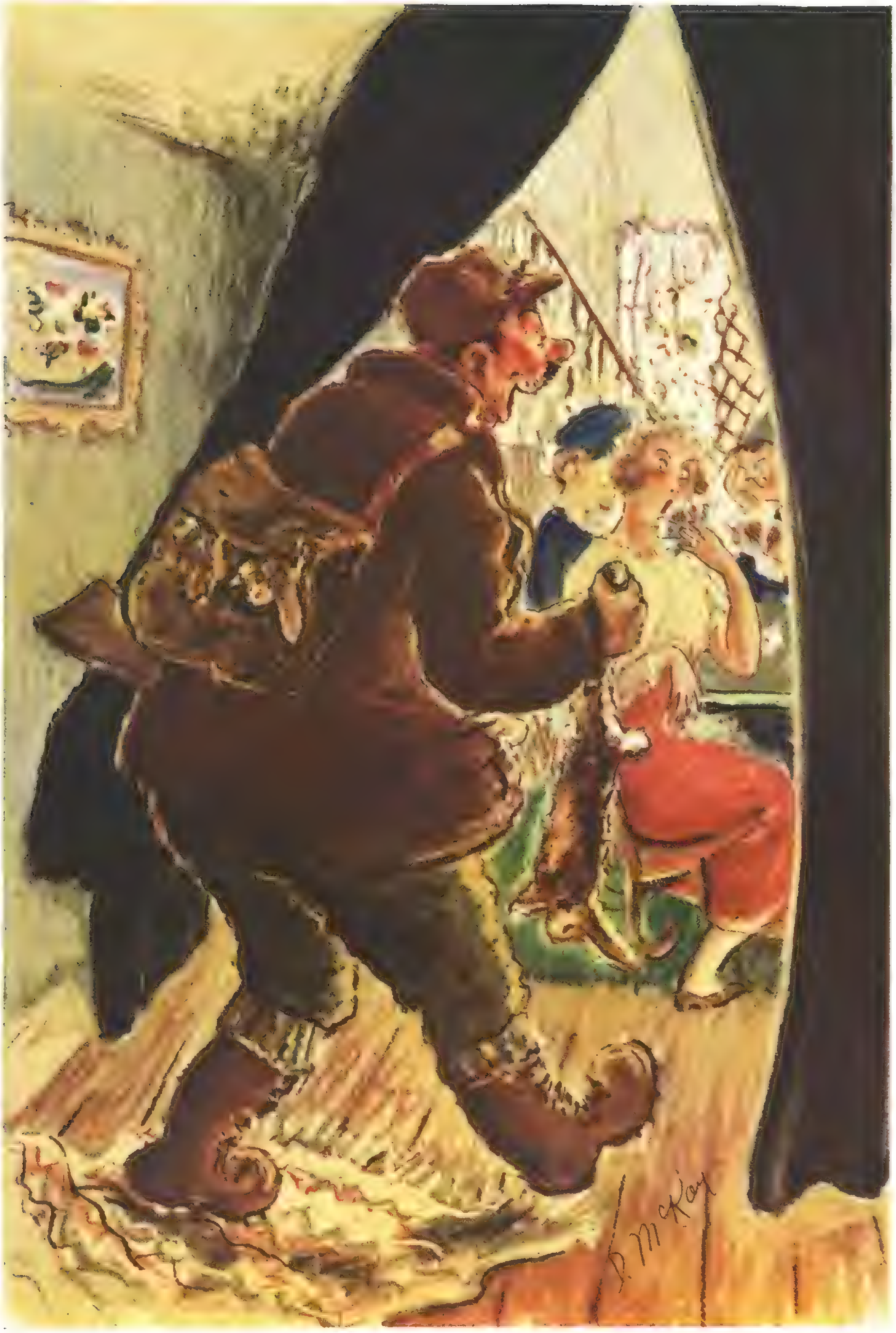
D. McKay

Mystery of the Happy Family

Continued from page 124

"I lost everything. But for my relatives, I do not know what I should have done," she replied.

The coroner continued—she had some money. Did she mean that she was financially worse off?

"By losing everything, I mean that whereas I was a happy woman, I am now a miserable widow with no one to look after me," she explained.

Three separate coroner's inquests were running side by side. One hundred of the best men in Scotland Yard were busy day and night trying to pin the triple poisoning on someone, so that the verdicts of the juries would not have to read, "Murder by person or persons unknown." Theory after theory was proposed by the Yard and broken down in the face of facts.

At the end of July, Coroner Jackson summed up the whole story for the juries. ". . . the one outstanding thing in regard to the family is their mutual affection one for the other. Nor is there any obvious financial motive in the murder. There is scarcely any motive for the commission of such an atrocious crime. But the absence of motive is not proof that perhaps someone could have murdered without motive. It is a grim thought that someone is at large putting arsenic in other people's food!" Then in the silence of the courtroom, he continued, "I think it right to tell you that there is no evidence, in my judgment, which singles out any one member of the family as poisoner."

On August 1st, the juries brought in verdicts of murder by persons unknown in each case, except in that of Mrs. Sidney; here they qualified their statement, "There is not sufficient evidence to show whether she killed herself or was murdered by person or persons unknown." The case was officially closed. In a week, Mrs. Duff moved from the neighborhood and Tom Sidney moved abroad.

It was a reporter who worked night and day on the case who made the final remark about it. He was tired of the way in which the many trails led only to greater confusion. He stood watching the body of Mr. Duff being re-interred and said bitterly, "The Yard's on the wrong track this time. There isn't any poisoning. The whole secret is—Croyden Cemetery is just an arsenic mine!"

But Scotland Yard does not consider the case closed. Some day, the ever-listening ears of the Yard may pick up something that will remove from the Yard records the reputation of the Sidney case as the perfect crime committed three times without detection.

Devil, George and Rosie

Continued from page 73

"Temptation to what?" asked George in a tone of great anxiety.

"To that sin to which wives are peculiarly fitted," replied the Devil. "Does she like a waxed moustache?"

"Oh dear! He says," whispered George to Rosie, "do you like a waxed moustache?"

"No, darling," said Rosie, "I like a bristly, sandy one like yours."

"She says she likes a bristly, sandy one, like mine," said George, not entirely without complacency.

"Excellent. I will appear in one yet bristlier and sandier," replied the fiend. "Keep her by you. I have never failed yet. And, Pennywhistle . . ."

"Oh, yes, yes," said George, "what is it now?"

"Be discreet," said the Devil in a menacing tone. "If she gets wind of my intentions, you shall be in the brimstone within an hour."

George hung up the receiver. "Excuse me, my dear," he said, "I really must go and think over what I have just heard."

He walked out among his groves of willows, which were then all freshened by the morning dew, and resounding with the songs of birds. It was, of all the mornings of his life, that on which he would most have appreciated his first cigarette, had it not been for his conversation with the Devil. As it was he did not bother to light one. "The thing is," he said to himself, "he must either succeed or fail. In the latter case his fury will be intolerable: in the former case mine will be."

The problem seemed to defy solution, and so it would have done, had it not been that love, whose bemusing effects have been celebrated often enough in song and story, has another and an ungratefully neglected aspect, in which the mind receives the benefit of clarifying calm. When the first flurry of his perturbation had passed, our hero found himself in possession of a mind as cool and unclouded as the sea-strand sky of earliest dawn. He immediately lit his cigarette.

"After all, we have some days to go," he murmured, "and time is entirely relative. Consider, for example, that fellow Prior, who is at this very moment about to drink up the universe, and who will still be arrested in the act of doing so long after all our little lives have passed away. On the other hand, it is certainly not for me to deny that certain delightful moments can take on the aspect of eternity. Besides, we might always escape."

The thought entered his mind as unostentatiously as, no doubt, the notion of writing Paradise Lost entered Milton's. . . . "H'm, I'll write Paradise Lost." "Besides, we might always escape." Just a few words, which, however, made all the difference. All that remained, in one case as in the other, was to work out the little details.

Our hero was ingenious. What's more, he was assisted in his reflections by the hoarse cry, like that of a homing swan, of Charon's siren. It was the hour when that worthy, having cast loose from the quays of Hell, where he dropped his male cargo, turned his great ship towards George's planet. It came into sight, cleaving the morning blue, flashing in the beams of the local sun, leaving behind it a wake like that of smoke-trailing aeroplane, only altogether better. It was a glorious sight: soon George could see the women scampering up and down the decks, and hear their cry: "Is that Buenos Aires?"

He lost no time, but repairing to his palace, and seating himself in the most impressive of his salons, he sent forth a messenger to the docks, saying "Bid the skipper come up and have a word with me."

Charon soon came stumping along in the wake of the messenger. He might have been inclined to grumble, but his eyes brightened at the sight of a bottle George had on his desk. This contained nothing less than the Old Original Rum of Hell, a liquor of the fieriest description, and now as rare as it is unappreciated.

"Skipper," said George, "you and I have got on well enough hitherto, I believe. I have to ask you a question, which may seem to reflect a little on your capacities. However, I don't ask it on my own behalf, you may be sure, and in order to show my private estimation of you as a friend, as a man, and above all as a seadog of the old school, I am going to ask you to do me the favor of taking a little tipple with me first."

Charon was a man of few words: "Aye, aye," said he.

George then poured out the rum. When Charon had wet his whistle: "The chief," said George, "is in a secret fury with you over Mrs. Soames of Bayswater."

"Avast," said Charon, with a frown.

"Has it slipped your memory that I mentioned her to you on two previous occasions?" continued our hero. "She is now a hundred and four, and as cross as two sticks. The chief wants to know why you have not brought her along months ago." As he spoke, he refilled Charon's glass.

"Avast," said that worthy again.

"Perhaps," said George, "among your manifold onerous duties, his express demands concerning one individual may have seemed unworthy of your attention. I'm sure *I* should have forgotten the matter altogether, had I such a job as yours. Still, you know what he is. He has been talking of changes at the Admiralty: however, pay no attention to that. I have to visit the earth myself on important business, and I find that the young woman you brought by such a regrettable mistake, has had training as a hospital nurse. Between us, I assure you, we will shanghai the old geezer in a brace of shakes: the chief will find her here when he recovers from his gout, and foul weather between you will be entirely averted."

With that he poured the rest of the rum into the old salt's glass.

"Aye! Aye!" said that worthy.

George at once pressed the bell, and had Rosie ushered in in a bewitching uniform. "To the ship, at once," he cried.

"Aye! Aye!" cried Charon.

"I can take you back," whispered George to his beloved, "as long as you don't look round. If you do, we are lost."

"Depend upon me," she said. "Nothing in the world will make me cast a single glance behind while you and I are together."

Very well, they got aboard. Charon believed all landlubbers were mad; moreover, he had long suspected machinations against him at headquarters, and was obliged to George for giving him word of them. George ordered a whole case of the admirable rum

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Devil, George and Rosie

Continued from page 127

(the last case in existence) to be placed in his cabin, lest Charon should remember that old Mrs. Soames had never been mentioned to him at all.

Amid hoots and cries of "Avast" the great ship left her moorings. George, on the pretext that he had to maintain constant communication with his chief, took over the wireless operator's cabin. You may depend Satan was in a fury when he heard what had happened, but the only effect of that was, that his gouty members became a thousand times worse inflamed, and grew still more so when he found it impossible to establish communication with the ship.

The best he could do was to conjure up, in the trackless wastes of space, such dumb images as might tempt Rosie to glance behind her. A Paris hat would bob up like a buoy on the starboard bow, and a moment later (so great was the speed of the ship) be tossing far astern. On other occasions, the images of the most famous film actors would be descried sitting on the silver planets of far constellations, combing their hair. She was exposed to a hundred temptations of this sort, and, what was crueller, she was subjected, by pursuant imps, to ceaseless tweakings of the hair, tuggings of the garments, sensations as of a spider down her back: the devoted girl, holding fast to the forward rail of the boat-deck, never so much as flickered an eye.

The result of this devotion, coupled with George's vigilance at the ear-phones and Charon's drunkenness below, was that they soon heaved to in the latitudes of the earth: George and Rosie were set to slide at dizzy speed down an invisible rope, and they found themselves safely beside the old Mrs. Soames.

She was in a tearing rage when she found this young couple in bed beside her: "Get out of here at once," she cried.

"All right," they said. "We will."

The very next day I met them in Oxford Street, looking in the windows of the furniture shops, and George acquainted me with the whole story.

"I can hardly believe it," said I.

"To prove it to you," said he, "I will show you the very place where Rosie was pinched by the envious young woman."

"Will you?" I cried, for I am one who likes to get to the bottom of every mystery.

"Yes," said he. "It was in that shop over there, half way down the stocking counter, on the right as you go in."

The Mossgrip Arms

Continued from page 65

stairs? O said Mr. Mossgrip he is an old family servant and devoted to the Mossgrips. His wife is our cook and he used to be our butler until I couldn't afford him any longer and I got him this job. And on second thought I will wake up the cook and have her run the service elevator and Mrs. Mossgrip shall come with us for she knows a lot about furniture and jewelry and antiques and she can help us pick out the best things.

Well they set to work and by daylight they had the empty apartment on the eighteenth floor stacked so full of fine old furniture and rugs and pictures and glass and china that there was just room to close the door. And they had three trunks full of silver and one of jewelry and they had even found quite a good deal of money, over fourteen thousand dollars in cash, which made Mr. Mossgrip feel pretty badly to think that his tenants had deliberately deceived him about their financial state.

Of course there were one or two embarrassing contretemps as there are always bound to be in such undertakings and Mr. Mossgrip learned some things about apartment house life that for all his long experience were quite new to him. For he found several of his tenants in apartments belonging to other tenants and much of the information which he had about those of the tenants who were at home turned out to be wrong. He learned that Colonel Sponson wore a frilled flannel nightgown and that Mrs. Maribel Van Heusen Dill wrote passionate love letters to Mr. Zymbrowitz which she tied with pink ribbons to the cover of the garbage can and that Mr. John Hubert Fairweather the anti-vice crusader had a small telescope mounted at a window overlooking a women's apartment hotel. And he had to give up the idea that it would be safer to rob only apartments occupied by lone women because he found that they were often not so occupied.

But the worst thing was when he was tiptoeing through Countess Zingarelli's bedroom and the Countess woke up and said O Mr. Mossgrip how *nice!* And Mr. Mossgrip who had on his pajamas still pretended he was walking in his sleep and he stretched out his hands in front of him and mumbled and walked toward the window. And the Countess jumped out of bed and she looked very pretty in her haste and confusion and nothing else and she put her hand on his arm and said O not that way I am afraid you will fall. So am I said Mr. Mossgrip and the Countess laughed charmingly. Then Mr. Mossgrip realized he had made a mistake and he said I have come about the rent. And the Countess said O bother the rent let's have a little drink. But Mr. Mossgrip thought of his faithful wife dragging Goyas and oriental rugs into the service elevator and of his trusty partner Mr. Van Skink waiting outside the door to have a look at the jewels and he said Well I'll call another time but it is always so hard to find you in. I am always in to you dear Mr. Mossgrip said the Countess. You are into me about $5000 in back rent said Mr. Mossgrip and got away. Outside Mr. Van Skink was waiting and when Mr. Mossgrip told him why he hadn't got the jewels he said Why didn't you sock her? O I couldn't do that said Mr. Mossgrip. Well I could said Mr. Van Skink who was more hardened to burglary and he went in and socked her and got the jewels.

Well when they had got all the loot locked safely into the empty apartment Mrs. Mossgrip and the cook went back to bed and Mr. Mossgrip and Mr. Van Skink went into the living room for a drink. And Mr. Mossgrip asked Mr. Van Skink to show him his pistol because he thought he ought to have one too if he was to be a real burglar. So Mr. Van Skink handed it over and Mr. Mossgrip looked to see if it was loaded and snapped off the safety catch and pointed it at Mr. Van Skink and said Please move just a little to the left. And Mr. Van Skink said Why? And Mr. Mossgrip said Because I am going to shoot you and I don't want to spoil this mirror that is why. Ha ha said Mr. Van Skink you will have your joke won't you? And Mr. Mossgrip said Ha ha I will indeed and telephoned the police and said Come quick I have shot a burglar.

Well when the police came Mr. Mossgrip told them that he had been awakened by noises and had walked around the Mossgrip Arms to see if everything was all right and had even gone down as far as the Countess Zingarelli's apartment on the eighth floor though he hadn't said anything to her about his suspicions because he hadn't wanted to frighten her. And then he said he had seen a big van being loaded in front of the house but he only thought it was some more tenants sneaking out and it was his policy not to interfere in such cases because empty apartments cost him less than full ones. But then he said he had turned around and there was a burglar pointing a pistol at him. He had gone for the burglar in fearless Mossgrip fashion and there had been a struggle in the course of which the gun had gone off.

Well the police were very nice about it and congratulated Mr. Mossgrip heartily and had he seen the number of the van? Mr. Mossgrip said No. The police said that was too bad and probably there wasn't much to be done. But he got the tenants all up and got a list of everything that was missing and it was a good long list. And then they said Well if you hear anything more let us know. And they went.

Well of course the van was never traced and a month or so later Mr. Mossgrip bought a little house in the country and hired eight vans and moved the contents of the apartment on the eighteenth floor out to it. And Mrs. Mossgrip had a lovely time arranging all the furniture and pictures and things and it was indeed a little jewel of a house and they loved there very happily ever afterward. Sometimes people used to wonder why they never asked any of the people to visit them who had been their tenants in the Mossgrip Arms. But Mr. Mossgrip would shake his head sadly and say that owning an apartment house was very disillusioning and that on one occasion through an odd series of events he had discovered things about his tenants that had shocked and grieved him immeasurably. Tenants! he would say bitterly You never know where to find them. And then he would brighten, put back his shoulders and say But come into the library and let me show you my Goyas. And when the guests exclaimed about the beauty of the house he would say Ah yes I did manage to save a few heirlooms at least from the wreck of the Mossgrip Arms.

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The Beaut from Montana

Continued from page 49

Queen Elizabeth's ladies in waiting, the harlot poor Shakespeare fell for. Somebody talked her into making a picture around the black-eyed "lady" of Shakespeare's sonnets, while waiting for her divorce, and she leaped at the chance. I don't know why. Just to show off her French, probably.

But that was the thing that licked her at last. She brought over a skeleton crew from Hollywood to Joinville, just outside of Paris, and hired some frogs to fill in the frame.

Among these French workers was Henri Dupont. He would have been a Marquis if the Second Empire had survived, and he actually did so title himself, though France had been a Republic for years before he was born. His name oddly, *was* Dupont, though in France that has become a gag name like Jones in America.

Fortunately Sally didn't know that. She didn't even know he was a Marquis. In fact she didn't know anything about him until she walked on the set and saw him moving a "nigger," a sort of black screen they use in studios, further away from the camera on the orders of the cameraman; one of her discarded lovers, incidentally.

"Who's that guy?"

"What?" asked the cameraman.

"Who's that guy?" she asked again.

"Just one of the prop-men."

"Make him take my make-up kit to my dressing-room after we knock off for the morning, will you?"

The cameraman saw immediately what was going to happen to Dupont, and though he was an old hand in the picture business and pretty cynical about virtue and all that, something came over him and he decided he had to protect this youth at all costs.

When they had finished shooting the scene and in the general chaos of moving the troupe outdoors for an exterior shot, he told Dupont what he was in for.

"But don't let her do it," he said. "Fight her off. Use every device you can think of and in the end if she has to marry you to get you she'll do it. Whatever you do, don't go in her dressing room. Knock, leave her kit at the door, and scram! That's your only hope. If she gets you as quickly as she wants you, she'll throw you aside in a month like a worn-out glove. I *know!*"

Dupont turned white when he learned the plight he was in, but he had a Frenchman's instinct for self-preservation, and for making money too. For days he played with her and kept slipping in and out of situations that would have hooked even a Cabinet Minister.

It was his cunning against hers, and hers was fortified by a thousand conquests. She was quick enough to see that she could have had him if she proposed marriage, but she was determined not to marry again, and she didn't see why a frog, of all persons, should be so fussy. Wasn't France the "home," if you could call it that, of the *mesalliance?* Why did this kid have to go back of such an established tradition? If she were willing to take up the manners of his country, there was no reason for his going early New England. She said as much to the cameraman, but he only shrugged his shoulders. He had been through all that with her himself.

Oddly, the thing that finally hooked her was a cock-and-bull story the cameraman told Dupont to pass on to her when the occasion arose. The third day on the set she got her first chance to talk to Henri while they were waiting for lights.

"Were you born in Paris, Hank?" she asked familiarly, and with an innocence born of cunning.

"Yes," he said briefly.

"Are you the only child?"

"No."

"I thought the French never had more than one or two children."

"I have five sisters," he said.

That was his cue. The cameraman had told him to say that, and it worked like a charm.

"That's a lot of girls," said Sally.

"Yes, *alors*, girls run in our family."

She wanted him now more than ever. That subterfuge by which she got her other daughter may have fooled the world but in her heart it didn't fool her. If this youth, besides being handsome and of good family, could produce a daughter, that would round out her life in the way she wanted it rounded out. And if she couldn't get the guy any other way than by marrying him, well, one more didn't make much difference in her life, she decided. She could get divorced in a couple of months if she tired of him.

She told her mother she was marrying again—"a Marquee this time."

"My God," cried her mother, "not one of those things they hang outside theatres!"

"No, no—a sort of Count," explained Sally.

"Oh," said the mother.

"I can get a divorce in a couple of months if I tire of him."

But she didn't know France as well as she knew men, for France is the easiest country to get a divorce in and the hardest to get married in, and before she was through she realized that anybody who got married there meant it.

"I can understand now," she said, "why all those artists on the left bank live in sin. They haven't the time or money to go through with this ceremony."

She had to get affidavits from the Consul General of the United States, documents from lawyers which the Consul endorsed, certificates of residence from the Chief of Police of Paris, and the manager of the hotel where she stayed and so on. Document on document piled up and even then she was only to first base.

"You now have to stay in the hotel for thirty days," the Chief of the Bureau of Vital Statistics told her, "and then we will have to publish the bans, and after that you can get married."

"How long will that take?" she asked.

"Forty days, Madame."

"Forty days?"

He assured her politely it would take forty days.

"Unless," he added with a pause, "you can get a letter from the Procurer of the Republic waiving the bans, which are not compulsory in your country. As you are a foreigner he might do that for you, but as your *fiancé* is a Frenchman I doubt it."

"Who is this Procurer of the Republic? Does he get Folies Bergère girls for Cabinet Members?"

The Chief of the Bureau of Vital Statistics was visibly shocked.

"No, Madame, he is an officer of the Republic—and a very important one."

"Would 5,000 francs make him forget that ten-day clause?"

The Chief shrugged his shoulders. Since the Stavisky case all of them were wary of bribes.

"You might try, Madame."

But even in this she was unsuccessful and in the end had to wait forty days after Dupont said "Yes" before she could officially cash in on his acquiescence.

What torture she went through during that time even one of the old Amazons never equalled.

She tried to get Dupont to go off on trips, but his mother always went along, and spoiled that.

"How do you know we'll be suited for each other?" she once argued with him. "On principle I never marry a man I haven't slept with before marriage."

"I'm sorry, Sally," he said softly, "but I have my principles, too."

"You're the strangest man I ever met," she said, frustrated, annoyed, but still determined to get him.

In the end she did, of course, but not until they were on their honeymoon, and by then all the fight had been taken out of her and she was a licked woman. To all outward appearances they were a happily married couple, but knowing Sally as you do now, you know that by being brought from the open range of life into its harness room she has been chastened, subdued, defeated.

There was an ironic chuckle in the subdued laughter of her ex-husbands, her ex-lovers and even those who only satisfied her for one night, but to those of us who believe that motherhood is woman's highest purpose in life it would have been a shame if Sally hadn't got her legitimate daughter, and, personally, I was rooting for her.

I don't know if even Sally could have had a greater thrill than I did when the news came from the Montpelier Mountain Lying Inn that an eight-pound daughter had been born to the Marquise Henri Dupont, and that father and child were doing well.

The hospital was proud, too, the Chief Obstetrician saying, "We wanted to keep our record clear. After all, we never lost a father yet."

"Nor an uncle, either," added his assistant.

Sally settled three million francs on Henri for his part in the affair.

"What will you call the baby?" the Bureau of Vital Statistics wanted to know.

"The Beaut of Montana," said Sally, gagging in her ribald way.

"*C'est un joli nom,*" the chief said.

"A nice name! You're telling me!" Sally laughed, half pulling him into her bed.

The man wriggled himself free. "*Quelle dame!*" he cried. "In labor pains, even!"

But it really was her last try. After that she settled down in a *château* on the Riviera, curbed her roving eye and soon that look of lust disappeared altogether.

I violate no confidence when I say that once that happened she and Henri and the Little Beaut from Montana lived happily ever after.

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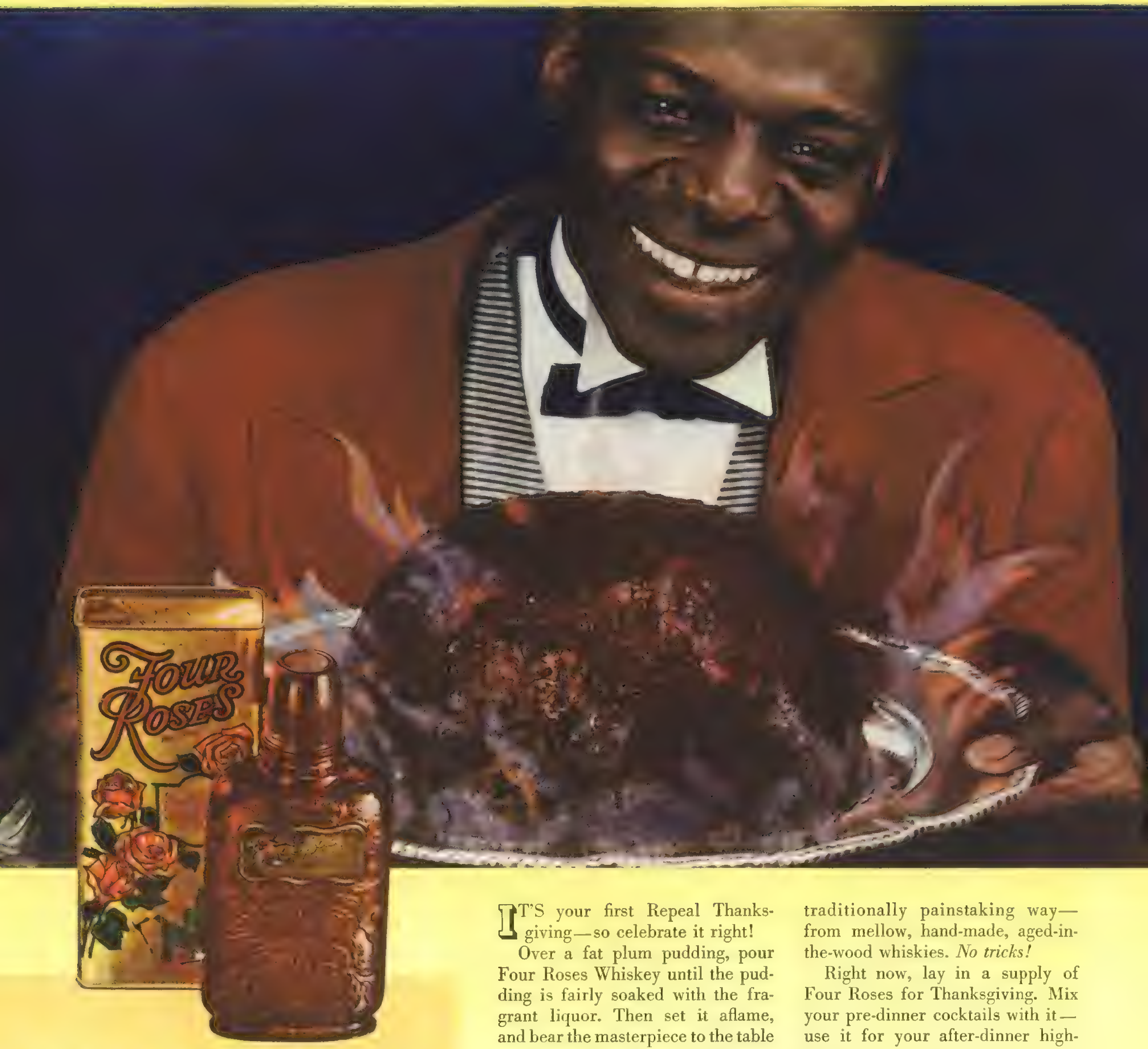

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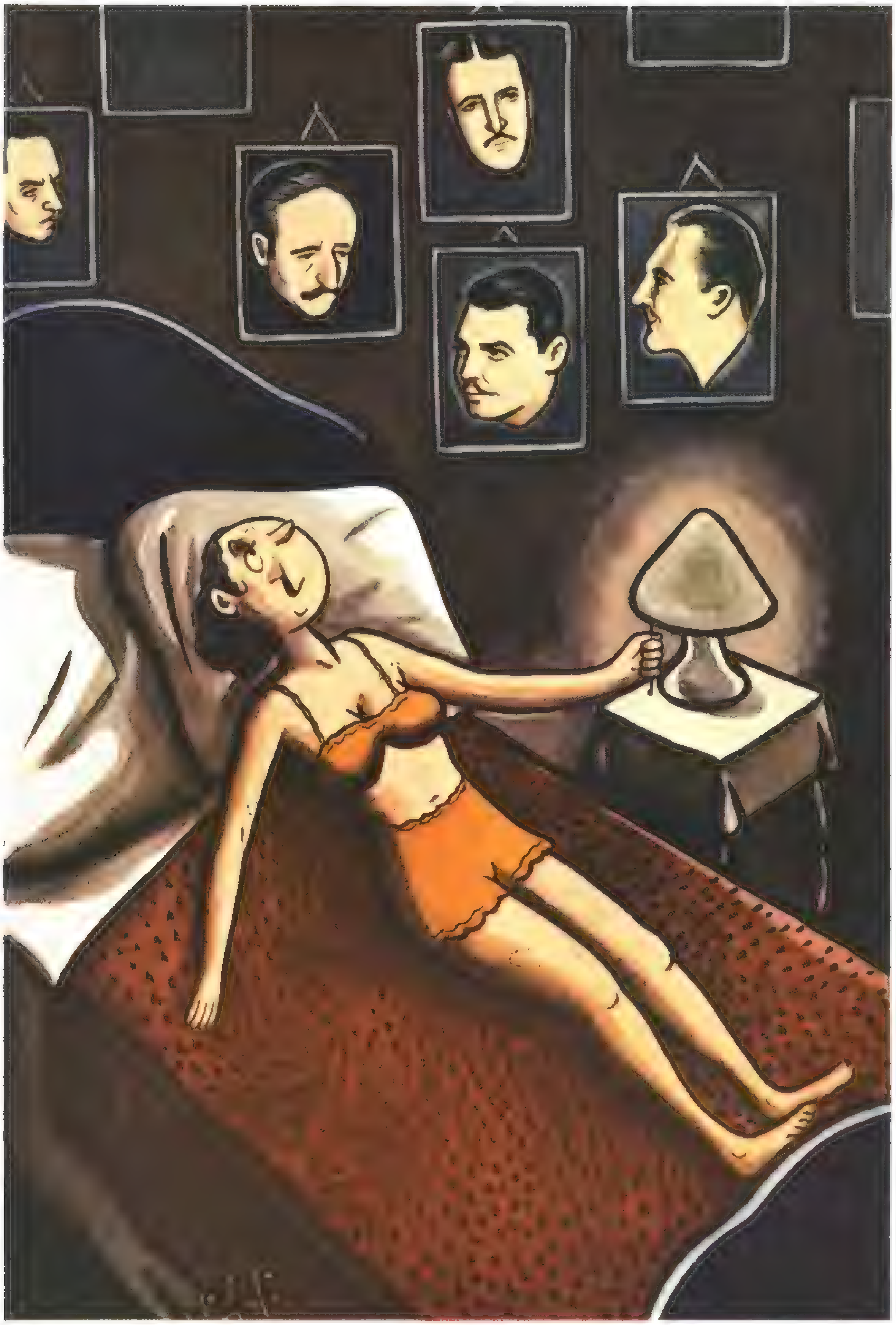

"Goodnight, sweethearts!"

The Candid Cameraman

An era closes as movie houses wipe off their gilded plaster and rebuild in streamline style

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

TAKE THE GIRL TO SEE

Great Expectations: Henry Hull in a remarkable performance as the villainous benefactor of Pips, hero of the Dickens tale. Director Stuart Walker went a little too far in trying to capture Dickens atmosphere in the first sequences, but got the touch in the last scenes of rowboats in the fog. Henry Hull so powerful he seems to come out of Dostoevski, rather than Dickens.

We Live Again: Resurrection of Tolstoy's "Resurrection;" second vehicle for Goldwyn's beautiful Anna Sten. She is completely outplayed by Frederick March, but makes a better impression than in "Nana." She's fine in the early innocent-girl sequences; may be a mistake to plug her in prostitute roles. Director Rouben Mamoulian repeats many of the good devices Von Sternberg used for Russian atmosphere in "The Scarlet Empress;" the Easter scene in church, with choral singing, is great.

Power: Conrad Veidt gives a harsh and noble characterization of the Jew Suss in British-Gaumont's involved film version of Lion Feuchtwangers involved novel. Veidt equals, in some ways tops, George Arliss's performance in "The House of Rothschild," but "Power" is not as entertaining a picture as "Rothschild."

Gay Divorcee: Witty, merry, continental, sophisticated and romantic. Also musical. Scampers away from the stockroom brand of movie musicals. You'll like Fred Astaire even if you never did before. Ginger Rogers given to dancing rather than acting (a boon). Big production number, "The Continental," is over-plugged, and you can go out for a smoke during fourteen of its chorus repeats. Otherwise swell.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch: The movement to enbalm our childhood classics in celluloid continues. This one is pretty near perfect. Even if you were bored with "Little Women," give Mrs. Wiggs a chance. W. C. Fields is the hit of the production, but the thing has style and flavor rare to the cinema. Pauline Lord, incidentally, often takes on the mannerisms of her playmate Zasu Pitts, but nevertheless gives a distinguished performance. All the kids are okay and the sway-backed horse is a find. Donald Meek does a capital bit as the unambitious Mr. Wiggs. The old-fashioned turns in the show at the opery house are genuine in flavor. And the picture moves along. One for the whole family.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Six-Day Bike Race: At last Joe E. Brown gets a plot. From a slow small-town start this one develops into a whirlwind laugh-producer as Joe wins the six-day race. The swell farce possibilities of the bike marathon are fully capitalized here.

Chu Chin Chow: Elaborate British-made musical from the operetta about Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Has many dull spots, but on the whole passes as good entertainment. The oriental settings are in particularly good taste. Luscious slave scene, and a wind-up orgy that should have De Mille quivering in his puttees.

Lady By Choice: May Robson as the battling old gutter hag who is adopted by a fan dancer (Carole Lombard) as a mother. (Press agent gag.) Amusing in spite of Roger Pryor. Presents May Robson as a plausible successor to Marie Dressler.

TRAIL ALONG (with misgivings)

Outcast Lady: The "Green Hat" is with us again. This time on Connie Bennett. Tawdry and stupid play; always was. The years have removed the gloss; now boresome, in spite of handsome production. Everybody eternally telling everyone else "I understand. There's nothing to forgive."

Lost Lady: There's a plague of these "lady" pictures, probably in revenge for the suppression of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." This one contains Barbara Stanwyck looking much like Kay Francis; she's married to an old gent and loves an aviator who drops into her garden. The old gent has a breakdown so she takes to drink. Surprise—he doesn't die and she doesn't go 'way.

Happiness Ahead: The heiress weds the window washer. It takes a couple of reels to get used to Josephine Hutchinson's rather odd prettiness. Or maybe the cameraman learned her angles, by then. Full face is not so hot; shooting up from corners finds charm. But it has that sappy Dick Powell. Guys like that puzzle me. His songs bore me stiff. His facial manipulations in search of liveliness, while his eyes reveal a complete death of spirit, are ghastly. Maybe his popularity is a giant hoax. It can't be that anyone really likes him.

Caravan: Elaborate musical, Hungarian village settings, gypsies, a countess, Phillips Holmes without tragedy, and much too much of everything except the shots of bare-legged maidens treading the grapes into wine.

The Lemon Drop Kid: Lee Tracy in a small town drammer with much gulping and labor of the facial muscles. Doesn't help.

POISON

Wagon Wheels: Tedious "covered wagon" stuff with Injun fights. Poses as an epic.

Note on Censorship. It was a sweet parade. The buses were routed off of Michigan avenue, and the children were given the right of way. From the old water tower clear down to the statue of General Grant on a horse you could see the children marching. It was one of the most orderly parades you ever did see; the units wheeled quickly into place from the side streets, and everything was in perfect order; the children were almost all in step, which was something you would not see in a grown-up parade.

They had their own bands, too, and the cutest thing was the fat little drum-major that strutted in front of a certain parochial high school band; when he arched himself backward you thought he would begin to roll like a wheel.

The kids had red-white-and-blue paper hats, and they all carried penny flags. Rank after rank of them passed, with their little penny flags held against their shoulders.

There were over fifty thousand children and if every one of them had a penny flag that made five hundred dollars for penny flags alone. Unless they rented them or bought them wholesale.

Some of the children carried banners. The banners read "Clean Entertainment Builds Clean Citizens," or "We Want Clean Pictures;" some had little poems on the subject and others bore slogans with words beginning with the letters N R A, or playing upon "A New Deal."

The day was just warm enough and not too cold, some of the kids had been given truck-rides all the way down from school, and they had the afternoon off.

The league for decency, or whatever it calls itself, the same organization that has been publishing these full page ads in the Sunday papers listing movies that are "approved" or "not approved," had fetched all these 50,000 kids out of school and marched them along Michigan avenue.

It was a most successful, if somewhat unenthusiastic, parade.

Two blocks over, the Chicago Theatre was showing Mae West in "Belle of the Nineties," and another theatre was exhibiting Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in a heated episode entitled "Chained." Both of these operas were distinguished with the rating of "Not approved for children" in the aforementioned Sunday advertisements.

As the parade disbanded, your faithful correspondent skipped right over to the theatre section and observed the young veterans of the march in a whooping and scrambling stampede of the two box offices.

"Belle of the Nineties" and "Chained" did top business all that afternoon.

Continued on page 166

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Taking a bystander's attitude toward the war now going on between critics and showfolk

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

GLIMPSE LIST

MUSTS

"Dodsworth"—Walter Huston great in Sidney Howard's dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' novel.

D'Oyly Carte, Gilbert and Sullivan. The famous operettas rejuvenated to perfection.

"Life Begins at 8:40"—A rollicking revue with Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger and Luella Gear very funny; beautifully staged by John Murray Anderson.

"Merrily We Roll Along"—The sad pageant of the wasted years, exhibited excitingly by Kaufman and Hart; phoney but a hit.

"Sailor Beware"—Rowdy voyage on its second year. P. S., he made his berth.

"Small Miracle"—Bing-bang meller, Grand Hotel in a theatre smoking room.

"The Distant Side"—Superlative British acting, making enjoyable a flimsy comedy by Van Druten.

"Tobacco Road"—The Lower Depths in Geawgia. James Barton even better than Henry Hull.

"Continental Varieties"—If only to see and hear the French enchantress, Lucienne Boyer, this one is your necessity. But there are other good things, too.

OH, WELL—GO AHEAD

"A Ship Comes In"—Jacob Ben-Ami & psychoanalysis about love.

"Dream Child"—J. C. Nugent endearingly teeters through his own little fable.

"Judgment Day"—Not quite a must, but worthy diatribe on the Hitler horrors.

"The Great Waltz"—For that tired feeling—a pleasant nap might do you good.

"A Sleeping Clergyman"—Muddled Scottish drama about inherited traits and diseases. Ruth Gordon pretty good.

SKIP!

"Dance With Your Gods," "Divided By Three," "Kill That Story," "Lady Jane" and "Spring Song"—if they're not already closed.

PROVISIONAL

If "Spring Freshet" is still running, it's not at all bad.

The opening rounds of this year's theatrical contest have been marked by unprecedented outcry against the critics for their morose findings. The Rialto resounds with the screams of producers and the bellows of Equites, combined with the groans of dramatists, protesting against these foemen who have, they sob, wielded too vigorous slapsticks upon the buttocks of Thespis. There are rumblings of a determined putsch to force the resignation of several of the most habitual nay-sayers; there are even rumors of carrying the war into high governmental circles. Here, shriek the victims, are wilful, malicious smarties, who by wholesale vituperation are restraining trade, contrary to the spirit of Reconstruction. Toss out, they demand, these baleful zanies whose wicked pleasure it is to utter irresponsible jocosities, destroying thereby the public's faith in a great Art.

There seems to be considerable justification for such protest; certainly possible investors have been shooed away from the showshops with a violence more brutal than heretofore. But is there not another side to the picture? What of the wan seekers after laughter or instruction who creep toward the box-offices, clutching their little dollars, yearning for their money's-worth? Are they to go unwarned? Are they to be cajoled into brummagem charades, eventually to gnash and rant in disillusionment and disappointment? Making use of homely bucolic idiom, it all depends upon whose ox is being gored or whose ass is being beaten. Surely the public has a right to be protected against wasting its funds. Far better smaller but satisfied audiences than larger but deceived and embittered ones.

As for the critics themselves, long and acute survey of them fails to reveal any who might be fairly accused of gratuitous sadism against the stage, or of disingenuous mockery. Even old Sourpuss Nathan has been caught uttering mild hosannas once or twice a year, especially if the subject was something vague from the Jugo-Ruthenian which he alone among the sages preglimpsed in Praha during 1911. If most of the others couch savage decisions in antic wordage, it must be that while safeguarding the pockets of their readers, they feel obliged to grimace entertainingly. Just give them a veritable masterpiece, and they are the first to start a paean on it. Rigid in their standards, noble in their aims, they acclaim only the best, hooting the mediocre.

I believe that sometimes they are overzealous in their denunciations. In regard to several borderline cases they have been too harsh. Some of these dubious exhibits should be given a chance; like Columbus' egg or the parson's nose, parts of them are quite good. And yet—what a risk! Suppose that you and you and you, arriving in this modern Nineveh from Austin, Tex., or Painted Post, intent upon joy among the mimes, search the billboards and find such alluring catch-phrases as "College Sinners—as sexy as a Mae West film," or "The Red Cat," from the dainty ad of which I quote—capitals and all—verbatim: "It is salacious. IT IS ALTOGETHER HOT STUFF. THE AUDIENCE LAPPED IT UP AND LOVED IT! (George Ross, *World-Telegram*)." Suppose, then, that, thus titillated, you consult these pages for confirmation of these engaging qualities. If in mercy I pull my punch, and pick out the few legitimate assets of the former, accenting the beauty of Miss Leona Maricle and the gay dexterity of Patrick Waddington, would you not have cause for complaint if you inspect the piece and find that, as a whole, it is a mess of Juvenile Oxonian balderdash? If I, allowing "The Red Cat" a place in the sun, admit that persons near me guffawed at its naughtiness, what trust would you ever again put in my guidance should you discover that those applauders must have escaped from a home for the slightly backward, to have rejoiced over so sleazy a re-hash of "The Guardsman"?

No, the critics, and even we reviewers, must be worthy, if possible, of our responsibilities toward you. Anxious constables, we must be blatant with "Stop" or "Go." In general, then, I must approve the majority of negatives thundered out this autumn by the hasty gentry of the dailies. However, there are two occasions in which I have querulously disagreed with the brutal pannings of the solons. Elmer Rice's "Judgment Day" and Owen Davis' "Spring Freshet" deserved more tender treatment.

Visiting "Judgment Day" will be neither time nor money misspent. Carpings have been made against the credibility of the material, since such farcical judiciary procedure seems beyond possibility; but it is a fact that the authentic reports of the Reichstag trial, its source, are

Continued on page 168

The Listening Post

Continued from page 121

usually associated with the Hippodrome stage, and concentrated on well balanced performances, with an orchestra and chorus of the proper size and ability, both recruited from the Metropolitan. The opening Carmen was noteworthy for the singing and acting of Coe Glade and Armand Tokatyan, and a Russian presentation of Boris Godounoff on the second night revealed the abilities of the conductor, Michel Steiman, and of Max Panteleieff in the title part. It is impossible to tell at this writing how the Hippodrome season may have developed, but it looked very good in its opening week.

Another grace note must be awarded to the screen treatment of "The Merry Widow" by Ernst Lubitsch, with Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald as his star performers. People may say that this is not "The Merry Widow" as they remember it in the early 1900's, but basically the music is all there. What has happened is a definite application of film technique to what might be, in its original form, decidedly boring. Danilo, for instance, sings "I'm going to Maxime's" while he is actually on his way there. His "Girls, Girls, Girls" song becomes realistic because you actually see them falling for his line. The way Lubitsch handles the famous waltz is an eye-opener, particularly when he has a horde of dancers come down between mirrors, giving the impression of positively unlimited waltzing. Incidentally, Miss MacDonald has never sung better from the screen. The way she warbles Vilia makes one wonder why the movies bother to drag in grand opera stars.

Radio also shows signs of developing its own technique into something significant. The program known as The Gibson Family, advertising a well known brand of almost pure soap, represents a sincere attempt to create musical comedy directly for the air, and with the collaboration of Courtney Ryley Cooper, Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz it seems to have succeeded in its object.

Good orchestral programs are on the increase, with the Detroit Symphony a recent addition, under Ford auspices. What was formerly the Cadillac Hour has now become General Motors, and the standards of the orchestra, the conductors and the soloists are higher than ever. Back of this program is a musician who happens also to be an excellent showman, Henry Souvaine, once a concert pianist and composer.

A new note has come into choral arrangements for the air through Meyer Rappaport, who has been working with Frank Black on the Pontiac programs. He has a group of sixteen voices, which he uses as orchestral background, with novel treatment of old songs in modern harmonizations. Mr. Rappaport is also active at the Radio City Music Hall, which continues to offer stage shows of a rare musical brilliance. Rapee and Leonidoff are a combination that is hard to beat, and they manage to get the right assistance in carrying out their ideas.

Here's another grace note. From Los Angeles comes word that the local Uplifters (they uplift mostly steins of beer) have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of that popular show of the past, "A Parlor Match," with old Charlie Evans in his original role. He was a member of the vaudeville team of Evans and Hoey, and he is still a sprightly comedian, in his late seventies. "A Parlor Match" introduced Anna Held to America, singing "Won't you come and play wiz me?" At various times the same play contained such other songs as "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," "Daisy Bell" (A Bicycle Built for Two) and "Annie Rooney." Charlie Evans was also one of the first men to sing "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" and he possesses one of the few existing originals of it.

A final grace note records an unforgettable experience, that of seeing "The Green Pastures" performed before a negro audience at Hampton Institute. The actors could never have had more appreciative listeners, and there were times when the temptation to join in the spirituals must have been almost irresistible.

P.S.—This department seems a bit short on comments concerning the legitimate concert stage; so, in case anybody is interested, the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York began another season with Otto Klemperer setting the pace for the first few laps, and proving that he could make the orchestra sound just about the same as when Toscanini is conducting. In addition, he started right in with some unfamiliar music. A piece by Paul Hindemith called Mathis the Painter seems to have more reason existing than most modern music; there was also the much discussed ninth symphony of Anton Bruckner.

The Philadelphia Orchestra started its New York campaign with a well tried symphony, perhaps the greatest of them all, Brahms' Third in F (surprise). Check up on this a few years from now, when people will begin to wonder how anyone could ever mention a Bruckner in the same breath with that genius of geniuses.

Off the public record, a Goldmark to Isidor Philipp, seventy-two-year-old pianist, playing for the Bohemians at the New York Harvard Club chamber music by his teacher, Saint-Saens (the playing distinctly better than the compositions); and a Dutch Treat Club medal to the group of Savoyards that did their stuff for a delighted lot of artists in other lines, whose taste is steadily improving.

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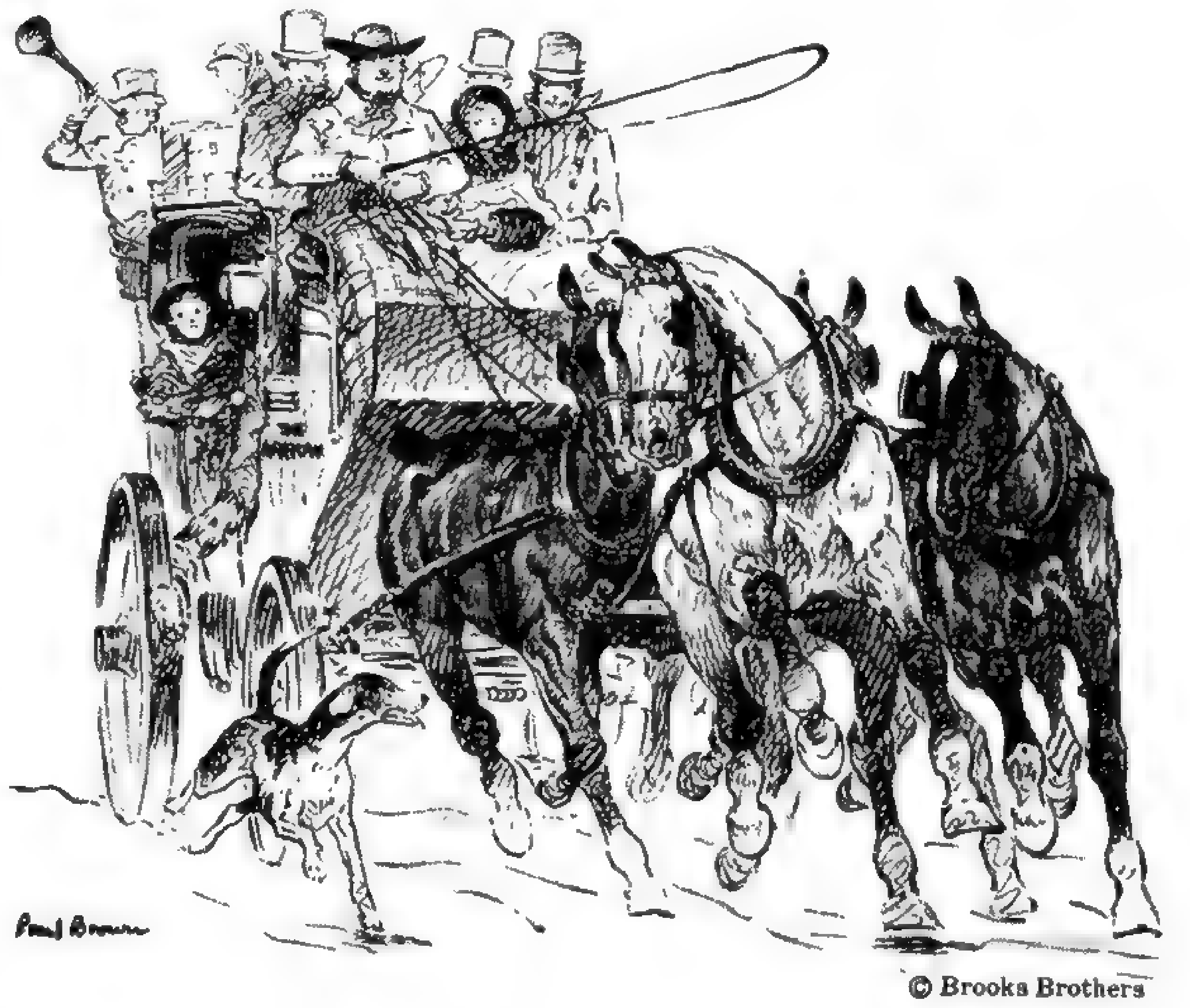

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The Perfect Stranger

Continued from page 45

Marsh demanded. All this time his little hard suspicious eyes had been taking in the tension and eagerness of girl and boy and had spied the battered suit case, the large paper bundle and the neatly folded blanket, all together near the door. "Why this rush to get away?"

"Because I gotta be on my way—back to Chicago and my job! I'm due back tomorrow noon!"

"Yeah? And how?" inquired Marsh. "Are you travellin' alone?" Ken's face went a little white.

"What do you mean, alone?" he asked. "You saw me come here, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I ain't seen you go! An' I want to know who you're goin' *with!*" Abruptly Marsh turned on the girl, who sat tense and trembling. "How about it, Ruth?" he asked. "You been sweet on this feller since you was small! How come you're all dressed up?"

"I told you that!"

"You did an' you lied!" The boy sprang toward him.

"Look here, Marsh!"

"Now wait a minute! How about that suit case there?"

"It's mine!" cried Ken.

"Like hell it is! You didn't have none when you came!" Sharply he swung back to Ruth. "Ain't that your suit case, Ruth?" he asked. One moment she faced him and tried to speak, but her eyes went wild and she burst into tears. "I thought as much," continued Marsh, and he turned back again to Ken. "Come to run away with her, eh? Not contented with runnin' off yourself from a town that was too good for you, you're back to get her restless, too!"

"All right, Marsh, suppose you're right?" Ken's voice was low, his face still white. "What damned business is it of yours? She's old enough! She's twenty-one!"

"I don't care how old she is! Her father is one of my best friends—and we ain't go'n' to dig out of no snowdrift nor get away till he comes home!"

"Yeah? How you go'n' to keep us here?"

"By sittin' right here while you dig alone!"

As Ken turned with fists clinched tight, his angry desperate eyes were caught and held by those of the powerful stranger, who sat listening, all intent.

"Well, sir, how about you?" he asked. The answer came with a steadying smile.

"If you want me to help you, son, you'll have to tell me more about this."

"All right, Mister," broke in Marsh. "What I want to say is this! This boy ain't go'n' to clear out with this gal till her father has some say-so here! When a man's to lose his only child an' be left to his old age with nobody to look after his house, cook his meals or wash his clothes, he has a right to know of it first!" The girl sprang up defiantly.

"But I have looked after him!" she cried. "I've done nothing else since my mother died!" The stranger lifted a lean strong hand, scarred and seared as though by fire.

"Sit down, sister. Quiet," he said.

"That's right, shut her up!" cried Marsh. The big man slowly turned.

"You, too." Then he looked back to the girl, who sat with hands twisting in her lap, and asked in the same low steadying tone:

"How long since your mother died?"

"Eight years ago!"

"How old were you then?"

"Thirteen, sir! And I tell you I tried! Honest I did—I was sorry for Dad—so I pitched right in and done my best! But here he's kept me ever since! I know the house don't look so nice, but I've never had any money to spend to keep things up the way I'd like! Look at them curtains—look at the holes in that old oilcloth—look at that chair! Every dollar he's made he's put back in the farm—into the dairy or the herd! But that don't do us any good—things keep gettin' worse each year! Poorer and poorer!"

"That ain't his fault an' you know it!" said Marsh. "With dairy prices droppin' down an' taxes high an' the mortgage sharks all after us to pay our loans, how the hell can he help bein' poor? But he's done more'n any man in this county to get the farmers together on this—to put up a fight on this!"

"Yes, and he's got so he does nothin' else but go off to meetings of the Grange, just like he is doin' tonight! All right," cried Ruth, "that's his affair! But how about me? Eight years in this house with my mother's old clothes—no dances or movies nor no friends! He wouldn't let me go to high school—said I was needed in the house! And here I've been alone ever since! I tried to get a radio here—and to earn the money for that, I fixed up a little booth at the crossroads and sold fruit and garden truck to the autos that came by! But he even put a stop to that! He wouldn't have me talkin' to strangers! City people! He hates 'em all! He's drivin' me half crazy here!" Her voice was shaking as before.

"Steady, sister, steady now." The stranger laid his long lean hand, seared and scarred, upon her arm, and said in a low poignant tone: "Don't think about that any more—tell me what you want in life."

"To know how it feels to be alive! I want to live—and see things, hear things—and be happy—make some friends! Look at this kitchen!" cried the girl. "Is this all there is in the world? Nothing but cooking and scrubbing floors—and washing and patching dirty old clothes? How long have I got to stay like this? I've done it eight years! I'm twenty-one! I want some music in my life! Have I got to let it all go by?"

"Are you so sure you love this lad?"

"Oh, yes, sir, yes, sir—honest I do!"

"How long have you known him?"

"Since we were little! We went to school together!" she said. The tall man turned around to Ken.

"Then you used to live here, too? Are your parents still alive?"

"No, sir. My mother was the last. She died about two years ago. I stayed till then on her account—and after finishing high school, I worked for this man in his garage."

"I taught him his trade," the garage man said.

"It was getting me nowhere," Ken went on, "so about a year ago I decided to take a chance on Chicago."

"You loved this girl?"

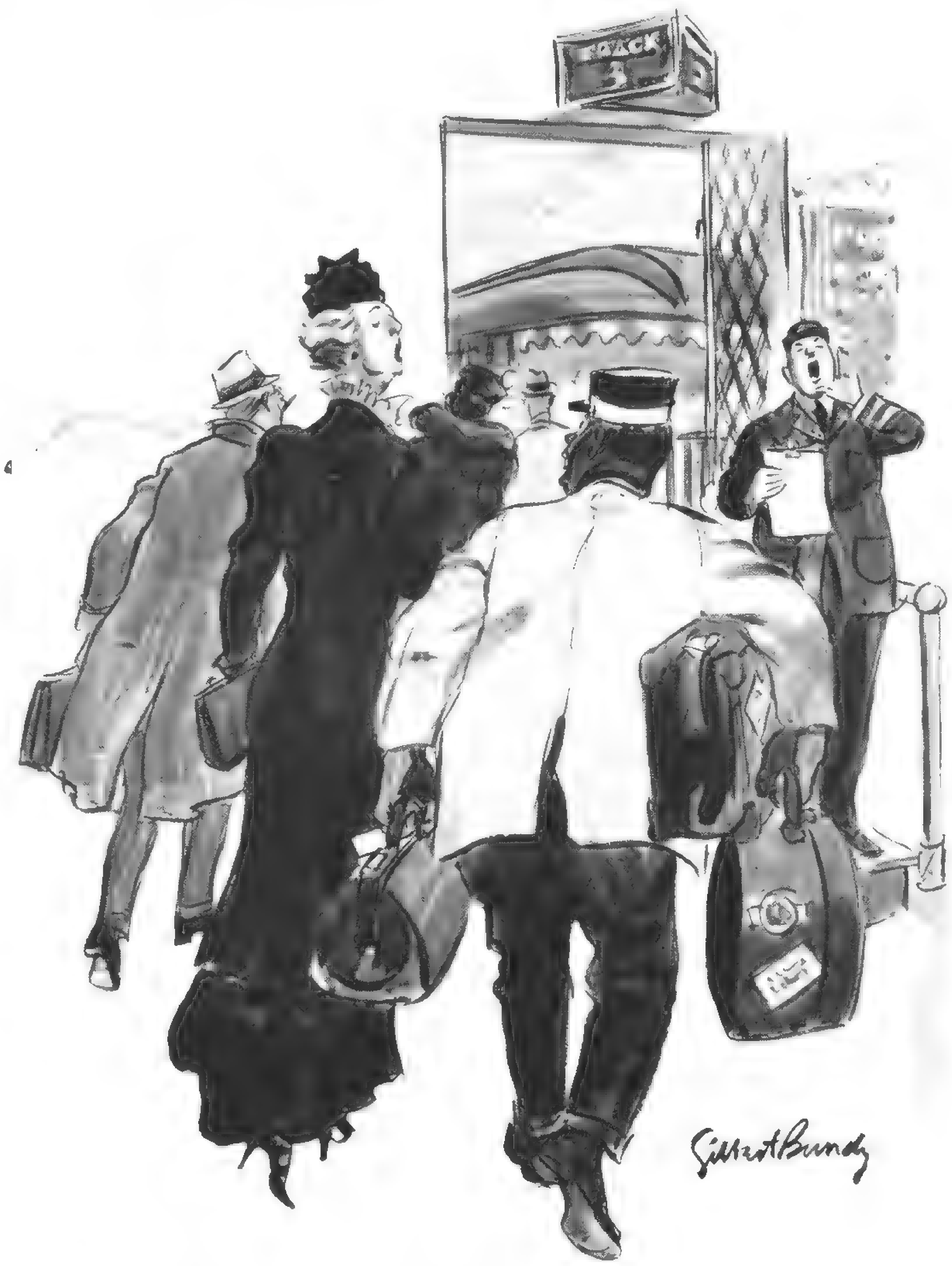
"Sure thing, I did!"

"Then why did you go?"

"To get things fixed so she could break away from here!"

"She'll get no good out of goin' with you!"

Continued on page 139



Lady: "What's that fellow bawling out, Redcap?"

Redcap: "He say, Ma'am, dat de average age ob GOLDEN WEDDING RYE am 4 yeahs old, Ma'am."

Lady: "Humph, he might as well save his breath — — everybody knows that!"

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RYE
Whiskey A Blend
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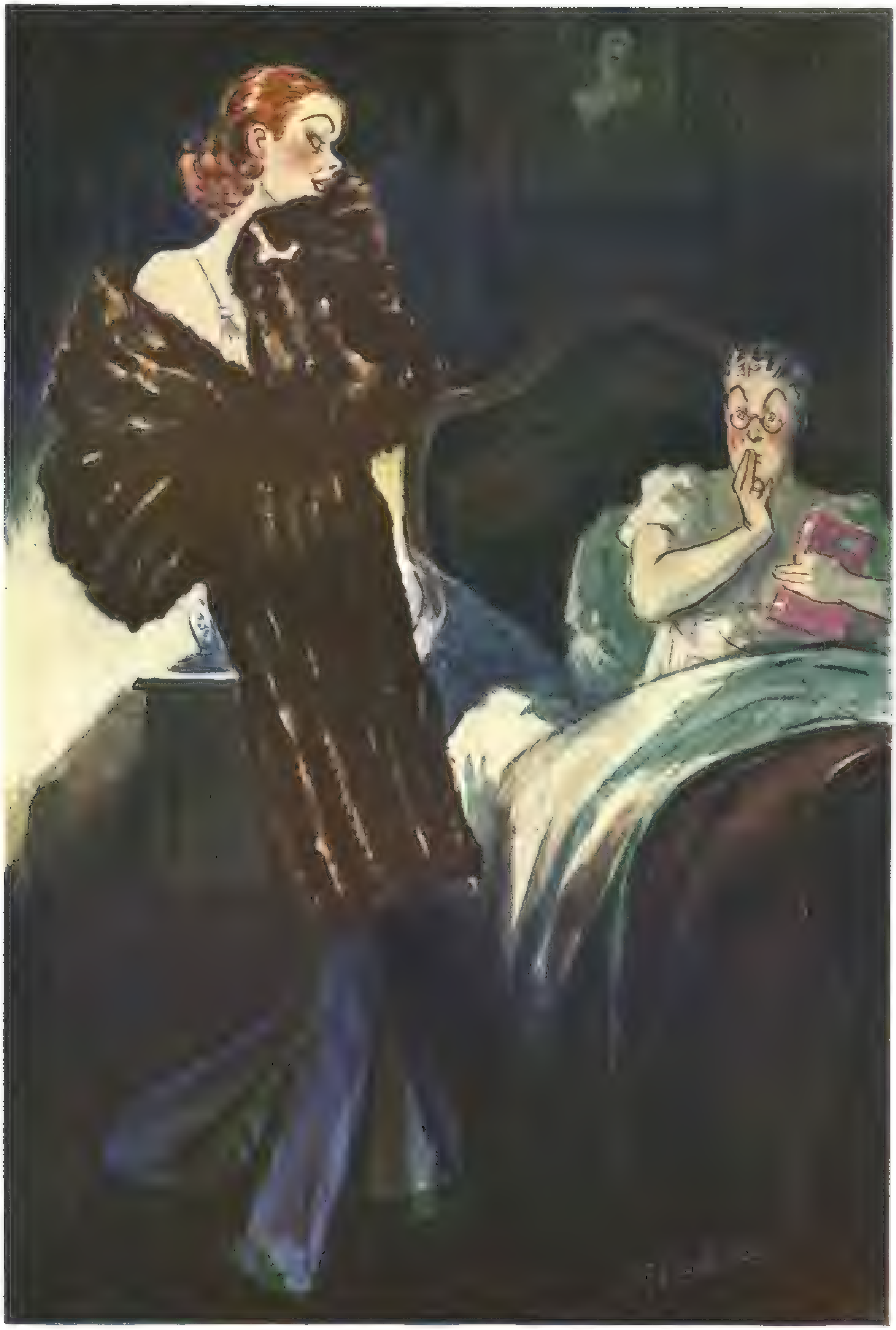


"Lookit mama—the mink coat Mr. Briscomb gave me as a token of friendship"

The Perfect Stranger

Continued from page 136

put in Marsh emphatically. But the stranger did not seem to hear.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"You mean to marry her?"

"Sure I do!"

"When?"

"Just as soon as we can get away and pull a preacher out of bed!"

"You know one who will marry you?"

"I do—I got that all fixed up!"

"Where's your license?"

"Here it is!" And he pulled it out of his coat. The tall stranger turned to Marsh.

"This looks all right to me," he said.

"It does, eh? Well, it don't to me! I don't know who the hell you are or what you think you're doin' here—but as one of this gal's father's friends, I say she don't leave till he comes—not if I can help it!" The big man answered quietly:

"Maybe you won't be able to."

"You mean you'll help these kids run off?"

"That's what I want to think about. I haven't learned all I need to know."

"Say—who are you?" demanded Marsh. "And what do you think you're doin' here?"

"I'm travelling," the stranger said, "about my father's business."

"What?"

But the tall man turned to Ken.

"You say you've been a year in Chicago. Any good friends or relatives there?"

"Yes, sir, a whole flock of friends—and I got a married sister there."

"Does she know about this plan of yours?"

"She does, and here's her letter to Ruth. She wants us to live with her at first."

"Wouldn't it be better to wait till you can support a wife?"

"I can support her!"

"Got a good job?"

"I have! How much *more* do you want to know?"

"Only enough so I can decide whether to help you clear that road. So I'd answer my questions if I were you. Where do you work?"

"For a firm that's selling automobiles—one of the biggest firms in town. My sister's husband works there, too. He got me in. I had to work for nothing at first, but I'm on the payroll now—at thirty a week!"

"Let's see the money!" Marsh broke in.

"O. K. I've got my last pay check here!"

"What do you do to get it, son?" the tall man asked with interest. "Who's selling any cars, these days?"

"I am! I sold five last month. I got leads and followed them up! I got a whole string of good prospects right now! You gotta keep after 'em! People are scared! They think there's no life left in the West! I talk that out of 'em, show 'em they're wrong! I *know* they're wrong! I know there are millions of fellahs like me all over the country who want to get married—want to put new life in things! See? We all got girls right back of us! See? Girls to work for, lives ahead! We're all fed up with this failure stuff! We don't want to let this country stay dead!"

The youngster's eager challenging voice was interrupted by the girl's:

"Ken! It's clearing! Look at that moon!"

She sprang to the window. He followed her and so did the stranger. A great round moon shone through the clouds and poured its radiance on the snow and made a fairyland out there. Slowly the girl at the window turned her face to her lover's.

"Listen!" she whispered. "Don't you hear it?" From far away came a muffled roar. "That's it! That's the motor plough!"

"Coming from Woodsville!" added Ken. "It's working out to Jackson's Falls! He can't start back until it gets there—and with his slow team, it'll take him two hours!"

"That ain't go'n' to help you much," growled Marsh. "We'll stick right here till her Dad gets back."

"I don't think so!"

"Don't yuh? Then try to dig out of that drift alone!"

Suddenly Ruth turned to the tall man.

"Oh, Mister, for the love of God! Won't you help us?" she implored.

"I'd like to. I like all I've heard." He turned to her lover. "Let me see that pay check, son. . . . Now your sister's letter. . . . Good. And now your wedding license." Carefully he scanned it through, then put it into the breast pocket of the thick leather jacket he wore.

"Hey! Wait a minute! What you doin' with that license?"

"We'll clear that up as time goes on! Now get your shovel and let's go! I'm go'n' to help you clear that road!"

And out there on the moonlit snow, with the youngster working hard at his side, he wielded his shovel at such a pace that in an hour they'd rounded the bend, with the lane all clear to the highway beyond. Then Marsh came grimly out of the house and made for his car, which was first in line. But the big man halted him.

"Wait a minute, brother. Before you go, I want your help." From his pocket he drew the wedding license; and turning to the girl, he said: "Before you leave home, sister, I want to see you married for sure."

"But we're go'n' to be!" said Ken. "Just as quick as we can pull that preacher in Woodsville out of bed!"

"But why pull a preacher out of his bed when you've got one right out here—in God's Cathedral?"

"What do you mean, sir?" gasped the girl.

"Say, who are you?" demanded Marsh.

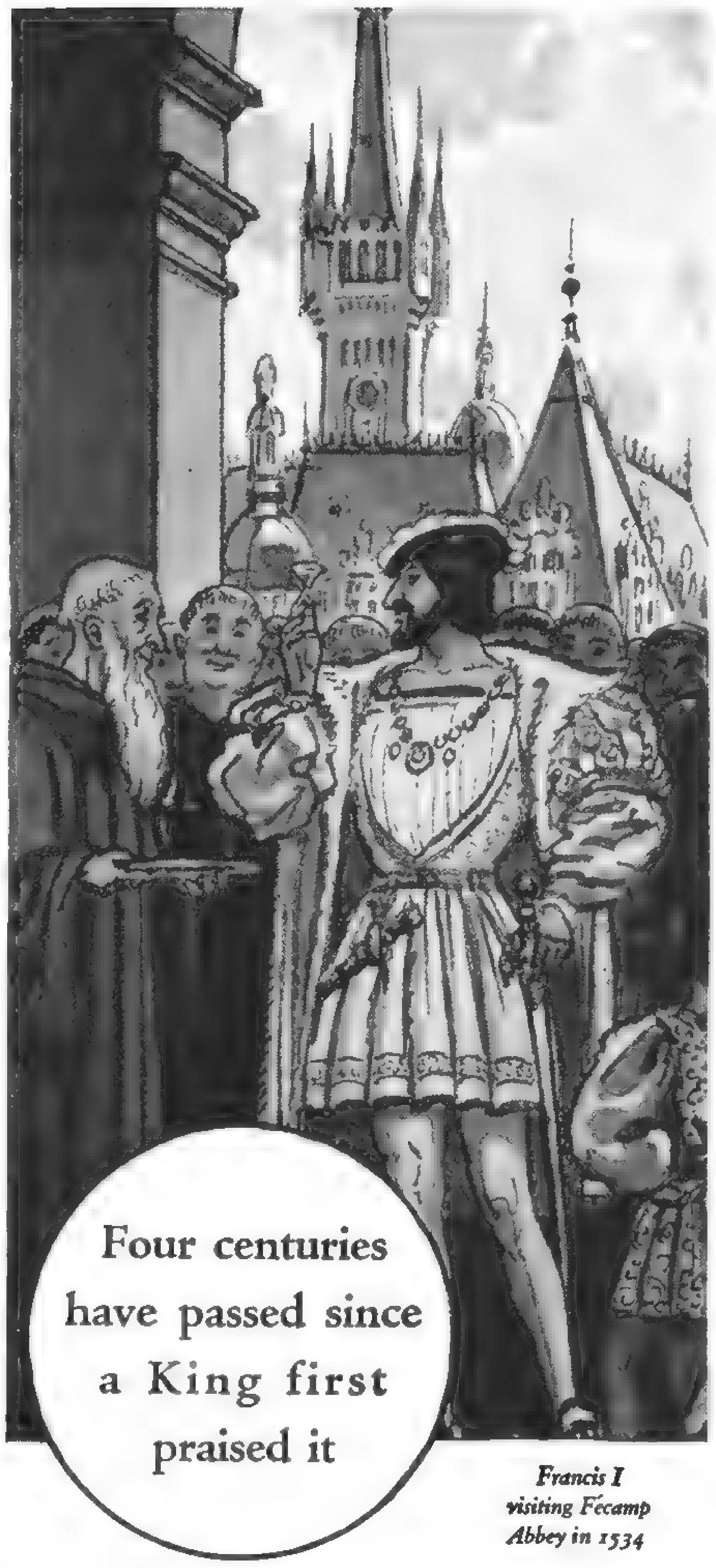
"Well, I haven't time to tell you the whole story of my life—but I started as a lumberjack—and one night, when I was drunk, I hit a friend of mine—too hard." He lifted up the lean scarred hand. "I did it with this hand," he said. "So I stuck my hand in the fire that night and swore that all the rest of my life I'd use it to help humanity. It ended in my getting ordained as a preacher for the Disciples of Christ. From Minnesota clear to Maine I've been preaching in the lumber camps." Marsh looked at him with a start.

"Yeah? I've heard of you," he said. "So you're the Sporting Parson"?

"That's me. And though I keep to the timber still and have no use at all for towns, I say that this is a free country; and if this youngster and his girl want to get married and go away and try the life in cities awhile, that's their business—and I mean to give 'em a sporting chance tonight!" He turned to the would-be bride and groom.

"Now stand over there, you two, and let the moon shine on your faces," he said.

Continued on page 140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The Perfect Stranger

Continued from page 139

"O. K. That's fine—that's beautiful. Are you ready, sister?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Please be quick!" she cried. He looked up from the Bible in his hand and answered, with a poignant smile.

"I don't like to be too quick about my father's business. Let's go at it reverently."

And standing, tall and powerful, out there on the gleaming snow, although he cut the service down to the bare essentials, his deep voice never hurried nor did it change its reverent tone. When he had come to the end and the pair had signed the license, he turned around to Marsh and said:

"Now you sign as witness—here."

"I won't do nothing of the kind! I'll have no part in this!" snapped Marsh. And he turned to go to his car. But the big man swung him around.

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," he cried, "I'll shove your car into the ditch unless you sign on the dotted line!"

Angrily the other obeyed and then drove away. But before the other two left, the lumberman preacher smiled and said:

"There ain't any happiness under the skies that I don't hope will come your way. But life in cities you will find all drifted over with little things. And when you feel the strain of that and come to the drifts on the road of your lives, I want you to remember me. I want you to think of God's Cathedral. Don't forget your wedding night."

How to Carve that Bird

Continued from page 38

one or two cuts will sever it clean. Now then, cut up the second joint. Get the fork into it, and slice off as many pieces of the dark meat as you can. Do the same for the drumstick, catching the small end of it with the fork, and slicing off the meat as well as you can, but not stopping to do an absolutely clean job of it: there are always a few shreds of meat hanging to the bone.

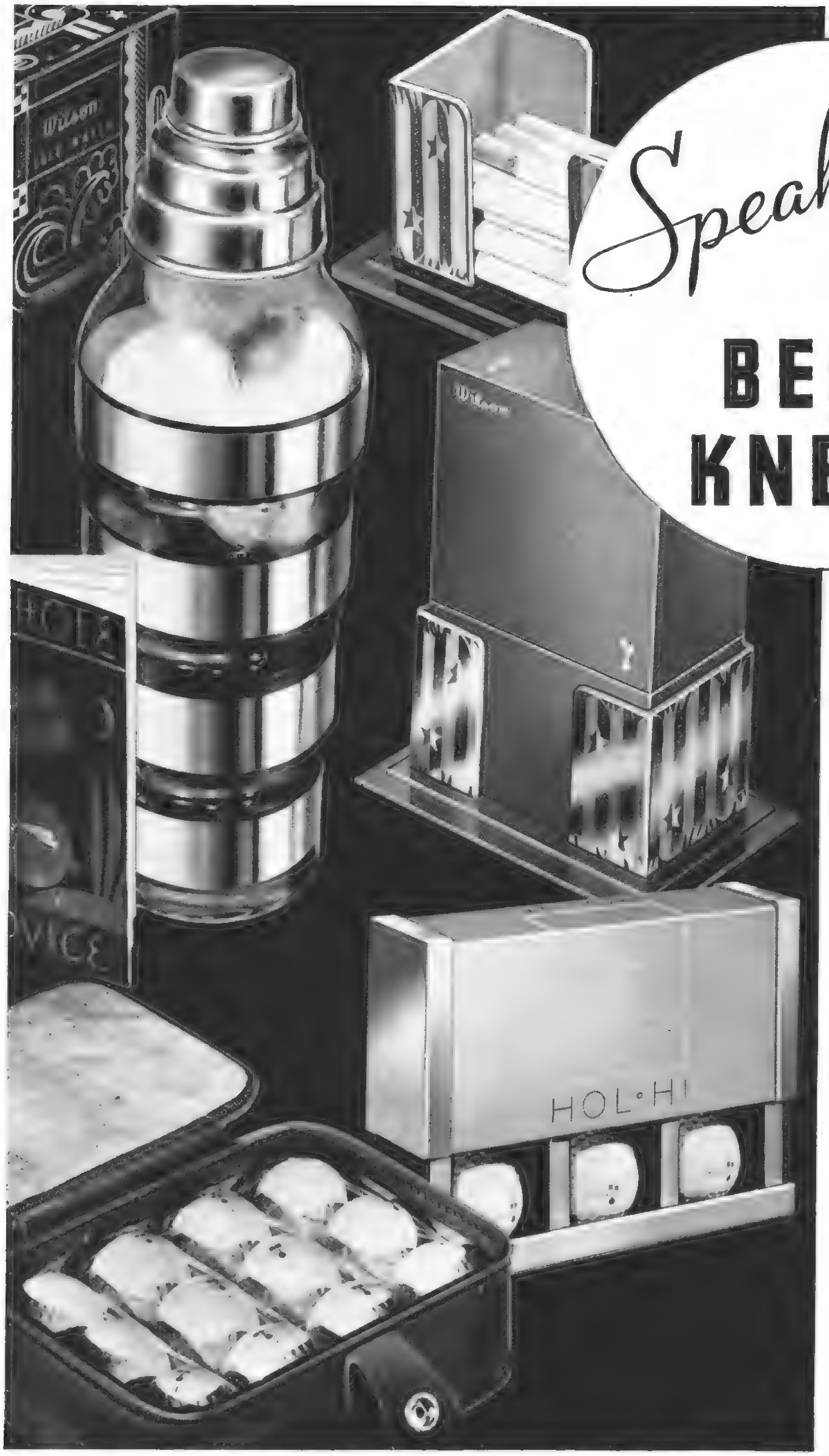
Now then, let us stop a moment and have a look at the geography of your platter. Northeast is a wing, still lying there where you left it. Due east are two bones, and a pile of sliced dark meat. Due west is the main turkey. Very well, push the two bones up beside the wing. Push the dark meat up near it. This is to clear the eastern part of the platter for the breast, which you are now ready to carve.

Whet your knife. You have been cutting joints with it, and if you don't put it on the steel, you are not going to slice, you are going to mangle. Sink the fork into the two holes that mark where you had it in the first place. Tilt the turkey toward you, so you will be slicing in a horizontal plane. *Don't* try to slice vertically, so the slices will fall outward as they do in the ham advertisements. This is turkey, not ham, and while they will fall if you do it that way, they will also fall to pieces. Slice so that each slice lies in place until you lift it carefully down with the knife. Slice with an easy, light motion, but with a confident motion, too. Slice as thin as you can, and in a plane that yields you the largest slices possible. Be careful, when you lift each slice down, not to break it, and to pile it neatly in the place you have left for it. When you hit bone, get the last few slivers off with the point of the knife, and lift them down too.

Now serve the first plates, and if I were you, I wouldn't have them brought until right now. In the first operations, they will be in your way, and they will be getting cold. The maid should put them in front of you when you get the first side of the turkey carved, which is where you are at at this time. Now let us have a second look at the geography of your platter. If you have done it as I told you to do it, you have, northeast, a wing, two bones, and a pile of dark meat. You have, east, a pile of white meat. And you have, south, the opening from which you will get your stuffing. Very well, then, cut the strings, dig in with the spoon, and give the first plate its stuffing. On top of that lay a slice of white meat. Beside that put a piece of second joint and a small piece of drumstick. Have the maid take it away, and do the same for the next plate. All your platter is in perfect order for the serving, and you still haven't taken an undue amount of time. Furthermore, when four or five plates have been served, you have come out even on that side of the turkey, and can start the second side without a messy pile fouling you on the other side of the platter. You needn't be alarmed at the person who sings out "Only white meat for me, please." As a matter of fact, there is more white meat than dark on a turkey, and getting rid of an extra slice of it will simplify things, not aggravate them.

For the second half of the turkey, proceed as you did with the first half, except that there is a sloppiness permissable here that you couldn't have got away with on the first half. That is, you don't carve everything up complete, but only to the extent that is necessary to complete the serving. If you are ambidextrous, and can use the knife as well with your left hand as you can with your right, you will have no trouble; if you are hopelessly unidextral, you may have to put the fork in near the wing joint, and slice the breast toward the breastbone instead of away from it. I suggest to you that unless you have an enormous mob to feed, it is well to get a turkey big enough to yield the complete first serving from one side, and then the thing becomes much simpler. But whatever you do, do it quick, and always remember that very important thing: keep the geography of your platter clearly in mind, so you can do your stuff without getting hopelessly snowed under with wings, legs, white meat, dark meat, bones, stuffing, and string.

It's no cinch, but if you insist on doing it, this is the way it will work, and no other way. Oh, and one more thing. For heaven's sake, don't try Moselles, strange and improbable Bordeaux, and other such wines with this fowl. They won't drink them, I'm telling you, they won't drink them. You just won't make a sale. Good old Chablis is the stuff to serve; it's a little shy on originality, but it goes down their throats. Well, God bless you, and don't say I didn't warn you.



Speaking of the BEES KNEES

THERE is nothing that makes a sweeter golf shot than the famous HOL-HI golf balls . . . and when they're packed in a cheery, convivial cocktail shaker that sparkles like a community Christmas tree, with a book of connoisseurs' recipes thrown in for good measure . . . you've got, we should say, about as potent a stimulator of the good old-fashioned Christmas spirit as you could have.

The cigarette holder is a natural for those who hold "open house" the year round, and for those who fly hither and yon the utility case is the secret passion of both sexes. Merry old St. Nicholas tempts you into making wholesale purchases for your friends with this clinching argument: you pay only for the balls the standard, advertised price. Stuns you, doesn't it?

Your professional, or dealer, can supply you . . . but if both are sold out, drop us a line and we'll see that your needs are met pronto.

Cocktail Shaker Package

Shake out the dozen Wilson HOL-HI golf balls and you have a fine cocktail shaker. Hand-blown glass decorated in the modern style with fired-in silver bands striped with ebony black—a regulation full metal strainer top. Holds exactly one dozen HOL-HI golf balls or one full quart of cocktail.

This shaker is packed in an attractive Christmas container as shown in illustration, and as an added measure, is included a little booklet of choice recipes on special drinks and how to mix them.

Toilet Case Container

Here is a useful package that will stand long years of after-use service. Made of genuine leather finely constructed by skilled workmen. Just holds one dozen HOL-HI golf balls—take the HOL-HI balls out and you have a traveling case for toothbrush, razor, shaving cream or what-not.

This fine traveling case must not be confused with cheaply constructed containers. All of its fittings and materials are of the best and makes a phenomenal value.

Cigarette Holder Package

A lift, and presto! you have a gift in each hand. In the right hand, one-half dozen neatly boxed Wilson HOL-HI golf balls—in the left hand, as neat a little cigarette holder as one can imagine.

This holder is a finely made article such as would sell in a high class gift shop up to one-half the price of the balls. Made of chrome metal with a black composition base, lacquered Chinese red inside—it makes a most attractive item welcome in any den or living room.

Special Six Ball Packing

Tempting Gift Appeal. That's what this little red, black and silver box has a lot of. It will make every golfer stop and peek inside. He'll find a half-dozen of the famous Wilson golf balls—just right for Christmas gifts.

Here's the answer to your demand for something different, unique —which will be readily appreciated. Double duty containers filled with Wilson's finest nationally advertised golf balls—merchandise of established value which has never been subjected to price cutting.

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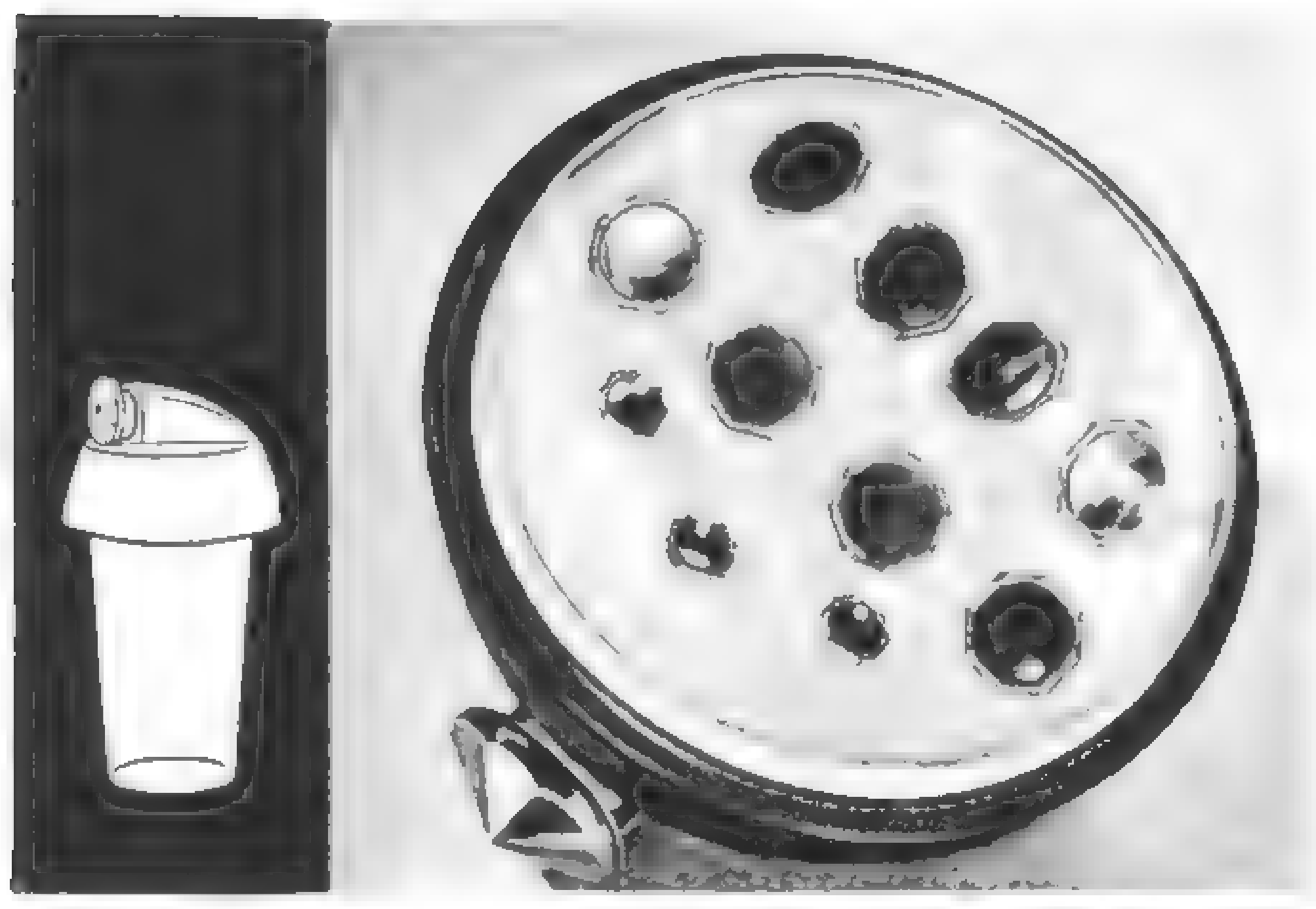

DRESS WEAR SET. . *For evening wear, the finest made . . . cuff-links, studs, and vest buttons in smoked pearl. Ingenious container becomes beverage shaker-top—used with any tumbler* . . $5.00

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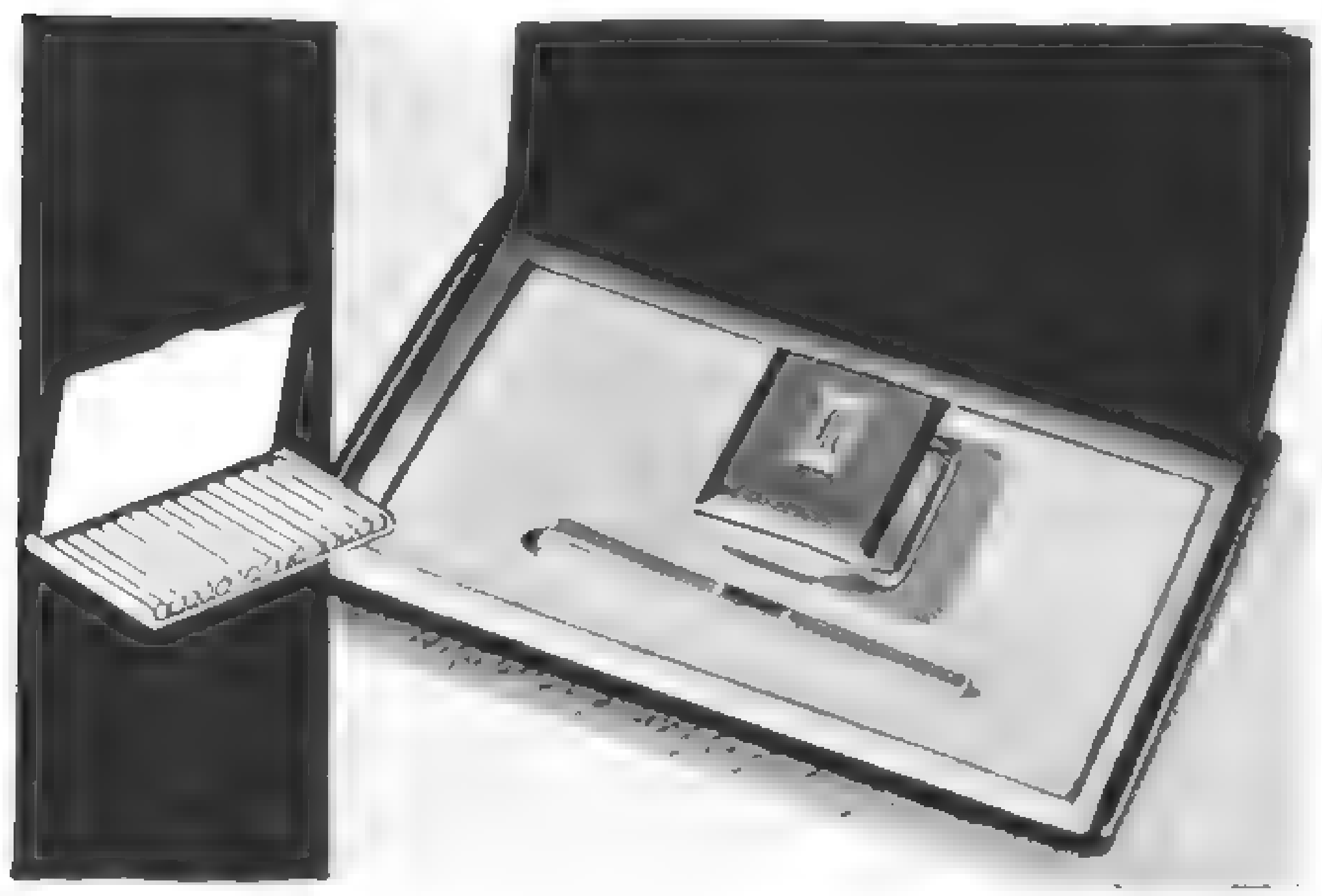
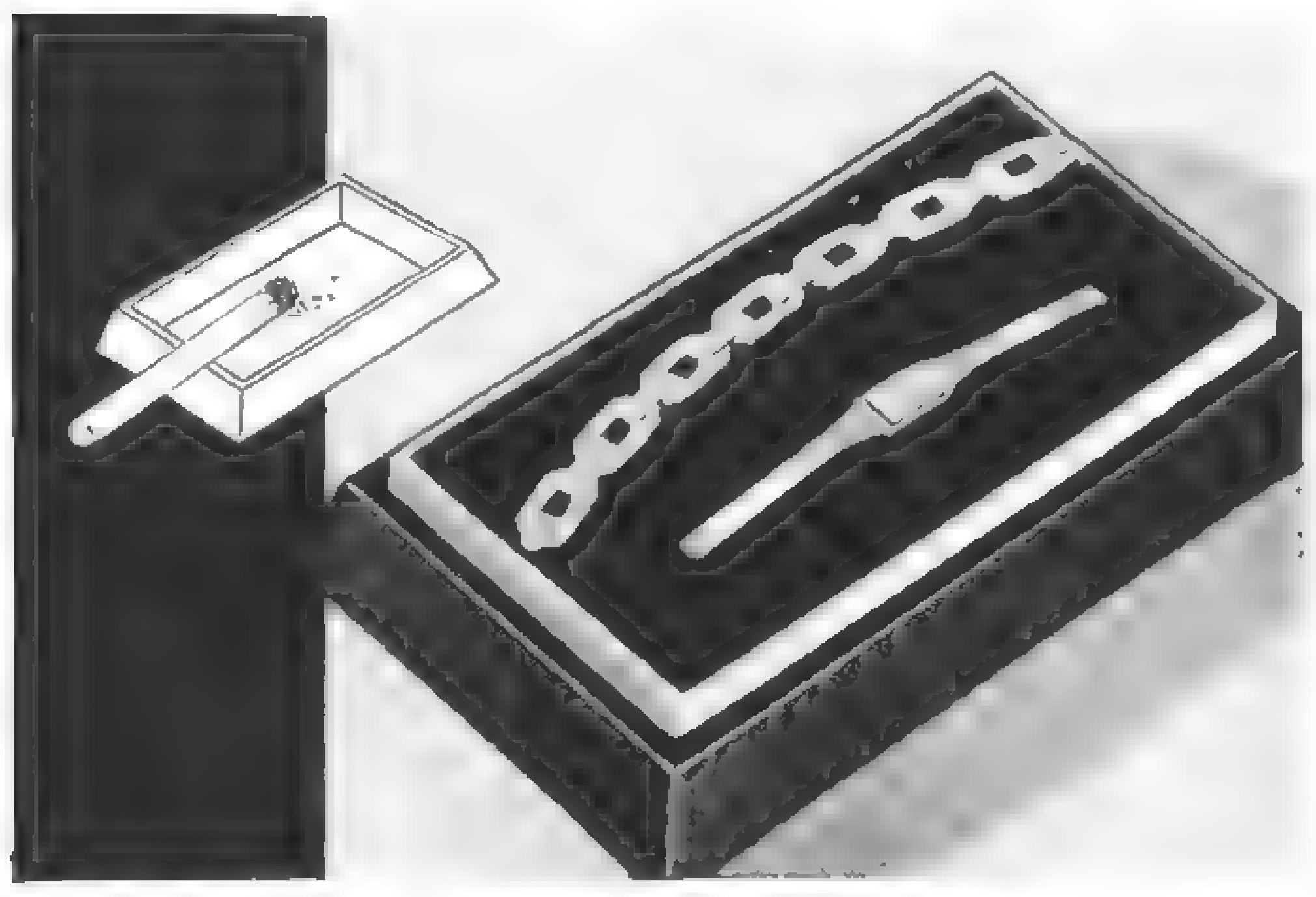


BUCKLE & TIE-CLIP. . *Belt buckle, with matching tie-clip . . . of sterling silver . . . in very modern design . . . smartly individualized by wearer's initial. Packed in Bakelite pocket cigarette case* . $3.50



CHAIN-CLIP & COLLAR BAR

Handsome chain-design tie-clip and matching collar bar—in Hickok plate, guaranteed for life. Bakelite container which serves as tidy individual ash-tray $2.00

OTHER SETS $1.00

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

The Stockade

Continued from page 61

hillside to the Regulator camp. There was a sullen murmur from the Raiders as their chief disappeared into Deyo's cave, but there was no attempt at recapture. That day two other Raider chiefs, Crawley and Hubsch, were arrested in the midst of their henchmen. The Raider spine was dissolving under the terrible acid of John Deyo's wrath, and the whole camp waited in chilled expectancy to see what he was going to do with his prisoners.

They did not have long to wait. The next morning at daybreak a squad of Regulators was out digging two holes about twenty feet apart. Into these holes they thrust pine posts, ten feet high; across the top of these posts they nailed a stout square beam. Halfway up the uprights, cleats were nailed in place, and on these cleats a single plank rested, forming a precarious platform. Five nooses of heavy rope dangled from the square top-beam.

By ten o'clock the scaffold was ready for the execution of Jeff Gass and his lieutenants.

The operations of the hanging-committee were interrupted at this point by the entrance of Commander "Stinky" Stolz and his staff. The Commandant was a ridiculously small man, and the enormous horse-pistol he carried in his belt only accentuated his wizened stature. He was a Swiss-German who had been given the loathsome job of jailer because no self-respecting Southerner would accept it. He now approached Deyo and his council, called them to attention, and delivered a fidgety harangue in mongrel English.

"Vot you blan to do, iss no pusiness of mine. I ton't gare if you tamn *schwein-hunde* jopp each odder into liddle bieces—but I vorn you—iff you try to rush the Stockade walls, I'll vipe up the erd mit youse skunkers. My artillery iss all loaded, and if dere's any monkey-pusiness—*Poof*" Stolz made a puffing grimace, "I'll blow eferyone to sausages! Is dot clear?"

Deyo stepped a pace forward and replied. "Clear enough, Commandant. Now let me say something. All we ask is that you allow us to administer justice to these men in our own way. We have tried them and found them guilty of murder and robbery. We now propose to hang them. As far as this day's work is concerned, I promise you there will be no attempt on the Stockade."

Stolz paraded out of the pen and took up his station on a nearby hill commanding the whole interior of the prison. On this hill he had planted six heavy cannon, and at the slightest suspicion of a rush at the walls he had ordered his artillerists to open fire with double charges of canister and grape.

Inside the Stockade Deyo and his men were leading out the five condemned Raiders: Gass and McMulkin first, followed by Crawley, Jigger, and Hubsch. As they were propelled up the ladder to the frail plank platform, a rumble went up from the Raider end of the camp.

"Move fast," said Deyo to Mallet, who had been detailed to slip nooses and bags over the heads of the Raider chiefs. "Let's get it done before their pals have time to think about it. Never mind the bags; their necks can crack in public with a lot more moral effect."

Gass, attempting a greenish-hued bravado, jittered out: "You—you ain't really goin' through with this, are yuh, camp-mate? We boys never meant no harm. We never did no hurt to a comrade, intentional."

"No?" Deyo's voice was cold, remote. "I suppose you were just a lot of fun-loving picknickers. Well, you've had your fun, and now you're going to stretch for it. We're in a hurry Gass, but before you go, I'll give you one minute for prayers. Come on now, altogether." Deyo lifted his hand in a clerical gesture. "Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy—"

McMulkin, unable to move his broken jaw in prayer, uttered a piercing whinny of terror that penetrated to the farthest corners of the camp. The cry was a chilling appeal for help from his fellow Raiders, gathered on their hillock. It was an effective one. Unable to watch their chiefs hung without a struggle, they started towards the gallows at a run. With yells and curses they descended the hill without interference, but at the trough of the Stockade terrain they were met by 200 Regulators, stationed there under Rafe Miljohn. There was a thudding of clubs and heads as the Raiders, unable to make further headway, tried to outflank Miljohn's force by veering around it.

Deyo saw the battle moving obliquely toward the Stockade walls. And in the clear morning light he could also see Stinky Stolz on a little elevation, lifting his sword for the signal to fire on the milling prisoners . . . The lanyards were in the hands of the Confederate gunners . . . The sword started downward.

Without haste or hesitation John Deyo picked up a sledge-hammer, approached the five men on the gallows, and with a single mighty blow knocked from under their feet the plank on which they were standing. It slipped free of the cleats, and the square top-beam cracked protestingly . . .

At the same moment Stinky Stolz, terrified to the point of witlessness by what he believed to be an attack on the prison walls, shrieked at his cannoneers:

"Gif 'em der grape!"

Six field-guns belched grapeshot into the swarming masses of men in the Stockade as Raider and Regulator were mowed down in swaths of agony. Again and again the guns bellowed while Stinky Stolz, frothing in exquisite madness, screamed to his gunners:

"Dose skunkers . . . dey're rushing der Stockade . . . Gif 'em der grape, again . . . again!"

In the acute silence that followed the bombardment, John Deyo peered out of the mouth of his burrow and surveyed the Stockade. He saw six smoking guns on the hillside and piles of Union men stacked high as haycocks all over the prison. He knew that Mallet, and Carpenter, and Miljohn were a part of those piles.

The only thing standing in the Stockade was a rude gallows, and in the light breeze that agitated the sickening, powder-laden air, a single figure swung. The four others had been cut down by the hail of grape and canister. John Deyo pressed a swab of wet and sticky rags against his stomach and smiled a little wanly as he gazed through dimming eyes at the beefy, gallows-stretched carcass of Jeff Gass.

The Man Behind Hitler

Continued from page 29

"nationalist," pounded away on the subject of the communist menace and asserted that Hitler was really an economic conservative. His propaganda won. The big-business men decided to take a chance on Hitler. Their money flowed abundantly into the Nazi treasury and Hitlerism took on new life. The rest is history—sordid, dramatic, and world-shaking.

Hitler, backed by these interests, had no sooner overthrown the republic and become the new Caesar of Germany than Thyssen came into his own. It took a few months, of course, to consolidate his power.

First, the rickety steel trust changed color. Jugglings in reorganization and allotments of stock took place. The stock which the government had taken a few years before when they played the Good Samaritan was baldly handed over to Thyssen. In other words, Thyseen got complete control of the key industry of the nation, the seat of all economic and political power. It was more than a reward for support of the Nazis in their darkest days. It was a signal example of an industrialist, coming nakedly forward as the real ruler of the nation.

What followed—the bloody days of last July when Hitler slew right and left—were but the police episodes, the ignoble consolidation in flesh and blood of the more important change behind the scenes. Hitler, in other words Thyssen, represented chain-store Germany—big business; Roehm and his plotters (if indeed they were such) were the corner grocery, the little fellow. Big industry crushed the independents when Roehm, Hesse and Von Schleicher were murdered.

Today, master in his own land, Thyssen avidly looks across the Rhine at the mines of Lorraine. He also wants the Saar and its coal. Just as in the days of the Kaiser when August Thyssen was said to have been promised French and British booty in the case of German victory, now Fritz Thyssen is assumed to have made a similar deal with Hitler.

Strange how history repeats itself. In April 1934 another Agadir incident occurred. A German freighter was discovered smuggling arms into Morocco. Almost an identical situation arose as in 1911 when the world trembled lest France and Germany go to war. In this case, France moved so swiftly and Germany retired so precipitately, that there was no war scare. But the smuggled guns, it was revealed, were furnished by Thyssen.

Is this a portent? The dark smudge of Thyssen intrigue spreads rapidly over Europe. Through Nazi connections it reaches up into the Baltic states and down into the Balkans. Dollfuss died from Nazi bullets and Thyssen subsidizes his successors, the Heimwehr. Every day it becomes increasingly evident who the real dictator of Germany is. The Reich is arming rapidly with Thyssen's collaboration. Goering, the air "maniac," broods darkly over the prospect of conquest by means of his winged armada, and he looks menacingly across the Rhine. With this power, with these arms, will the man who lost his Lorraine mines, who sat in a French prison in 1924, who was behind the recently thwarted plot against French Morocco, attempt his supreme act of revenge?

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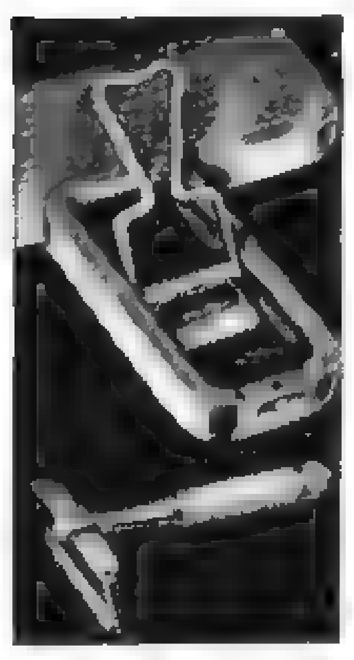

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All in a Split Second

Continued from page 77

very creditably tied.) I went up on deck. The night was a confusion of dim cries and twirling vapors. I tried the deck gingerly, wondering when my foot would reach the raw edge of the shattered deck beneath which the abyss lay.

But this—as I said earlier—is not a grim story. There had been no submarine, no torpedo. The rudder chain had snapped. I caressed my tie with a quite revolting vanity.

It isn't only in matters of such palpable melodrama that the split-second decision has to be made. I think the motorist is very lucky if, at least once or twice a year, he hasn't to make up his mind with the speed of lightning as between two alternatives, each of which seems a pretty certain funeral. Can't you remember when you were driving round that hairpin bend on the Grand Corniche at sixty miles an hour? And you were on the right side of the road, of course! And the speed-monster coming up from the opposite direction was not only travelling at ninety miles per hour, but was bang on the wrong side of the road! And you had to decide whether it would be more agreeable to drive over the precipice or produce a combined thunderbolt of a hundred-and-fifty miles an hour. There seemed no other alternative. But somehow there was. (Or there wasn't. In which case you won't be reading this article.)

It can happen in affairs of the hearth and the heart. A certain friend of mine is now the happiest married man I know. Two months before he married he had a hateful misunderstanding with his sweetheart. They parted and in a week or two, both were nearly dead with loneliness and misery. And then (I grieve to record), my friend took up on the rebound with a rather rapid young lady—another 90 m.p.h. road-monster. They drank. They made love together in public disgracefully. And once, while they were being rather uproarious in a restaurant, my friend saw the girl for whom his heart was breaking. She had just entered the restaurant. She had just caught sight of her lover and the road-monster. Her eyes were large with anger and misery. She was turning to go out of the restaurant—and out of my friend's life forever.

Less than a moment later, there was the sound of a crashing chair—the chair my friend had flung behind him as he rose to race over to his heart's love. He was at her side. What he said to her, what she said to him, does not matter to anybody. What the lady at the table said to herself is still more beside the question.

Is Sport an Art or an Orgy?

Continued from page 71

range and into range; like bull-fighting, prize-fighting is largely a dance. But the moment a fighter takes three steps to get into position, the fans roar obscene comments on his heart and other organs, declaring them unmanly. Yet except in rare cases, four-fifths of the time spent by the fighters in the ring is devoted to moving around, not to exchanging punches. (I have heard small-town referees urging the boys to mix it up, asking them what they were waiting for, and going through the whole vocabulary of the fans, until the manager of the weaker fighter, sitting beside me, cried out, "D'je want 'em to get killed?"—which was obviously what was wanted.)

A knockout, in itself a disappointing phenomenon, isn't the most familiar thing, but it has its points. It is something definite, an event, a good subject of conversation. Even a knockdown, from which the victim rises, isn't bad, and I would have given a great deal to see Carnera sprawling in the early rounds of his fight with Baer. So far as I can judge, the average fan is as surprised as I am when a fighter falls. If the victim is being terribly beaten up, the astonishment is less; there is even a faint trace of annoyance, since the fall of the punching bag puts an end to the blows. But the sudden quick punches under which a pugilist goes down are as little understood by the spectators as they seem to be by the fighters themselves. The onlookers shout with pleasure at blows which are almost entirely ineffectual and gasp when the counting begins.

The next morning they read about hails of blows, high courage, and game losing. Nine-tenths of the time they have been at the fight they have been either ignorant of what happened or displeased.

I wonder what they think when they discover that they have witnessed a great event. And wonder even more why they return the next time.

I have seen agile and graceful prize-fighters, who struck few blows and received almost none, and have even seen a wrestler who gave a little pleasure. There is something agreeable in the spectacle of a football player running through a field of tacklers. One or two baseball players walk like athletes and have a kind of gaiety or flourish in their play—Ty Cobb had them, for instance. But your run-of-the-mine athlete in a contest, even if he isn't a professional, makes the play as satisfactory to watch as the sight of a hardy ash-collector throwing cans into his wagon.

There are a lot of people who are driven nearly insane by the fact that the average newspaper has six pages of sport and a meagre half column of book notes. They call the athletes mean names and the spectators meaner ones. They think America is going to the dogs because fifty thousand people spend a quarter of a million dollars on a fight and only ten thousand people spend ten cents each for a pamphlet on birth control or the gold standard. For myself, I lack indignation. If people like this sort of thing, let them like it. (Saves time that way.) But I do get a little sick of heroics. I don't think the bulls in the ring are "noble" and as I have played tennis until I dropped on the court, I wouldn't waste cable tolls announcing that a man whose chief object in life is to play tennis has done the same thing. If a prize-fighter, trained to avoid punishment, takes punishment, he still falls short of Godhead. And, I am afraid, unless a sport requires a little intelligence and gives scope for a lot of smooth, lively movement, I don't give a damn for it.

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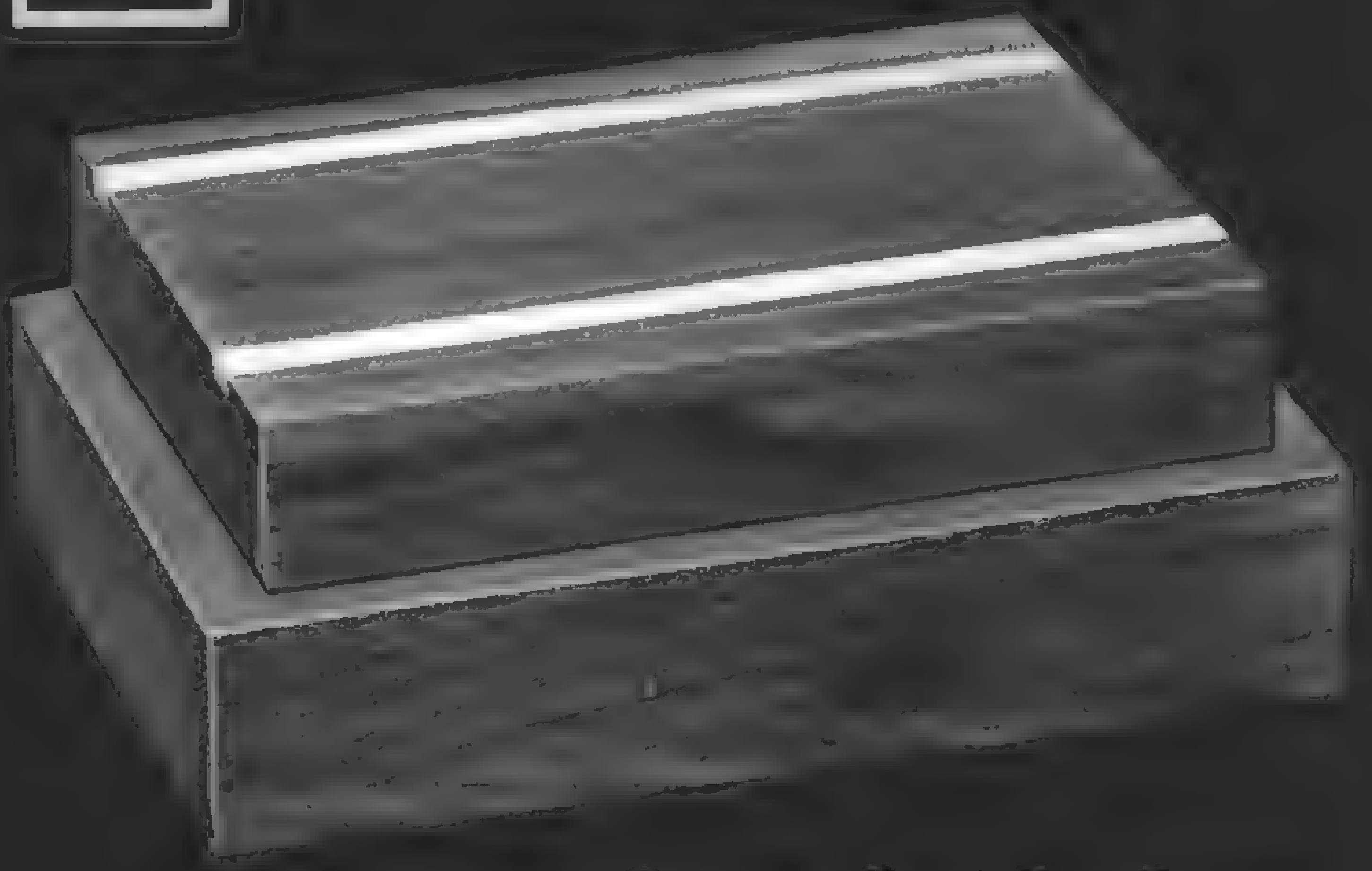

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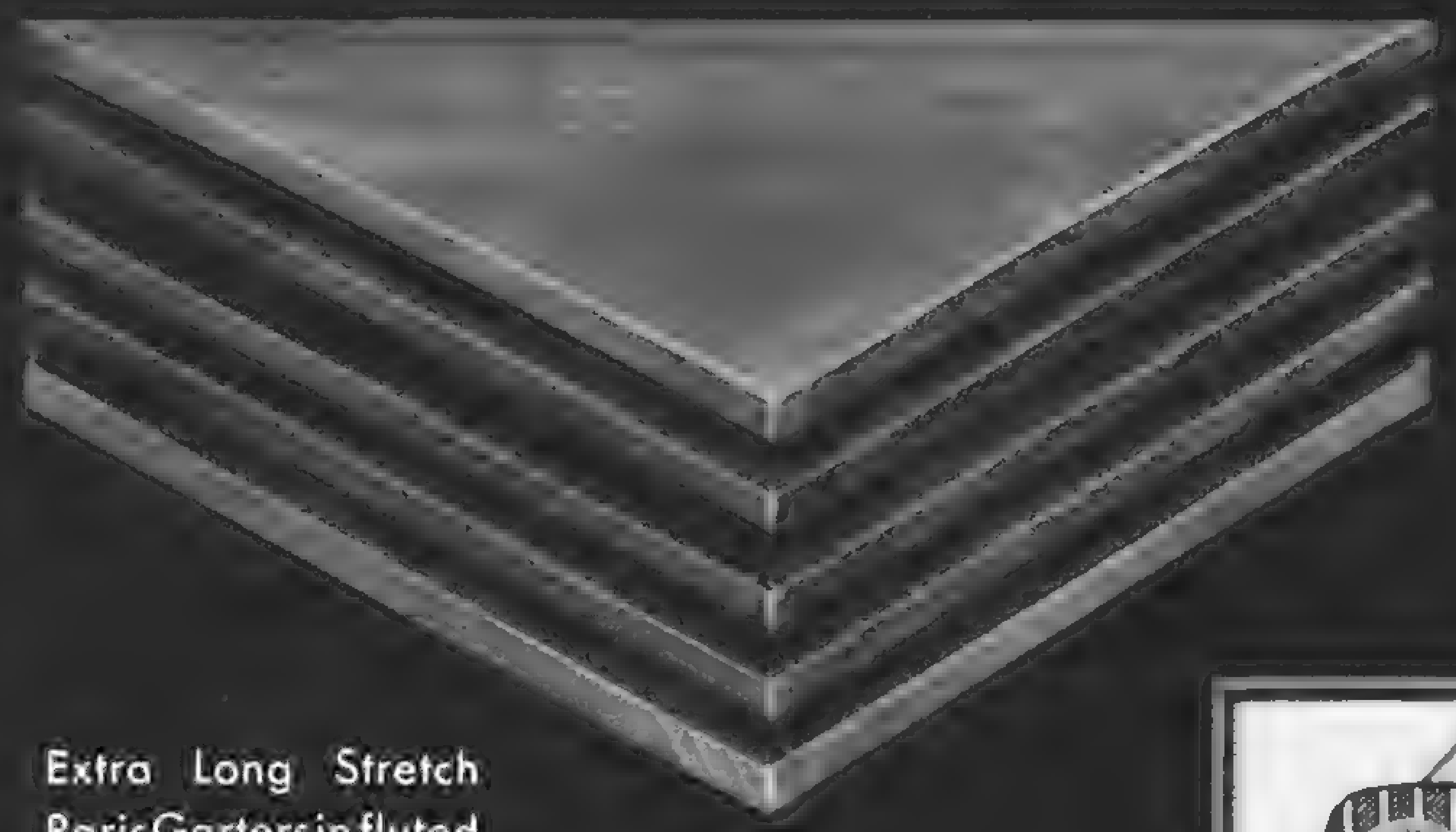

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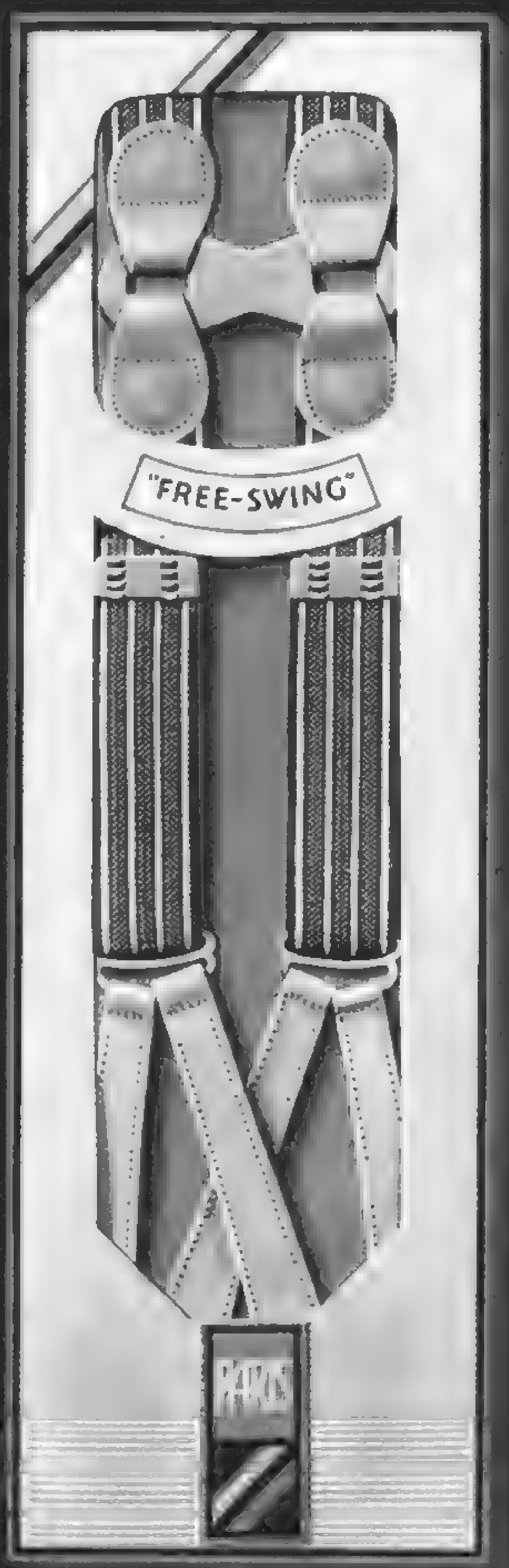
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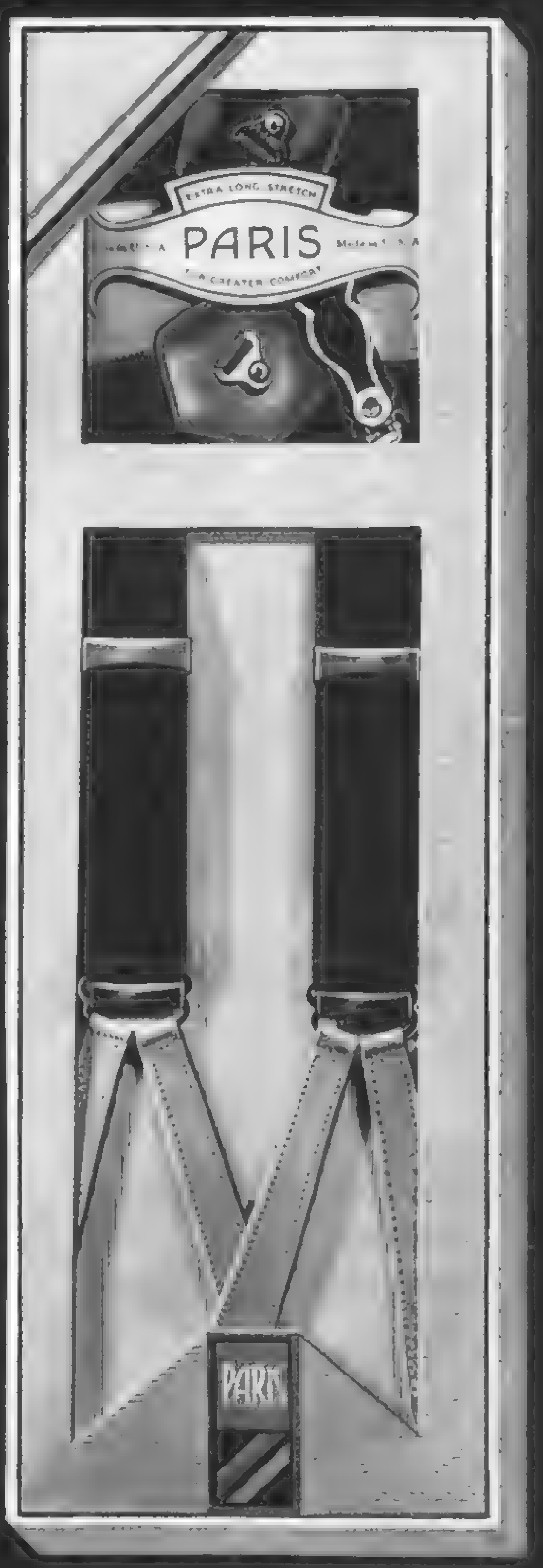
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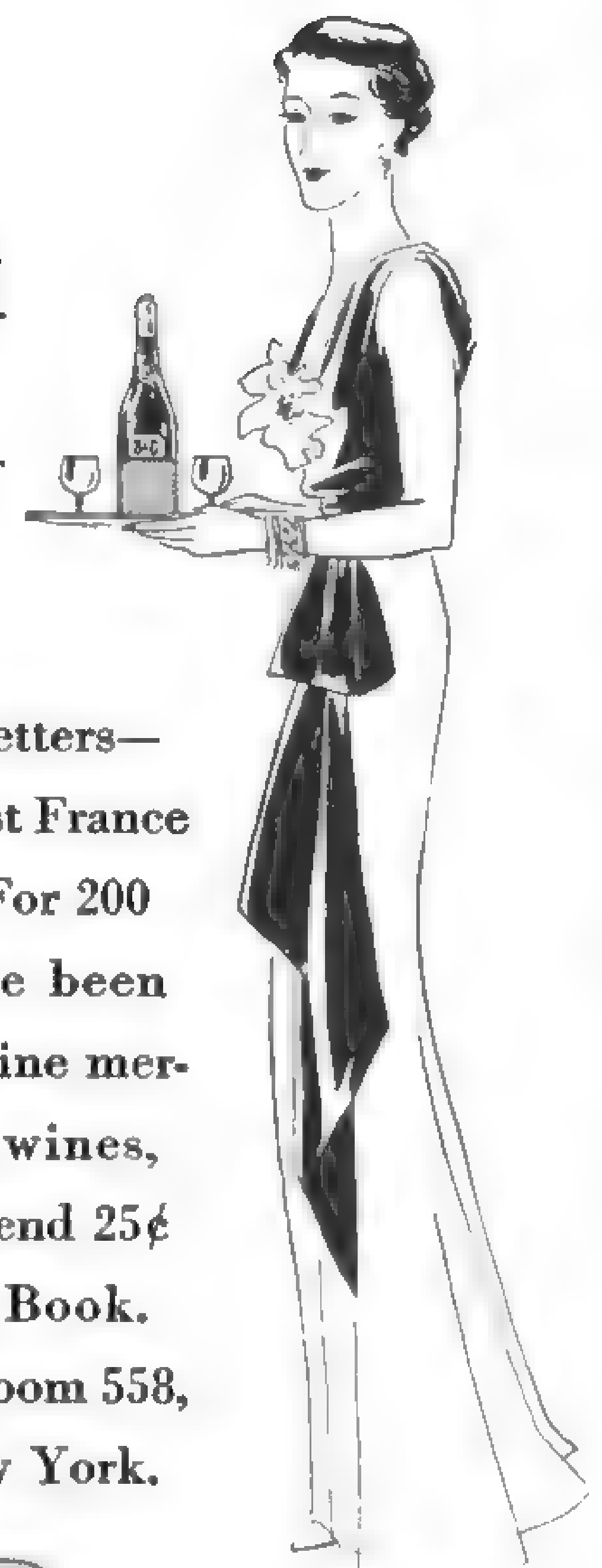

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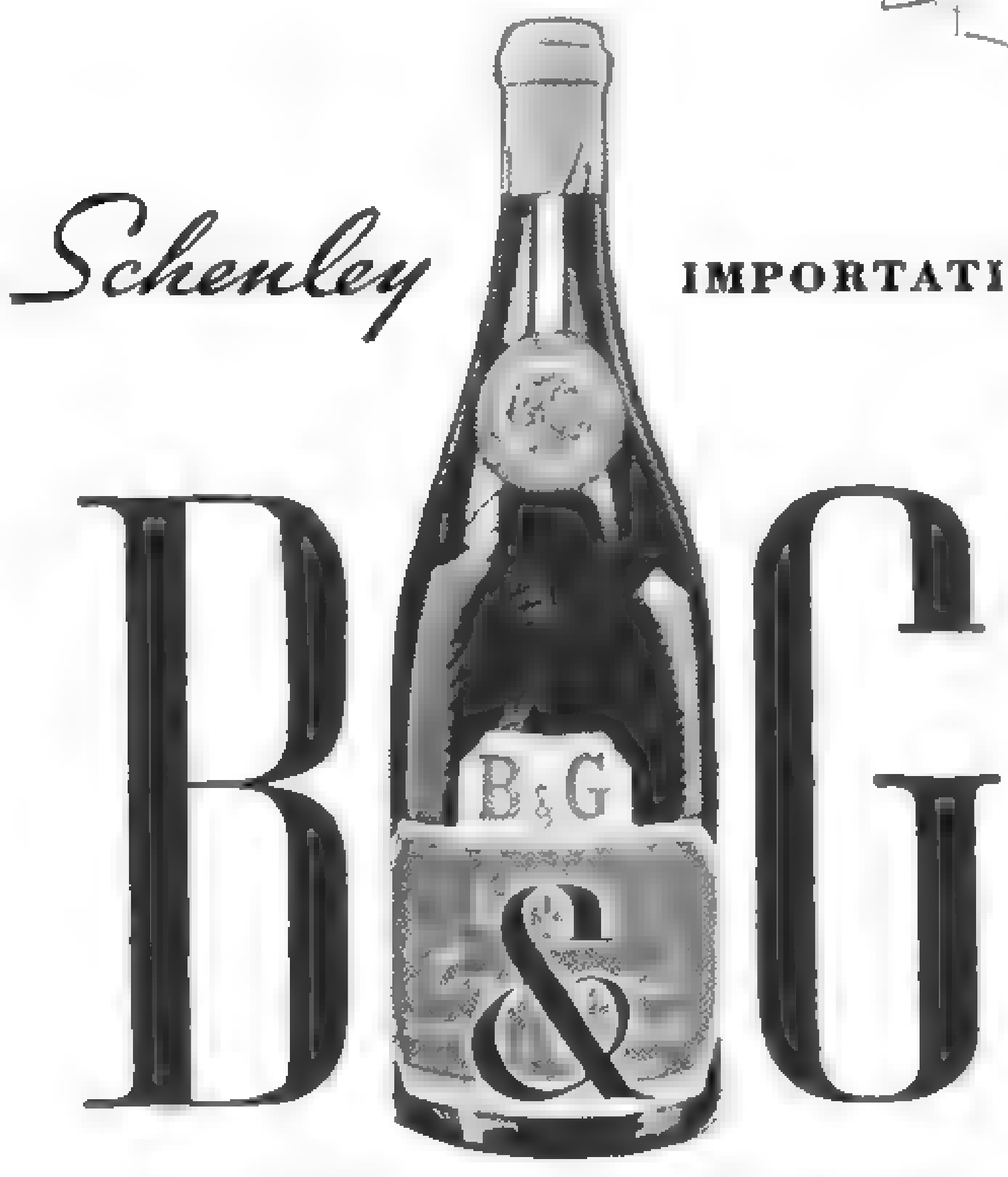

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Glancing Backward

Continued from page 59

"No," I replied, "I did not ask to see her—she wanted to interview me."

I may have been considered independent, when I was really diffident at meeting such a famous woman.

In the same manner I avoided appearing in the films. When I first came to Hollywood I protested against being made a star. Blended with the fear of failure was that of being made ridiculous.

My arrival in Hollywood was one of complete confusion.

It was a world in which films were made like so many sausages in a row. Projected literally into a factory, when I protested against this and that scene in a film, I would be told in a superior manner, "But you're in pictures now. They're not like the stage." With all my years of intense training ruled out so casually by some parasite of the emotions, I hardly considered films as my proper medium.

Hoping for the best and deciding to put all the fervor and technique which I possessed into each role, I was finally rewarded with what the critics considered an excellent film—"*I am a Fugitive From a Georgia Chain Gang*." Turned out of the same sausage machinery as the others, it had the fundamental quality which united all hearts. It was thus a good film and "good box-office."

The story of a soul in pain had survived the machine. I was given new hope.

It is my ambition to find another such film. In my optimism I am reminded of the story of two young boys, one a pessimist, the other an optimist. Into the young pessimist's stocking at Christmas went roller skates, a knife and a horn. Into the young optimist's stocking the cruel parent put a handful of manure.

When the boys came down to breakfast they were asked what Santa Claus had given them. The pessimist replied, "Oh, I got a pair of roller skates that are no good, a knife that's too dull to cut and a horn that won't blow."

"And what did Santa Claus give you?" the beaming optimist was asked. "Well," was the joyful reply, "he gave me a pony, but it got away."

And so, no matter what I find in my Hollywood Christmas stocking, I will always feel like the boy whose pony got away.

Much can be done in films. Now and then, perhaps more by accident than design, an excellent film appears.

At present, in spite of all its claims, the film is more limited than the stage. Its audience contains many more millions. Therefore, the player must be more obvious. He must try to reach the man of the world and the six-year-old child.

It would not be possible at the present time to film *Tobacco Road* with the masterful, even genius-touched acting of Henry Hull. When I saw the performance of Mr. Hull in this play during the last New York season, I came away with a feeling of awe at what sincere artistry could accomplish.

Henry Hull is none of the things which he portrayed in the pitiful southern cracker. But he crawled into the character and gave what was left of his soul.

Perhaps only in Russia are there groups of actors capable of being compared as a whole with Henry Hull. But we are growing, and the fact that such a play can run so long in New York is an excellent sign for the stage, and, I hope, the screen.

We have some high class actors in America. Among them are Walter Huston, Lionel Barrymore, at his best, and Walter Connelly. Such men have had years of stage experience.

It is the humorous aspect of Hollywood which always intrigues me. More than anywhere else, the millionaire of today may be the down and outer of tomorrow. One member of a family may be affluent while others are penniless. Those in want make first claim on the more fortunate. George Jessel tells the story of a destitute brother meeting one quite wealthy at a preview.

"I see you're wearing a new necktie," he exclaimed, "while I haven't even got a baby grand piano."

And there was the actor who returned to New York after successful years in Hollywood, who told how terrible the film city had turned out to be. "One works his heart out," he explained, "and at the end of a few years all he has is a lousy fortune."

The same actor at the end of twenty years on the stage might have been making the rounds of the theatrical agencies in New York, with nothing left but his ego.

It seems the heritage of the actor to always be the monkey before the mirror. Normal ego soon becomes inflated in the cinema player. He mistakes his world of shadows for reality, a common mistake made by those who travel too far and too long in a land of romance.

The average successful film player is little more than a peacock who struts before admiring and unthinking audiences. The story in which he appears and the man who directs it are, if possible, slightly less profound than himself.

He generally builds a distortion for a home, located always among his fellow players, people who think and talk like himself. The living room might have been copied from a DeMille movie set, following three periods, and arriving at none.

That his fellow players have once been poor and obscure and will be poor and obscure again, does not occur to him. Thrown by chance into an ephemeral success, they lack that terrifying sturdiness which must be combined with a Rachel, a Bernhardt or a Duse.

They wither when the wind of public favor fails to blow upon them. A film player's allure, and not his ability, may attract the millions. If Rudolph Valentino were alive, Sir Guy Standing might be placed in his supporting cast.

It is an industry in which too often a handful of sex appeal takes the place of great ability.

Finding worthwhile screen material is a problem for producer and actor. My own studio has been lenient enough to give me the choice of story. This would seem all that an actor would require. On the contrary, it is only the beginning. After the story is chosen, it must be prepared by a dozen different people; all with different ideas. I am not an aggressive person and after weeks of battling with more truculent individuals, I

Continued on page 149

Tell Santa:

"Bring me some of those swell new Nobelt silk pajamas"

THEY GET RID OF THE "ROPE" THAT RUINS SLEEP

● Of course you want to enjoy plenty of good, sound, restful sleep. Then write a letter to Santa Claus—something like this:

"Dear Santa: As you know, I have one of the dearest, most thoughtful wives in the world, but I'm afraid that she may have forgotten to tell you what I think about Christmas pajamas. Please don't send me the old-fashioned draw-string kind. Make this year's gifts Faultless Nobelt Pajamas—the pajamas that have a waistband of supple, yielding rubber—and I'll bless your noble soul every night all next year. You should know that Nobelts are the only kind that let a man sleep in comfort. I thank you in advance."

Faultless Nobelt Pajamas are carried by leading haberdashers everywhere. All favorite styles and colors. In smart, exclusive silks, $5 to $15. In lustrous sateens, $3 to $5. In fine broadcloths and other fabrics, $2 to $3.50.

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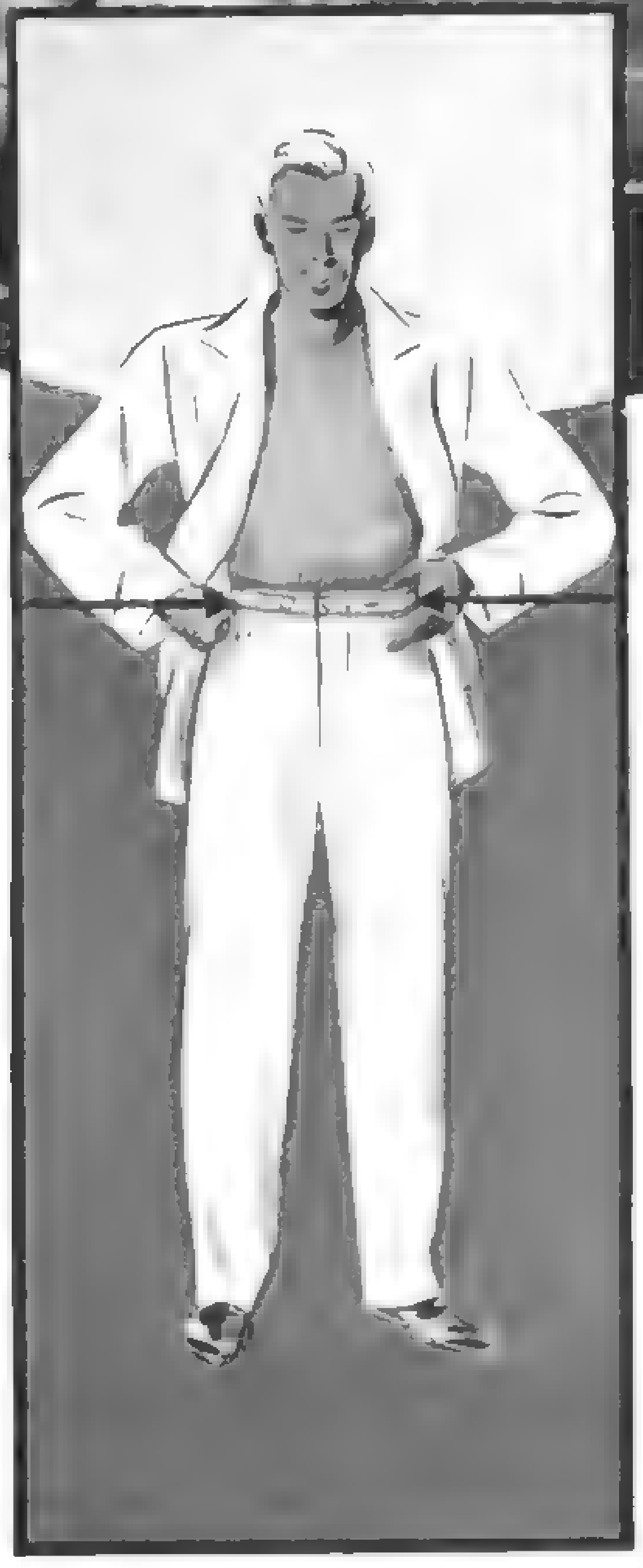

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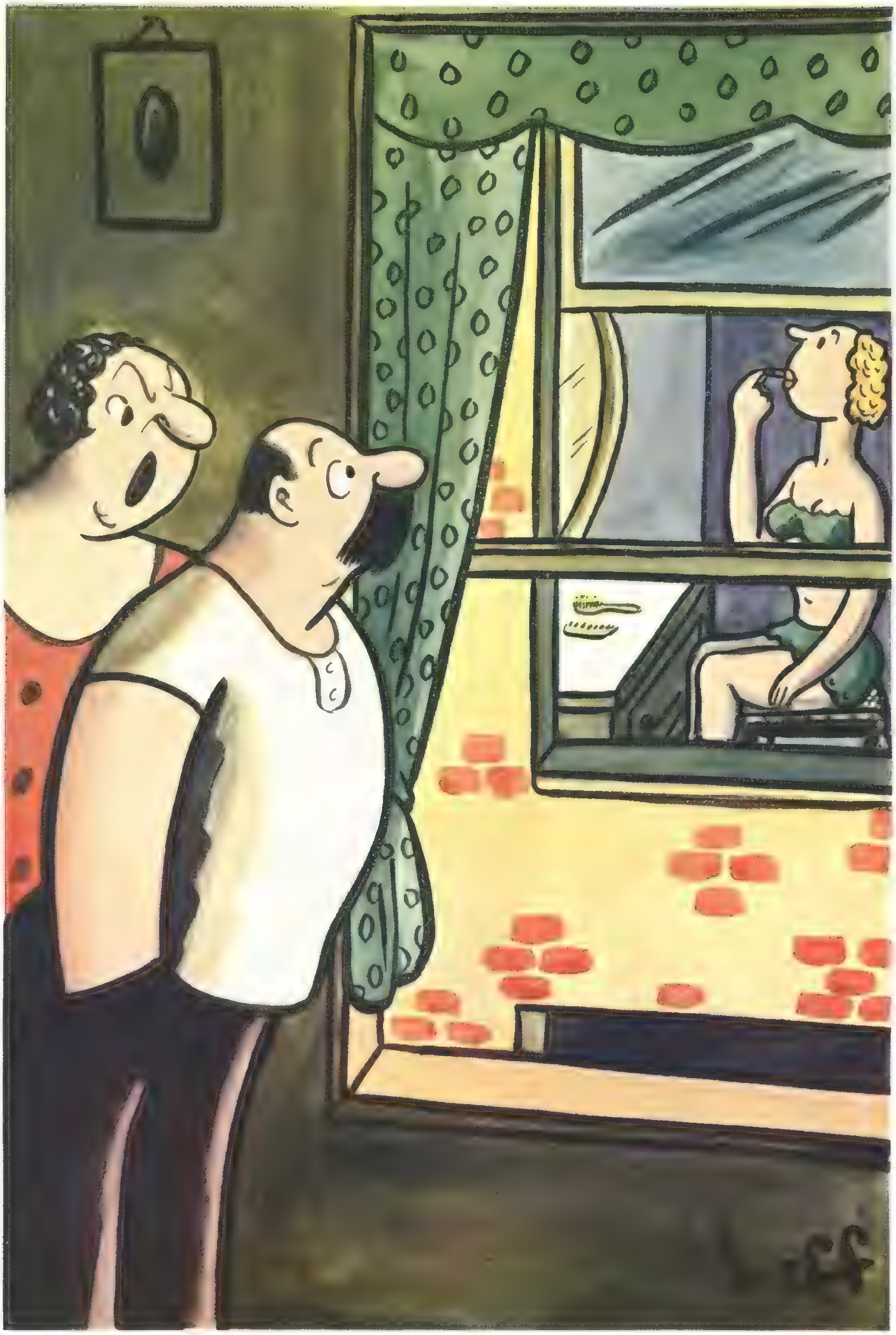

"So!"

Glancing Backward

Continued from page 146

sometimes find myself rather worn by the time the camera begins to turn. I always try to find a role about which I can be enthusiastic and in which I can believe. I must *feel* the role before I can make the audience *feel* it.

Irving Thalberg, one of the high class producers, offered me the part of the Chinaman in *The Good Earth.* I wanted to do it so badly that I made my firm a financial proposition to let me do it. They saw otherwise.

I came into films with the desire to earn money. It was not the supreme motive. My contract calls for two films a year. I could as easily appear in two more and earn twice as large a salary. But that I do not wish to do.

There is a certain loss in all success; a loss for each gain. I lead a simple life and my wants are few. Mrs. Muni and I have been together for fourteen years. We are happy in each other's company and we still find luxury in a sunset, which is rather inexpensive.

Neither am I vastly concerned about universal acclaim. I often go to see films in which there are widely celebrated players who receive praise from all sides. Knowing definitely their limitations, I realize all too well that if the public can be wrong about them, it is quite possible for them to be wrong about me.

I have two regrets so far as my work goes —one is that I have never been able to play a role to my complete satisfaction and the other is that my good father did not live to see the boy who gave up the violin, achieve in some slight measure the bauble of success in an art to which he gave his life.

My mother still lives. She is a kindly, and sometimes stern, critic of my screen efforts.

Recently, in coming from a preview, she said, "Son, I am very proud of you. I always knew that you would succeed as an actor."

"Why, mother—don't you remember telling my father that I could not act?"

"You are mistaken, son; it must have been one of your aunts—for no one ever had more faith than your mother."

She paused for a moment, then said with conviction, "*You're my son.*"

We rode on in silence.

Finally I saw her smile.

Sunday Morning Signal Callers

Continued from page 46

how his opponents are playing defensively. If they are stopping one set of plays, he must use similar action, at the same time hitting at a spot entirely removed.

Occasionally a lineman is of immense assistance in these situations by suggesting how he can best handle an opponent. But the quarterback must ever be wary of advice in the huddle. Else it will quickly develop into a Mexican army of ten generals and a single private, or degenerate into an Irish band (yet to be formed), where everyone wants to be leader.

Remember, too, Sunday morning Napoleons, the elements help shape the type of game the quarterback directs. Under wet field conditions he must eliminate many plays which call for intricate ball handling. If the wind is against him, he should retain the ball as long as possible and play a conservative game, waiting for a favorable offensive break or a change of goals.

Perhaps you haven't considered that the field is zoned for quarterbacks on offense. There are five such zones. The Danger zone is from our own goal line to the 20-yard line; the Conservative zone, so-called for the type of play required, is from our own 20 to our own 40-yard line. From our 40-yard line to our opponent's 40-yard line, we call the Open Play zone, due to the fact that the defense still must protect against kicks and long passes and a well-set running attack, and as a result have not concentrated themselves. The Offensive zone is from the opponent's 40-yard line to their 20-yard line because, from this territory on, a touchdown is our objective. From their 20-yard line to their goal line is the Scoring zone, or call it the Punch zone.

Kicking, passing and running strategy must conform to this plotting of the field, and the quarterback is expected to follow the strategy guides that have been given him. He is expected to exercise common sense and maintain a clear head regardless of the battering that may be handed him.

If we have the ball inside our own 10-yard line and are far enough to the left or center of the field so that the right-footed kicker has ample room to kick, our quarterback must kick on first down. Possession of the ball in this dangerous territory, he is told, is unimportant; position is all-important. So he boots it out of there. This rule holds true up to the 20-yard line.

In the Conservative zone, the actual quarterback should kick no later than third down because a blocked kick in this territory might result in the opponent's scoring or put him in a scoring position. In the Open Play zone, the kicking tactic should be either the use of quick kick on second or third down, or a fourth down punt. The type of kick the quarterback must use here should be controlled kicking, or using the opponent's five-yard line as a target, or a high kick which permits your teammates to go down and surround the defensive safety before he has an opportunity to return the ball.

In this territory—the Open Play zone—with one or more yards to go on fourth down, the quarterback must, by all means, call a kick. Entering the Offensive zone, he kicks only as a last resort. Inside the opponent's 30-yard line up to the goal line, the fourth down kick should be an attempt at a field goal.

That's only the kicking end of the strategy imparted to quarterbacks. Similar rules apply to his passing and running game as well. It isn't necessary to be a Phi Beta Kappa to be a great field general in football, but it positively demands an alert playing mind, full of the offensive spirit, and in complete possession of the fundamentals we have sketched. Furthermore, it requires personality. If a quarterback calls a wrong play, from a technical standpoint, and his teammates believe in him, that play has a great chance for success even though it might be the worst play that could be called under that situation.

Continued on page 150

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Sunday Morning Signal Callers

Continued from page 149

I like the cocky, aggressive quarterback; the lad who believes in himself.

Usually this fellow's self-confidence is infectious. But let's not confuse cockiness with the type known to the modern collegian as the "smoothie." Pity the coach who has a smoothie steering his team.

One of these smoothies had to undergo an examination before leaving school for the Christmas vacation. Because he was a football star he was advised that he would be asked only one question.

When Joe Smooth looked at the examination question, he discovered that he knew nothing whatever about it. But a brilliant idea occurred. He copied the question elaborately and immediately beneath it wrote: "Only God knows the answer to this. Merry Christmas!"

Returning from the vacation, he found that his blue book had been mailed to his fraternity house. Opening the document, he found in neat, professorial handwriting, the following rebuttal: "For this, God gets an 'A'; you get an 'F.' Happy New Year!"

Even if a coach liked this type of quarterback, the team wouldn't work behind him. A smart player is a great asset but the smart aleck a tremendous liability in football.

Special instructions are given to the quarterback for each game. Scouts return to practice sessions with important news of the approaching foe. The scout has noted such things as the kind of turf on different fields; the prevailing winds; the direction the fields face. He reveals that the sunlight enters a particular stadium in a special manner and knows about what time its rays will fade.

This is information also passed on to the quarterback, wrapped in a prayer that he will assimilate each item in orderly fashion and pluck it from a brain cell for use at the proper time.

Try memorizing a list of these "do" and "don'ts" of football, Sunday morning gladiators. When you are letter-perfect, summon the neighborhood gang and allow a dozen small but howling dervishes to charge at you while you do your stuff.

It is characteristic of the public to reiterate that this coach or that needs more scoring plays. What he probably can use is a couple of good halfbacks or strong blockers to let the attack get under way. Man power, rather than systems of coaching, is the all-important factor. Coaches of good past records return to great attacks and successful seasons when they have the man-strength to show them off.

And now that we have grown chummy with this "we" and "our" stuff, I'd like to ask the Sunday morning specialists to be not too hard on their Saturday afternoon prototypes who are out there calling the signals under fire. To these boys, a mistake is tragedy. This instant when they are pitting their flash judgment against the field is, up to then, the biggest moment of their lives. The keenest of regrets is that of the young college footballer who has just pulled a "Merkle" play to bring the stands tumbling around his ears.

Young America can take it too, and don't forget it. You recall the episode when Roy Riegels, in the Georgia Tech-California classic, ran eighty yards to the wrong goal. Riegels was a center and a certain coach at the game suggested he had looked back through his legs at his own goal so often he didn't know there were any other cross bars on the field.

Riegels showed how his crowd can take it. He came back next fall and captained the fine California varsity, and was one of the greatest centers developed on the Pacific coast. That's the stuff that makes those lads.

Youthful college enthusiasm never showed to better advantage or rose to greater heights than in the recent All Star-Pro game at Chicago. The pros were presumed to have quarterbacking and generalship de luxe. But with it, they were unable to defeat the boyish enthusiasm of the lads opposing them.

There are quirks in the reaction of quarterbacks. The quarterback in a recent East-West game was cautioned to kick immediately when inside his own territory. In the first few minutes this man tried to carry the ball from his 5-yard line and fumbled. The opponents were quick to take advantage and score.

A senior quarterback in the same series, noted for brilliancy, marched to the 2-yard line from his own 30. It was only second down and one of his fullbacks had been unstoppable. But this quarterback deserted his inside tackle plays. He tried a wide end run and lost eight yards. After two more plays the ball was sacrificed on the 2-yard line. The fullback who would have scored standing up had been used too late.

Is it possible I hear the Sunday a. m. athletes screaming: "I told you so. Those college kids are dumb!" If that was your Bronxlike noise, you are wrong again.

Frosty Peters, ex-Illinois quarterback, found himself with eight yards to go on his opponents' 20-yard line. It was fourth down. The score, in an East-West game at San Francisco, was 0 to 0.

Frosty went back in drop-kick formation. He looked at the referee and in loud voice demanded the official move directly behind him. "This kick might be close; three points may win the game," Peters shouted.

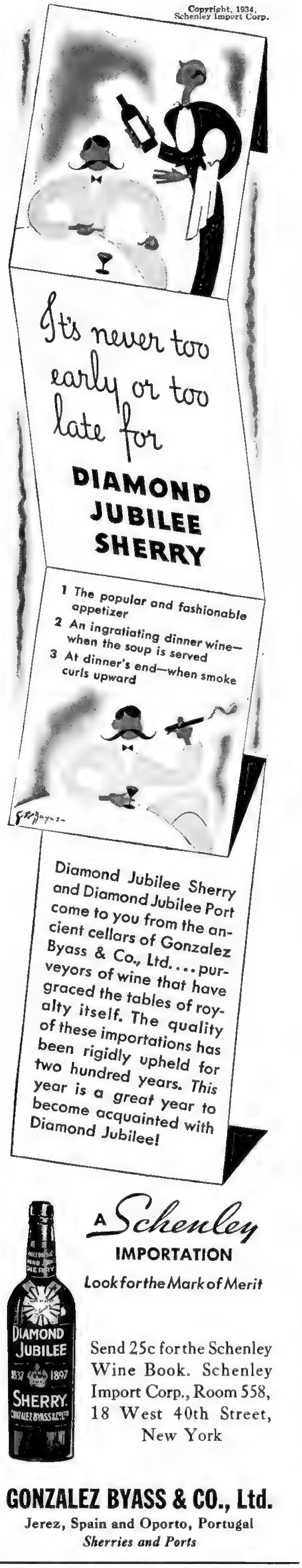
"Wouldn't kid me, would you, big boy?" the official retorted.

"Never," replied Peters. And he persisted until the referee moved. Then he elaborately dusted off the gridiron, shined his kicking shoe on a sock, and called for the ball.

When the old pigskin floated back to Frosty's outstretched hands, his opponents dived through the middle as one man to block the kick. Peters passed to Glassgow of Iowa, who caught the ball inside the 20-yard line and went on to score the first touchdown of the game.

Theatricals of this type are consistently employed by smart, brainy boys to win ball games, and give you fans a run for your money. Sometimes it isn't the quarterback. Tim Lowry, center, exercising his right as captain, insisted once on presenting Michigan with a safety, to protect Northwestern's 3-point lead. The latter school won the game, 3 to 2.

The 1930 East-West game was played in Sunny California but under wet field, typical mid-west conditions, believe it or not. For the benefit of California chamber of commerce secretaries, I might add that every



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day of practice in California, it rained.

But back to the subject at hand. Early in the game, the Western team punted, Bill Morton of Dartmouth, quarterback and acting captain of the East squad, advanced the ball about four strides. He saw he would be downed on his own 25-yard line, so he booted the ball back toward the enemy goal.

Hewitt, Marvel and Orsi, who had rushed the West's kick, looked up in surprise to see Morton's return boot flying back towards them. They promptly pursued the ball and downed it on West's 8-yard line. West was never able to climb out of this hole and East scored a few minutes later.

The play was strictly in accord with the rules. What might have been a tough ball game softened up considerably.

Despite any temptation there might be for a coach to claim credit for this brain and toe work, the palm must be awarded to the individual brilliance and quick thinking of Morton. It was his idea and he executed it.

A list of smart plays could be ballooned indefinitely. The mistakes of omission and commission announce themselves. The lad who errs must push up his chin to the blood cry of packed stands and prove that he can take it and come up smiling.

If this boy shows that he is man enough to meet this Saturday situation, give him a hand—you Sunday morning thunderbolts. Then, if you still feel that way, cut loose on him next day to your heart's content.

The Gory Epic of the North

Continued from page 74

tobacco juice, empty pipes, and not infrequently make short-cuts by walking over it.

Others were making "gaffs" or dogwood bats. A gaff is a seven-foot pole of mountain ash, to one end of which a boat hook and a "start" or spike are attached with "spun yarn." With his gaff the sealer bats the seal, "copies" or poles the ice from pan to pan, fishes his buddy out of the water, or even uses it as kindling wood, which he burns with seal fat when a sudden blizzard overtakes him and cuts him off from his ship. A sealer without a gaff is like a ship without a rudder.

Men off duty were huddled together in groups, some in sheltered places, some leaning over the rails facing the icy breeze. As I stood under the lee of the smoke stack, watching a scunner clamber up the shrouds to the fore-topmast barrel, Uncle Tom, a junior officer, approached me and said,"I'd jus' as soon go aloft dan eat me dinner." He emptied his pipe on the palm of his hand and put away the unburned tobacco. "Ye mightn't like to climb de ropes first-alang (at first), but when ye gets de how of it, I wager ye'll get shocking fond of it," he continued, his eyes still fixed on the scunner going up the dizzy height. "I would rather go down the ladder than up," I replied, not knowing that "going down the ladder" meant going down "below decks," where the sealers bunked. "Ahl rate, me b'y, ye'll see somet'ing ye've niver seen in ahl y'r life," he said with a quizzical twinkle.

I followed the veteran sealer and crouching down a narrow, dark ladder of slippery steps, I made my first and last visit below. What a hell-hole it was! Dark and dingy, and gloomier than anything I have ever seen. Its rough planked floor was strewn

Continued on page 152

MAKES
USED BLADES
GOOD AS NEW
MAKES NEW BLADES
BETTER
THAN NEW!

A tip . . . What every man needs is a good "Barber's Edge"

WHAT TO GIVE A MAN? Easy! Simply a matter of straight deduction.

The chances are he's good and mad at razor blades—new blades that disappoint—used blades "that can't cut butter."

General Electric has just the thing for him—*a motorized razor blade sharpener.*

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Buy him this new G-E *motorized* Razor Blade Sharpener. It will put a "Barber's Edge" on every blade—and give him the cleanest, sweetest shave he ever had. Two models—$6.95 and $8.50. Sold at leading men's furnishing, department, sporting goods and electrical supply stores. General Electric Company, Section B-8112, Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

HOW IT WORKS

This sharpener works by electric power—simply plug it into any A-C outlet. It will sharpen most blades of the double-edge type. Put the blade on the two retaining pins, close the lid, and the sharpener starts; open the lid and it stops. It gives a safety-razor blade the best cutting edge you have ever shaved with. The model shown here is $8.50.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER

The Gory Epic of the North

Continued from page 151

with bread crumbs, coal ashes, tobacco juice and mud from melting snow. In the center stood a dilapidated stove through whose many cracks vagrant gleams of fire flickered over the unshaven faces. Above the stove, grease-soaked canvas jackets, jumpers, socks, mittens and oily caps were hung to dry. In tiers of hard bunks men were packed like herrings in a barrel. Some were leaning against the wooden partitions, singing, and passing around a drooling cigar. Some sat mute on sea chests, as if in hibernation. A few were greasing their "skinny woppers," (seal skin boots), nailing soles, driving in "frosters" and pulling the old ones with their teeth. Others were eating salt meat and hard tack and washing the food down with steaming "switchel" (boiled-over tea freshened by adding a few new leaves). One man was cutting his toe nails, which looked like antlers, with his scalping knife. Another was having a tooth pulled with a rusty nipper. Stench, dirt and crowding passed belief. I hurried up the ladder for air.

On my way back to my quarters I heard a master watch say, "An' I see de glass goin' down." So it was. It fell and fell. Ominous black clouds filled the sky. The ice that glittered white an hour before, turned gray. Darkness and gloom enveloped the world. Out of the North shrieked a "livin' starm," that screamed and roared for two days. The ice field was curved and folded into an endless mountain range with broad crests and deep hollows. The ship rolled heavily and at every roll she struck ponderous masses of ice with a terrific force that threatened to rip her sides open. Men at the wheel could not hold the ship on her course. It was impossible to walk the deck. The life boats on the davits rocked incessantly, ventilators slatted, mast heads shook and groaned, and threatened to crash under the blizzard's whip. Empty oil barrels rolled hurry-scurry, and added to the confusion. But nobody seemed to care. Men in the inferno were hoarse from singing, "Hinky dinky parlez-vous." "Wonnerful dirty wedder," was all they would admit.

Clear weather prevailed after the storm, but it lasted only a day. On the horizon appeared heavy fog which swiftly spread all around, blanketing us completely. At times a shift of wind helped to fan it away. The sun shone fitfully. The white Sahara dazzled in all its glory, but not for long. The fog closed in again, thicker than ever. Our world dimmed to a haze.

Steadily, as the fog cleared, the gallant ship kept moving northward, crashing floes that made her leap and shudder. In slob ice she made fair progress. When up against heavy ice she fought on and on. Her propeller thrashed in reverse, hauling her back for a "full ahead" thrust. At every thrust the ice loosened, long cracks broke open, giving her room to advance. In impassable ice she blasted her way through with bombs. When nipped in solid jam and unable to free herself she drifted with it until the ice went "abroad" (loosened).

March 13. Like caged lions, the hunters strode back and forth, impatient for the "rally." "If us could only hit de patch" was on everybody's lips. But there were no signs of "big spot o' fat" as yet. The ship kept on moving. On, to the waiting North. Late in the afternoon, in the midst of this prospective penury and discontent, the barrel man suddenly cried, "t'ick patch dead a'eed." The tantalizing cry of "t'ick patch" brought all hands on deck. The ship was in an uproar. Lusty yells echoed from stem to stern. The greatest thrill of the voyage had arrived. Two hundred and fifty men began heaving on their gear. The ice was literally covered with seals, acres and acres of them, thick as flies on a carcass. Everywhere, near and far, the whitecoats, or pups, were crawling and bawling, the mother seals twisting about with head and tail raised high, the dogs (males) bobbing up and down as if guarding their families from the impending danger.

Hardly had the order "Starboard over" been given out, before the men climbed over the rail, slid down the ladder and jumped on the ice with the agility of acrobats. Yelling crowds leaped confusedly from pan to pan in every direction. They looked like a herd of mountain goats leaping from crag to crag. A few fell through the slush between pans but quickly scrambled out without any help. Wild yells of approval pursued them as they shook the brine off and ran after the crowd.

It was a "kill at sight" affair. The dogs were first to escape. Water from "rifters" (cracks in the ice) splashed as they plunged. The females lingered a while. Those that could not reach the "bobbing holes" went down under the gaff and the scalping knife. The whitecoats helplessly awaited the attack.

The gory epic of ruthless slaughter was in full cry. All over the ice, near and far, among ice clumps and pinnacles, the gaffs were rising and falling; tow ropes were being cast off; seals old and young were being rolled over. All around, the hunters were whetting their knives, bending over their victims, ripping them from the throat to the scutters and skinning them among cascades of blood that steamed with a sickening, sweetish odor.

All about, skinned carcasses with glassy eyes and vague white ribs quivered, twitched and smoked. Stripped of the skin and fat coveted by man, they lay there for sharks and gulls. The mother seals who had escaped the gaff, raised inquiring heads. Some climbed over the ice, sniffed at the carcasses of their young, circled around them, mewed plaintively and at last slid down through the "bobbing holes." Others stayed with the carcasses, vacantly looking toward the limitless plain of arctic ice that blazed under the March sky.

The slaughter went on. Hunters, now mad with the intoxication of blood, were killing and scalping everything that had life in it, and at intervals shoving their arms to the elbows into the throbbing guts of their victims to keep their numb hands from freezing. Those close to the ship, their pitiless butcheries done for the day, swarmed the sides of the moving ship, clambered up the ropes and side-sticks and, amidst shouts, cheers and jibes, leaped over the rail to the reeking deck. Yelling, leaping, they grabbed dirty tin cups in their blood crusted hands and crowded the galley door for a "mug up" of hard-tack and tea thickened with molasses. Men far away from the ship were hauling and piling their sculps to the "markers" for the ship to come alongside and pick them up. Some were coming shipward, "scotin' their tow" (dragging sculps) over the crimson trail, bending far forward with the weight of the load. A few, stranded in a wallowing pan, with their gaffs jammed deep into the ice, stood eating raw kidneys as they waited to be rescued. Hours passed.

Meanwhile, a vast pile of pelts had already accumulated alongside the ship, ready to be hauled aboard. "Out with those straps," yelled the Captain from the bridge. Blood-soaked men on the ice ran the straps through the holes in the pelts where the flippers had been cut out. Eager men hooked the strap of pelts to the winch wire. "Go 'eed!" shouted the bosun. The winch steamed, rattled and coiled up its dripping load. Up, up the ship's side the sculps dragged and then dangled free. Men on deck steadied the quivering load. "Let go!" cried the master watch. The winch went in reverse. Swiftly the gory mass flopped on the slushy deck. Out went the bright red strap. Up came another bundle of red rawness, and slumped and slid over the previous one. Another and another, until the last of the precious pelts was aboard. The engine room bell jangled. The ship moved on, circled around, picking up distant pans where the "markers" swayed.

Conditions on deck had become almost unbearable. Everything smelled sickeningly of seal fat. Ankle deep gory slush ran in thick runnels in all directions. And how the men toiled and sweated in that muck! Even the night was filled with many labors. Some were chopping ice for the famed "pinnacle water"; some dragging pelts from the fore to the aft deck; some tallying them; others stowing and icing them in the hold. Every pelt must be removed from the deck to make room for the next day's onslaught.

An enormous area was worked over. Day in, day out, week in, week out, the ship crashed and shuddered. Some days we killed only a few, other days we killed hundreds and thousands. Toward the end of the trip, the whitecoats "scrobbed off" and "dipped." Scattered families became the main targets of the hunt. Gaffs yielded place to Winchesters. Gunners and dogs (attendants who carry cartridges for the gunners) led the procession. Soft-nosed dumdums volleyed in torrents, but a large number of the victims escaped. The water churned to a rosy foam as the wounded seals plunged into the open pools. "Ye'll see dem crawl up on de ice afore lang an' die," Uncle Tom assured me. Indeed, they crawled up, but swifter spoke the rifles. Knives expedited their departure, and in a few minutes their pelts were smoking with the others.

At last, on April 7, in the pallid light of early dawn, we steamed through the "Notch," and slowed to the wharf with 16,000 pelts in the hold. Gulls, scenting our cargo, volplaned and circled over our heads with piercing cries. St. John's was in deep sleep. No one greeted our return. I shook hands with the Captain, waved a general farewell to all hands, and hurried to the Water Street, carrying memories that will not wax feeble with the passing of time.

NEWSPAPERS being organs of public service are regularly asked by their publics to do a thousand things—including the impossible. Among the perfectly possible things a newspaper may be asked to do is the calling of public conferences. But not among the probable things these days is the likelihood that such conferences will grow to international proportions. Here, however, is a case in point.

A Newspaper is Asked to Call a Conference

Five years back several women of importance came to the offices of a so-called "man's newspaper" and asked the paper to use its good offices in organizing a conference.

Among the women's clubs of the country there had been too much dissection of the state of the nation according to Arrowsmith and An American Tragedy. Too much hangover from the Browning Society and the study-of-Civics days, while local Romes burned with municipal corruption.

Now certain of these clubs wanted good grist for their milling . . . wanted to ponder current, real flesh-and-blood problems. And wanted to have the best brains of the nation start their thinking on these problems . . .

So the club leaders got their conference and the New York Herald Tribune sponsored it and organized it. Things began to happen.

(Perhaps it should be mentioned right here that the Herald Tribune is a bit of an old hand at organizing things. For example, it stages an annual Garden Contest to which some 300 communities send over 4,800 entries. Its famous Tribune Fresh Air Fund gives 18,000 poor city children a holiday in the country every year. It is itself an organization of such proportions that nearly ten thousand curious people—including students of all Eastern colleges—toured its plant last year. Its various service departments have answered over 350,000 inquiries during 1934 to date.)

But to get back to the subject in hand—another club leaders' conference was held in 1932, a third in 1933. Then, early this fall, the fourth was held. Like its predecessors, it was called a *Conference on Current Problems,* admission to it was by invitation and request, and most of the audiences (numbering all told about 8,000) were women leaders of the nation.

Geographic note: The conferees came from all 48 states, though the original meeting in 1930 embraced but six states of the Eastern seaboard. There were also representatives from the territories, from England, from Europe, from Asia, the Near and the Far East.

Obviously, this was a world-scope kind of conference, important enough to be opened by the country's First Lady, significant enough to be closed by the Chief Executive.

All the speakers took as their jumping off point the question of Changing Standards . . . this, for the simple reason that right now even the sluggish sections of the world are hell-bent for some kind of change, and anybody able to think beyond the next meal is desperately determined to know where the changes lead.

For example: The first session speakers looked into the Changing Standards of Crime Control. The next session dug into Changes in the Arts, the speakers numbering among others novelists Hugh Walpole and Pearl Buck, the drama's doctor, Walter Pritchard Eaton, industry's glorifier-of-the-commonplace, Walter Dorwin Teague, and stars from the constellations *Musica, Ars,* and *Architectura*—the Messrs. Tibbett, Cortissoz and Corbett.

Also Colonel Henry Breckinridge, Dorothy Thompson, Senator LaFollette, Amelia Earhart, the Marquess of Lothian, Governor Ely of Massachusetts, to name but a few of the more than fifty illustrious minds which contributed to this subject.

Serious goings on . . . a meeting of big minds from start to finish. And not all the great attending names were seated on the platform.

The country at large heard most of the proceedings by radio. The press repeated the speeches. The remotest villages took comfort when the President, concluding, praised the essential democracy of a nation that could still reason problems for itself.

Yet in none of these facts lies one of the biggest significances of the Conference . . . Anybody can hire a hall. Two men can constitute a "conference".

Here, however, was a meeting as utterly non-partisan and beyond the reach of political and business considerations as anything could be. Its genesis was in the demands of the country's club women seeking program guidance, but its organization was entirely in the hands of a newspaper.

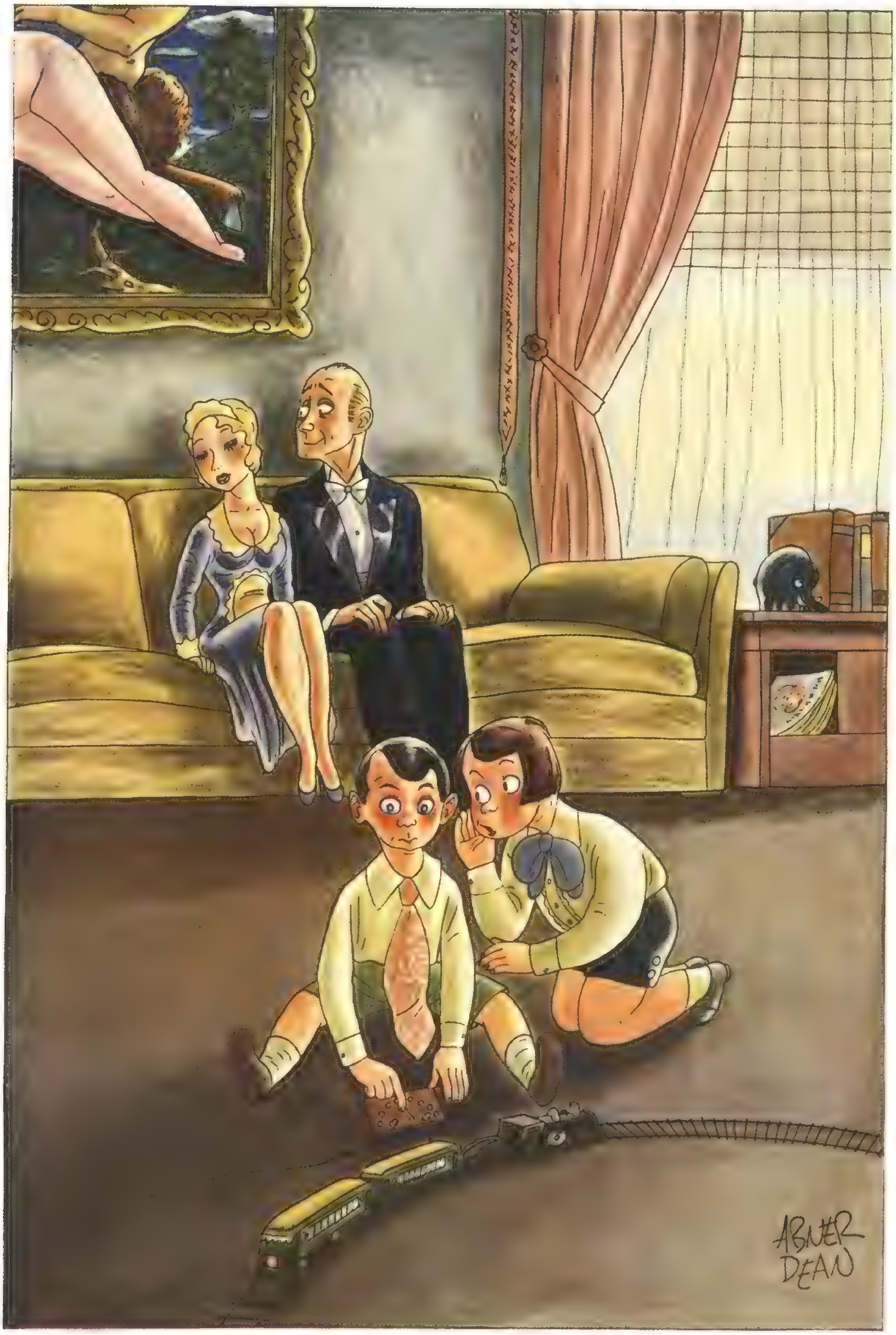
But this chapter of *women's clubiana* could be no concern of readers of a magazine bulging with masculine brawn were it not that a newspaper whose influence has become national is of a good deal more than academic interest.

The standards of newspaper-making are going through their changes too. The gap between mere good newspaper publishing and great world-gauged journalism has cracked wide open.

Believing there are too few newspapers whose influence extends beyond their own bailiwick, the New York Herald Tribune is building itself a national standing not only with women readers, but with thinking readers everywhere.

This is the good reason why you might very well check your personal tastes and standards of journalism against the Herald Tribune formula for newspaper-making . . . just to see if your conception coincides with the views of the third of a million who already read this leading morning newspaper of a leading city of the world.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune



"Let's scram, I think the butler wants to be left alone"

Soup to Sillibub

Continued from page 53

feast. No, I did not commiserate, for the reason that just then upon the cellar-bleared label *my* name was deciphered, thereby establishing my title as undisputed and aghast owner of what had to be poured down the sink. It was my Future Happiness, that was all. And gone gurgling. If the hole had been larger, I'd have jumped in after it.

Instead, with the memory of that erp-like death-burble haunting me, I went North, to exist frustrated among Yankees whose "sherry" (Jerez forgive them!) was strictly grocery—smoother than Sani-Flush, perhaps; but not notably so, and appropriate for the same purpose. As for Spain, all that that country meant to them was just a lot of Ferdinand-and-Isabella plus bullfights, señoritas, Admiral Dewey, castanets, and possibly a bit of Hispanic Fly.

Really, it was grim. Nor did Prohibition exactly lend a lilt to the situation.

Then one day fresh off a boat came my friend the Children's Author (a whale of a guy) with news that Jerez was still Jerez.

"Man, what a place!" he said fervently. "What wines!" And you can rely on him in these matters; his beverage information is first-hand and world-wide. Professionally he writes best-seller booksies with titles like "Dak-Dak the Duck," "Guf-Guf the Gopher," and "Wee-Wee the Weazel"; but mostly, if you search late enough in the evening, you'll find him where lights are brightest and drinks are thickest—in Rio, Paris, Cairo, Monte Carlo, or some place he'd missed. This time, Spain.

"Have you ever *been* in Jerez?" he demanded, missionarying me.

I confessed I hadn't. Immediately he was off, telling of bodegas and soleras and samplings and that transcendent "totality of effect" you get: the inner blend of wines, wines, wines that keeps on a-rollin' up its score till you can't count your blessings. His story moved me, played Paul Revere to my taste-cells so that my tongue was on the verge of depending forth. The man just wasn't being kind.

"I've had good sherry," I informed him. "Had it when I was no older than your public, you nursery profiteer."

"Practical zoölogist," he corrected, tactfully as though telling me my tie was crooked. "And don't try to claim Golconda on the strength of one gold tooth. No, my good fellow. If you think you're sherry timber—and you seem to have the background or, at least, the beginnings of a forefront—the thing for you to do is to *carpe diem*, grab yourself a ship to Cadiz. It's a town located Frisco fashion on the end of a long finger of land, and across the bay, about where Oakland would be, there's Puerto de Santa Maria—chock full. In fact, the Puerto alone has enough bursting bodegas to keep you busy. But you must be stern with yourself, for the whole region inland from there is covered with vineyards—*pagos* they call them—and Jerez is the center, the place where you'll do your heaviest sightseeing. Boy! Some of those bodegas you taste your way through are big as cathedrals. It's taxing work. But it *does* something for you. A few days there and you'll be able to come home and tread on editors and publishers with such *élan* that you'll hear their bones crunch. I know, because I've just had an interview with mine: I was so full of Spain that, by the time I left, with a check in my pocket, his secretary was sweeping him up off the rug. . . . So how about it, old pajama? Have I unfolded an idea worth stealing?"

It seemed such, in a crude way.

Besides, (and I thought of this myself, practically unprompted except by about 100 advertisements) there was a Seville Exposition going on. By combining things, with Seville in the role of chaser, a swell scenario evolved itself. Thus:

THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN
A Monodrama
For special reasons only the Province of Andalusia is used, and it is plenty.

PART I—Jerez, Puerto de Santa Maria, etc. American invader, braving butts, triumphs over various and sundry million gallons. Spaniards astounded. British under impression Gibraltar has fallen.

PART II—Seville, couple of hours later. Gay city of Romance, suitably lit up, welcomes happy viño victor.

But doubt crept in. There was question particularly as to the hero's alleged sherry-legs: would they hold? And, if so, how much? For, after all, those oaken legions of Jerez were considerable to be "taken in one's stride" (pantaloon-seams regardless) toward Seville. Journey's End might come sooner than planned.

It was as though some Bronxial cheerer were already celebrating my laying away, after the first bodega, with illuminated expositions round my head.

To fool them, I went to Seville first. And I was glad I did, because of the attitude I found there toward sherry. It was wholesome, clean-minded. When *Sevillanos* looked at butts they did it naturally, the way nudists do at the human form, with no monkey business or forward passes. Indeed, as this was wine bound for far-away South America, not to be opened till somebody else's Christmas, local lust just didn't get a horn-in. You could kibitz and sniff the stuff's aura and feel spiritual, with a sense of, "This is a far, far better thing that I'd do something about if allowed to"—and that was all. Except that your heart was in your mouth, and swimming there, if you hung around the docks much.

For those able to break away, the *Exposición*, located in a park just up the river, offered "Iberia—Old World and New" complete in 74 pavilions, 1 lagoon, and 1 Ferris wheel. By mushing among it anybody with Spain-loving instincts could pick up a lot. Personally I gleaned an orange. About the size of a golf ball and mostly green, this treasure was lying loose upon the lawn among similar genuine Seville specimens, with no tag on, and I . . . well, I copped it—casual-like—for a keepsake or pocket-piece. I fancied that my gain would be a loss which Iberia—Old World and New could bear up under.

But a guard, observing me, looked shocked. He seemed to have difficulty in comprehending that I had mistaken the orange for a Pullman towel. So I put it back—gently, with egg-like care. And thereafter just wandered.

Pavilioning I viewed exhibits ranging

Continued on page 156

WINE MERCHANTS TO H. M. KING GEORGE V
HARVEY'S

An Ancient Yuletime Custom

PORTS and SHERRIES are the traditional wines for holiday hospitality and for Christmas giving. And here—as abroad, since 1796—those who cherish the finest quality will choose Harvey's. At Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants and Retail Stores.

On Request—an interesting brochure on the history and use of Port, Sherry and Madeira Wines. Address PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., Exclusive U. S. Representative, 481 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST OLD
FULL PALE SHERRY
BRISTOL CREAM

HARVEY'S
Ports & Sherries
ESTABLISHED 1796
BRISTOL, ENGLAND

This Year—give a
TIPPLE TUMBLER
The sleek bakelite top and bottom impart no chill to the hands.
When the merry mixing is o'er, the extra wide top permits easy cleaning.
Non-clogging strainer speeds serving without delays. Screw-on feature of the top says "nay" to leakage.
The Tipple Tumbler pours without clogging or spilling. What a shaker!
Jigger cap measures the voltage without fear or favor.
Tipple Tips

Aluminum model in gift box . . $2.95. Chromium model in gift box . . $4.50. Western prices slightly higher.

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a distinctive gift 'Tis soon the joyous Yuletide and the time of happy giving among friends and kinsfolk. Quite the most popular among appreciated gifts will be "Tipple Tumbler," the modern Cocktail Shaker, in Satin-Ray Aluminum or sparkling Chromium—trimmed with sleek black bakelite and topped with a cherry-red bakelite resinoid.

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WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO., West Bend, Wisconsin

Name..

Street Address.............................City..............

Soup to Sillibub

Continued from page 155

from peasant pots and royal bric-a-brac to the sailing papers of one C. Columbus—not to mention hand-painted infantas by Velasquez, streamlined saints by El Greco, done-him-wrong gals by Goya, and impressive dons in sixteenth-century gents' drawers for formal wear with upholstered overdrapes—and so on; with the result that by the end of the third day of it, I'd never felt so Spanish in my life.

Oddly, though, the most flocked-to pavilion was that of Brazil. For the Brazilians served free coffee—which lavishness stirred me into hoping that maybe some gallant nation, province, or region (I wasn't fussy as to size or location on the map) might out-princelify the universe by serving Free Drinks. But as regards *that*, Fortune just couldn't be made to smile upon me.

Instead, came free rain. Sudden and downright, it chased me into the doorway of a building I'd never bothered with—the sort of barn-like structure you'd sooner expect "Moo!" from than anything else.

"What building is this?" I inquired, damp and marooned.

"Pavilion of Jerez, señor."

Just a doorman—yet he had handed me a rainbow.

Brushing him aside, I entered what proved to be a doughty den wherein big-bellied casks loomed and lorded about a central space occupied by ex-buttheads, in the guise of tables, surrounded by barrel chairs. Someone rubbing his hands in a green apron looked remarkably like a waiter.

"What have you got?" I demanded.

"All types," he informed me, taking a bow on them. "But nothing under forty years." And he offered a list which showed prices standardized at fourteen cents the hooker. For a dollar you could be King of Spain.

Sobriety seemed penurious. With no Molyneaux to guide me I fell back on the grisly Mr. Poe and chose Amontillado—the victim-lure in one of his best-liked murders. If this was doom stuff, I was clammy for it.

When brought, the Amontillado looked villainous enough—a sort of Chinese yellow, like the complexion of the terrible Ah Pfooie, or whatever his name is. But its aroma bred confidence, and its taste—an utter dryness, devoid of sweet, sour, or bitter—was shot through with special effects that flickered gratifyingly about the gums and allez-ooped toward the palate region. A plan I found useful was to sip only a tongueful at a time, and rollercoast gradually, breathing through the nose for overtones. Here and there a flicker or a twingle may have got by me or been mislaid. But not many.

Green Apron, hovering, seemed *simpatico* to the experiments I was busy with.

"Waiter," I said.

"Yes, señor," he bobbed.

"The rain outside . . ."

"Yes, señor. I go look . . ."

"NO!" I said sharply. "Let it alone. I need it. And right now I need another Amontillado."

Refilling it at its vast mama he muttered some aphorism about an empty glass being a sadness easier to cure than an old husband, or something like that, which my proverbial Spanish wasn't quite up to. Besides, Amontillado was education enough for anybody to take on. It's a sherry whose name means "a la Montilla"—the "little mountain" in question being a hill located up the Guadalquivir near Cordova. There, clear outside the Jerez district, the "type" was evolved; and straight Montilla still has its devotees today. But in Jerez the Amontillados(some of them possibly with a chip of the original block in them) rate as true sherries of a special kind, akin to, and developed out of, the Fino (Pale Dry) species. Consequently, to fathom the taste and character of an Amontillado you've much to penetrate before you get even within guessing distance of Papa Grape.

This remoteness from the thing it started with accounts for the fascination—and the eeriness—of sherry in its paler, more rarified manifestations: the *viños* that are "a bit too too" for foreigners unless schooled in them. Ghosts of wines, one might almost say. But happy ghosts. And strangely exhilarating ones.

What sets them apart from ports, Madeiras, and muscatels (wines of about the same alcoholic strength) is complete difference in purpose. Sherry's game is to break away from the original grape; the others hang on—each of them being a case of "arrested fermentation." Sherry receives its brandy *after* the grape sweetness has been fermented out. That is, the regular sherry does; for there are special "sweetening preparations" made on the side—syrupy stuff—which can later be seasoned in as desired, to give that touch of sweetness which unregenerate Anglo-Saxons seem happier with.

But the Andalusians prefer out-and-out dryness. Subsisting on a diet which is plentifully olive-oiled, they need a good cutter, and the keenest in the world is—

"Waiter," I called, for it was high time I ordered some, "Bring me a Manzanilla."

The color of this was a bit paler; the aroma less rich, more "strictly to the point." As for the taste, it was like the highest harmonic played by Mr. Heifetz: shrill, yet clear and perfect in its precision, the song of the lark beaten out by Art.

For Manzanilla *is* Art. Made from grapes grown close to the sea in the sandy soil of San Lucar de Barrameda—a little town at the mouth of Seville's Guadalquivir—this wine has been taken into the sherry fold for the reason that it was much too good to be left out. As originally popular among the Andalusians, it was unfortified; they drank it "like water" to such an extent that a British-financed waterworks project for Cadiz, undertaken in the nineteenth century, was a failure. The people of Cadiz washed and cooked with what the heavens donated upon their flat, thriftily-piped roofs; and for drinking purposes San Lucar, just up the Bay, still functioned.

But the British, smart enough to have picked out a Gibraltar with a back door towards Jerez so that garrison messes need never languish, weren't that easily frustrated. What was lost in water, has been more than made up in wine. For now Manzanilla, along with the sherries of Sherryville, travels to merry Albion in fat shiploads from English shippers to the Old Firms at Home. It's a trade that runs up into the millions of pounds; and the British, established on the spot, have grown gray gathering in the gravy.

I'm not yapping at their firmly planted feet, I'm just envying them.

Continued on page 158

Think of yourself
this Christmas!
me ?
yes, you !
. . . and why not!

EACH YEAR you diligently consider the wishes of those near and dear . . . you give generously of gifts that please. Carry on this worthy custom by all means...but this year include yourself by presenting a Royal Portable. Every member of the family will welcome this finest of home-sized typewriters, and use it daily. For many years, this great writing convenience will prove a source of real enjoyment to you—one and all. Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

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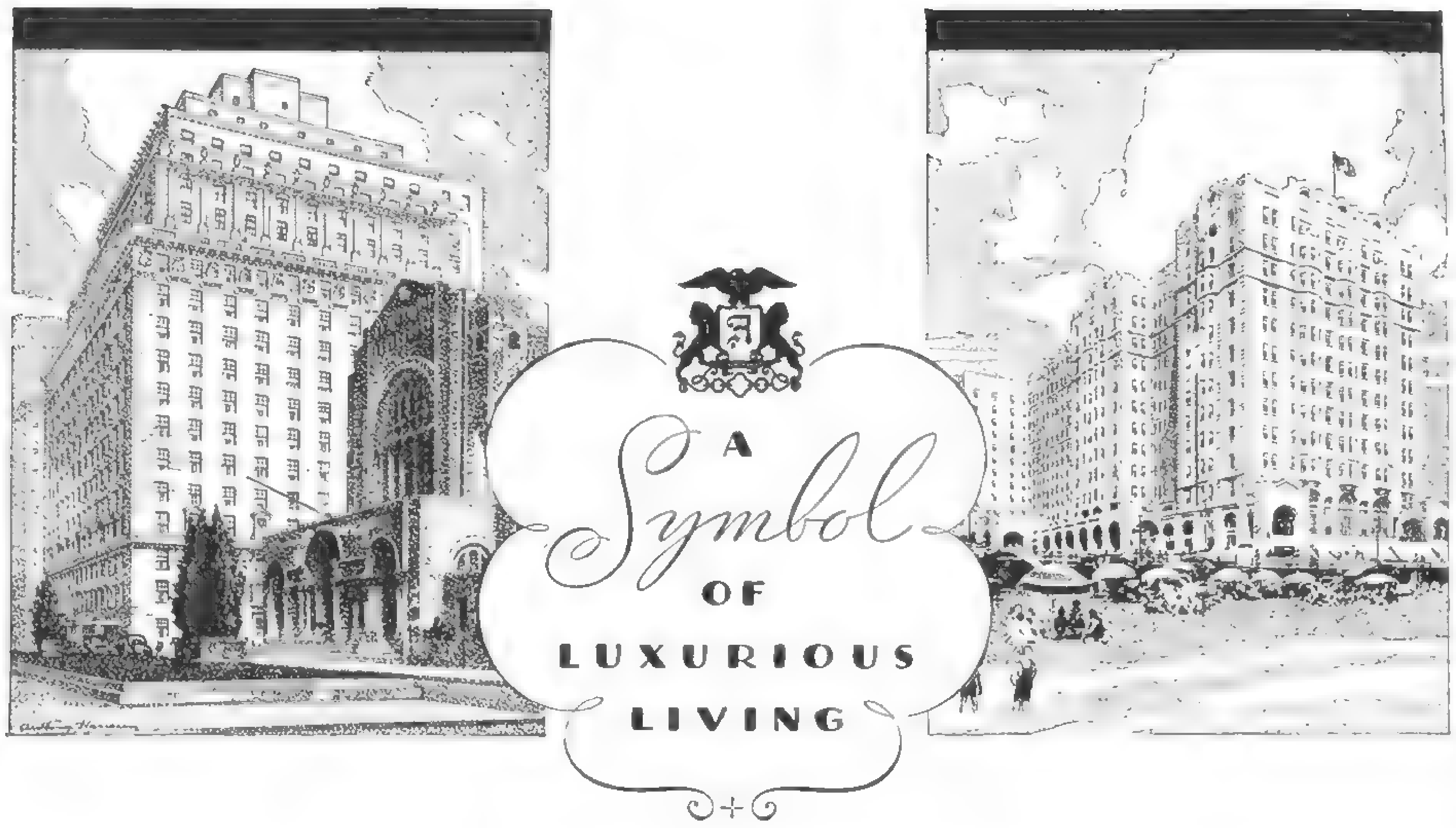
A COUPON YOU DON'T HAVE TO CLIP!

H-m-m-m! What a splendid idea! I shall see and try a Royal Portable at a nearby dealer. I shall study the three models, priced at $33.50, $45 and $60. All, I understand, are easy to operate, handsome and sturdy. I may take advantage of the monthly payment plan.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taste, not price, is the guiding principle of gentlemen who wear Crosby Squares. They instinctively admire these stitch-for-stitch reproductions from the best work of New York and London custom bootmakers—and their first impression is heartily confirmed by the test of time.

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Name.. Address..

Soup to Sillibub

Continued from page 157

But to get back to our Pavilion before the rain quits. . . . Let me say that *those* wines were Spanish and keyed for the Spanish taste—that is, for people who sit down to family dinner at ten in the evening (as I saw them doing), go to the theatre around midnight (and gosh, those full-fashioned gals at the Kursaal can dance and throw their weight about!), and next morning drink coffee with redolent goat's milk in it: different from us, I mean.

At any rate, drinking from the Spanish point of view I managed to "progress around" reasonably methodically among Finos, Amorosos, Olerosos, Pedro Ximenas, Soleras, Goldens, nutty Browns, and so on—building up quite a ducal mixture within me—till finally Green Apron, overstepping instructions, ventured to hint that "the rain was over." Indeed, as he tucked me in my little taxi, I had never seen a brighter or more beautiful evening, with such playful festoons of lights.

And for days every cloud had its sherry lining.

With the benefit of such preparation, Jerez itself seemed hazardable and was motored to—southward through 61 miles of undulating Andalusia; oranges and olives scarcening in favor of vineyards as the Wine Center drew near and announced itself whitely, Moorish fashion, but topped with a crumpled quilt of tile roofs, and with parks and gardens lending variety.

Quite a town! One of Spain's livest—with motor trucks, civic improvements, Frenchy shops, and what not—Jerez has managed to go modern without selling its personality for a mess of mazuma. Doorways still offer glimpses into bright-tiled patios. Windows are still grilled, with señoritas peeping out over the flower pots. But the true nature of Jerez and what it's up to is to be read in the number of consular flags pendant over doorways: no less than twenty-eight governments of the world recognize sherry to the extent of maintaining an official representative in its home town, which isn't a seaport and has less than 50,000 inhabitants.

No wonder the bodegas are big—some of them almost exposition-size, with acres and acres of storage buildings, cognac distilleries, cask factories, bottling plants, etc. The fact is, the customers of Jerez de la Frontera (to give it its full name) are reckoned by continents.

So you see where that put *me.* Not being even a nation, *my* best efforts fell so far short of scoring a dent that I'd rather not dwell upon them. I failed, that was all. But even in defeat I managed to gain certain cuff memoranda of a useful sort, as follows:

SHERRIES

Dry types for use before meals (And that doesn't ordinarily include breakfast, except of the hunting or wedding kind):

Manzanilla—the "top note" in dryness.

Pale Dry—not always as pale as you might think.

Fino—usually a superior Pale Dry. But the term is tacked on to various types, sometimes confusingly.

Not quite so dry, for use before or with beginning of meal:

Amoroso—not necessarily amorous, but the ladies are apt to like it better than the uncompromisingly dry types. Less pale also.
Oloroso—richer and darker than Amoroso.

The "Before or After" group:
Solera—the grandest old sherries are in this category; safe to try on anybody, if you're lucky enough to possess any. A Solera is dated as of the year when first laid down; but the cask it came from has undergone replenishment pretty steadily since then, by "promoting" younger wines to it up a "ladder of seniority."

During or after:
Golden—enough body and sweetness to fit the prevailing notion of sherry.

After (particularly with walnuts):
Brown—sweetest, darkest, softest. At its best an epicurean finish for the meal.

Temperature Note: In warm weather some people prefer the dry types slightly cooled.

Alcoholic Content: About 20% on the average.

Incidentally the Jerez region produces fine bulls. And when one of their tails meets sherry in a plate of soup—carramba, what a classic!

Sleeping and Waking

Continued from page 34

needed a quarterback at Princeton, and they had nobody and were in despair. The head coach noticed me kicking and passing on the side of the field, and he cried: 'Who is *that* man—why haven't we noticed *him* before?' The under coach answered 'He hasn't been out' and the response was: 'Bring him to me.'

"... we go to the day of the Yale game. I weigh only one hundred and thirty-five, so they save me until the third quarter, with the score—"

—But it's no use—I have used that dream of a defeated dream to induce sleep for almost twenty years, but it has worn thin at last. I can no longer count on it—though even now on easier nights it has a certain lull . . .

The war dream then: the Japanese are everywhere victorious—my division is cut to rags and stands on the defensive in a part of Minnesota where I know every bit of the ground. The headquarters staff and the regimental battalion commanders who were in conference with them at the time have been killed by one shell. The command devolved upon Captain Fitzgerald. With superb presence . . .

—but enough; this also is worn thin with years of usage. The character who bears my name has become blurred. In the dead of the night I am only one of the dark millions riding forward in black buses toward the unknown.

Back again now to the rear porch, and conditioned by intense fatigue of mind and perverse alertness of the nervous system—like a broken-stringed bow upon a throbbing fiddle—I see the real horror develop over the roof-tops, and in the strident horns of night owl taxis and the shrill monody of revelers' arrival over the way. Horror and waste—

—Waste and horror—what I might have been and done that is lost, spent, gone, dissipated, unrecapturable. I could have acted thus, refrained from this, been bold where I was timid, cautious where I was rash.

Continued on page 160

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats

The thoughtful gift that provides comfort and perfect wet weather protection all through the year is an Alligator raincoat. Faultlessly styled and tailored in many models for street and every kind of sportwear, made of Alligator's exclusive famous fabrics in smart colors. Sold at all the better stores from $5.50 to $15.

The Alligator Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Sleeping and Waking

Continued from page 159

I need not have hurt her like that.

Nor said this to him.

Nor broken myself trying to break what was unbreakable.

The horror has come now like a storm—what if this night prefigured the night after death—what if all thereafter was an eternal quivering on the edge of an abyss, with everything base and vicious in oneself urging one forward and the baseness and viciousness of the world just ahead. No choice, no road, no hope—only the endless repetition of the sordid and the semi-tragic. Or to stand forever, perhaps, on the threshold of life unable to pass it and return to it. I am a ghost now as the clock strikes four.

On the side of the bed I put my head in my hands. Then silence, silence—and suddenly—or so it seems in retrospect—suddenly I am asleep.

Sleep—real sleep, the dear, the cherished one, the lullaby. So deep and warm the bed and the pillow enfolding me, letting me sink into peace, nothingness—my dreams now, after the catharsis of the dark hours, are of young and lovely people doing young, lovely things, the girls I knew once, with big brown eyes, real yellow hair:

In the fall of '16 in the cool of the afternoon
I met Caroline under a white moon
There was an orchestra—Bingo-Bango
Playing for us to dance the tango
And the people all clapped as we arose
For her sweet face and my new clothes—

Life *was* like that after all; my spirit soars in the moment of its oblivion; then down, down deep into the pillow . . .

". . . Yes, Essie, yes. —oh, My God, all right, I'll take the call myself."

Irresistible, iridescent—here is Aurora—here is another day.

A Feud for Two

Continued from page 81

again) watching a Beasley pupil play in the finals. If this can be construed as killing one's tennis game...what a glorious death!

Tunis calls the overhead drive, a tennis stroke which Beasley teaches, grotesque, and claims that it is considered a joke with those who know the game. Does he consider Fred Perry of England among those who know the game? Perry uses this important shot in all of his matches. Is it because he finds it effective or because he possesses a sense of humor and likes jokes? Not to mention George Lott, the finest doubles player in the world, who employs this type of overhead on lobs which he allows to bounce. If you can picture either of these rhythmic players as being grotesque then Primo Carnera is a ballet dancer.

Tunis is more than mildly cynical about Beasley's qualifications as a teacher when he writes, "He (Beasley) plays no tennis himself and seldom hits a ball over the net. That he *cannot* play tennis may or may not be against him as a teacher; it is a little difficult to see wherein it is an advantage."

True to precedent Tunis again is wrong, Beasley *can* play tennis and using Tunis' own game as a measuring stick, very well.

If Tunis had said that Beasley *does not* play tennis for his own pleasure, he would have been correct, but when he says that Beasley *cannot* play tennis he is being deliberately fallacious. Beasley can execute each and every stroke in the game perfectly and it is a genuine thrill to watch him do it on the court, but due to the necessity of his wearing bifocal glasses at all times, he cannot follow the flight of a fast ball; he therefore does not make a general practice of engaging in match play except on rare occasions. Had he started as a youngster without this handicap, the chances are he would have played championship tennis because his court tactics and tennis strategy, plus the ability instantly to recognize the weaknesses in his opponent's game, are second to none. It is a rare treat to watch the doubles combination of Parker and Beasley in action or sit next to him at a championship match and listen to his diagnosis of the play.

While Beasley's poor vision is a handicap to himself his pupils reap a benefit in that he is the one professional who is not the least bit interested in or ambitious for his own game and therefore can give his entire concentration wholeheartedly to their tennis. No playing professional can do this; his chief concern is, first, last and always, his own game.

The greatest asset Beasley possesses as a tennis coach is not the strokes he teaches or the mere mechanics of the game, which can be gotten from any professional, but his inherent knack of planting in his students the desire to play. His record at Princeton University and Lawrenceville Prep School, and at Tulane, is exceptional not because he produces winning teams but because he has gotten the entire student bodies interested in and playing tennis.

Hundreds of kids throughout the country, each with a different problem, write to him, and he makes it a point to answer each one of them personally. He will never make any great amount of money out of tennis because he has too many potential Vines, Tildens and Wills whom he supplies with free rackets and balls, entry fees and his own time in instruction.

If, as Mr. Tunis contends, the ability to coach championship tennis requires the ability to play it, it would seem that the ability to write critically about championship tennis would require a like ability to play it. Which brings us up to the only sensible method of deciding this feud, a tennis battle between Mr. Tunis and Mr. Beasley, 2 out of 3 sets to a finish. In such a match Mr. Tunis' parlor game of ping-pong, his architectural designing tendencies and his marvelous balance act of sitting on the fence, would be of little assistance to him—even though it qualifies him, in his own mind, as a commentator on the game of tennis.

Whatever else has been said against Tunis, even his staunchest enemies are forced to admit that he has never made a wrong forecast about any subject in tennis. Not once in years of reporting has he been mistaken; take for example his prediction as to the

Continued on page 162

POWER'S
"3 SWALLOWS"
IRISH
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A fortunate few may now enjoy the soft, mellow quality of this aristocrat of Irish Whiskys, distinguished since 1791. Unblended . . . pure pot-stilled over peat fires . . . painstakingly aged.

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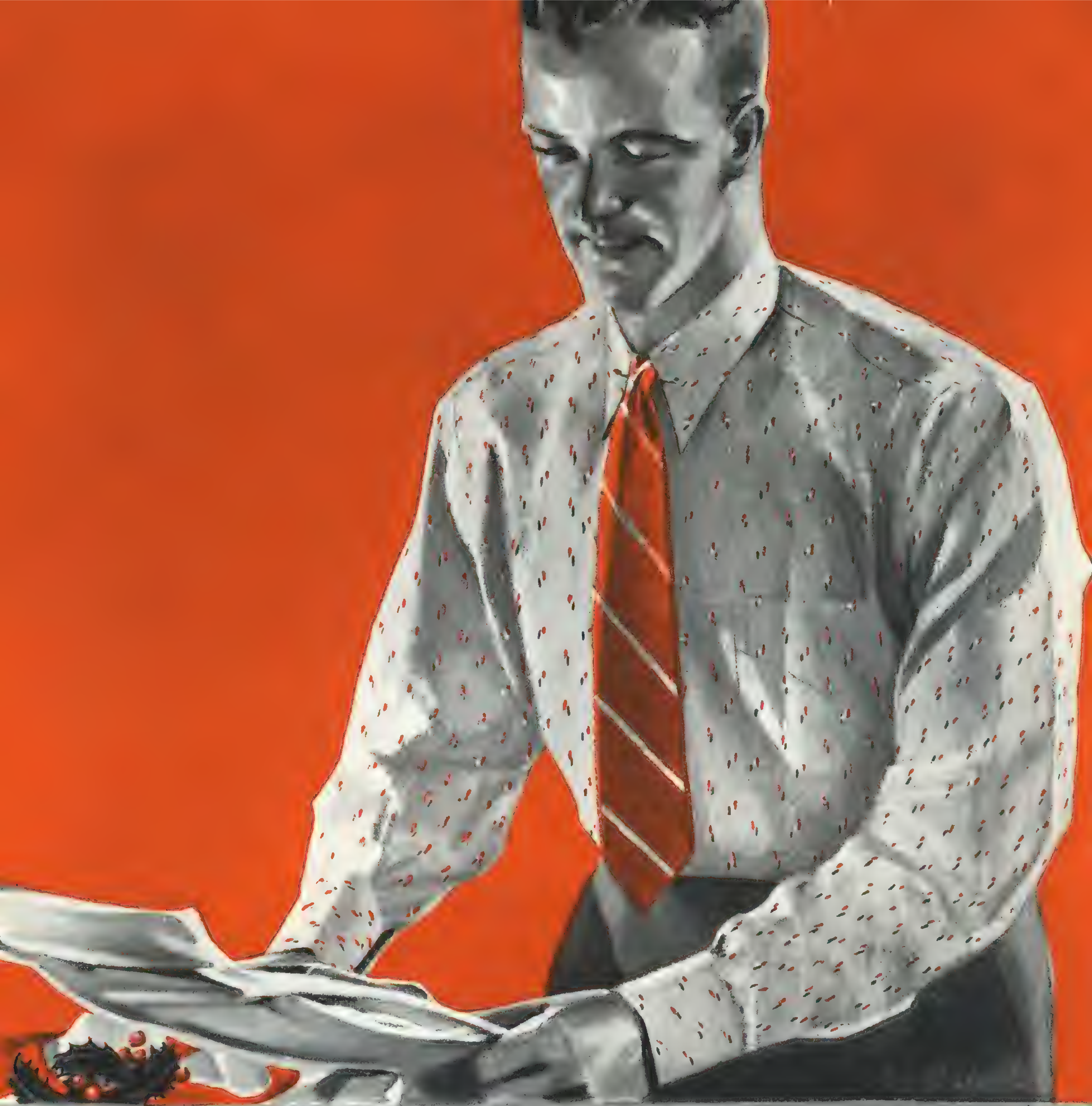
Please report any change of address direct to ESQUIRE at least three weeks before it is to take effect . . . The post-office will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided for by you . . . Please also mention your old address as well as your new one. It facilitates the making of the change and assures the delivery of future copies to the proper address.



Who Is To Blame When Your Gift Shirts Shrink?

The Laundry? Positively No! If the cloth is only partially shrunk, the shirt is certain to shrink out of fit when washed. . . . The Shirt Manufacturer? Yes, if he uses fabrics partially shrunk or unshrunk . . . The Store? Yes, if it knowingly sells shirts made of cloth partially shrunk or unshrunk.

Don't gamble when you buy shirts for gifts or for yourself. Demand those made from fabrics that are completely and permanently shrunk—Sanforized-shrunk. Good manufacturers and good stores everywhere sell such shirts plainly marked on the label Sanforized-shrunk.

Don't buy any shirt until you see the words . . .

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Other Corday Parfums, Toujours Moi $17.50 . . . Voyage à Paris $15.00 . . . Orchidee Bleue and the finest French floral odors $15 . . . also smaller sizes.

CORDAY
PARIS, 12 RUE DE LA PAIX

TO THE *Heads of Business* ORGANIZATIONS

In the majority of businesses, custom demands a Christmas remembrance for executives, salesmen, dealers and customers

USUALLY this detail is left to a harassed sales or personnel manager who, more often than not, is so pressed with more important work that he lets this seemingly minor duty ride until the last minute and then frantically sets about rounding up inappropriate and relatively useless gadgets.

This year, there's no excuse for that. The problem can be settled to the maximum of satisfaction with the irreducible minimum of attention to detail. ESQUIRE's special Christmas gift rates make it both easy and inexpensive to send a gift that is appropriate and welcome to all masculine employes and customers, one that comes twelve times in the ensuing year, twelve reminders of your taste and judgment as well as your good will.

A Christmas order blank which requires no postage is enclosed in this copy of ESQUIRE. Mail it (and also write for any additional information you wish) to ESQUIRE at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Special CHRISTMAS GIFT *Rates*

One subscription	$ 5.00
Two subscriptions	8.00
Three subscriptions	10.00
Additional subscriptions, EACH	3.00

A Feud for Two

Continued from page 160

1933 winner of the Davis Cup, printed in the July 22nd Literary Digest under the heading, "Americans Ought To Win; With Vines, Allison, Lott and Stoeffen in action against Cochet and Borotra, it will surely take a miracle for France to emerge victorious. So I say, if we reach the Challenge Round, we ought to win. We should win, but do not be surprised if we lose." It is a safe prediction that Tunis never will be wrong unless he falls off the fence. As Tunis himself puts it, "I may not always be right, but . . . I am never wrong."

In the above mentioned ESQUIRE article Tunis describes Beasley as "a thick-set man," which never even as the greatest exaggeration, could fit Beasley, for he is the Vines type, tall and lanky. In Tunis' defense it may be said and it is very probable, he has been shadowing the wrong man all these years and writing about two other guys.

In re: "My Heart"

Continued from page 83

prefer, on a weekly or monthly basis. To show you that we mean everything that we say, we'll let you write your own ticket, say five or ten dollars per week or month.

What we should like to do is to have a free hand in revising your song and to turn it over to a well known writer for rearrangement without any additional cost to you. This arranger has the technical knowledge required for such work and he can give your number the technical musical treatment that it requires to place it on a par with other numbers in our catalogue.

The question has been brought up, "Why are we asking an investment of $100.00 per song or $150.00 where song and orchestration is desired?" The answer is, first, it is your property for the life of its copyright. Second, it keeps away undesirable material and curiosity seekers and third, it will give you the benefit of our experience, professional staff, sales force and syndicate store listing. Isn't this worthy of some consideration? If you don't think so, just try to get a syndicate store listing.

You may ask, "Why do some song writers get their songs published free?" A few of the *Big Ones* do, but they have a national reputation and you can count them on your fingers. They have to pay just the same. They are called upon to do professional work, entertain radio singers, orchestra leaders, etc. All this runs into money. You are not so fortunately situated, hence must do your bit in another way.

We shall be glad to hear from you again, and if our terms are agreeable, we will submit to you our royalty contract for your consideration and signature.

Yours truly,
LAFONTAINE MUSIC CORP.

PC—2

* * *

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
CALIFORNIA
March 8, 1932

MR. J. D. LAFONTAINE,
LAFONTAINE MUSIC CORPORATION

Dear Mr. LaFontaine:—

I have received your letter of February 29th regarding my song, *Give Back My*

Heart, and your two circulars, P. C.—1 and P.C.—2. Do you realize that those two circulars are *losing business* for you?

A circular of their sort must above all be *Easy to Understand*. They are poorly written, from a literary standpoint; but that is not their chief fault. They are poor also from the standpoint of *Advertising*. How can you hope to convince prospective clients of your efficiency when your form-letters are hazy and hard to understand? It makes no difference whether your prospect be a university graduate or a totally uneducated man: he cannot help sensing that your forms are inexpertly composed. Their whole effect is one of *vagueness*.

I can write for you form-letters to replace P.C.—1 and P.C.—2 which will not only be correct as far as grammar and rhetoric are concerned, but will *more than repay* you by bringing in "*Better Results.*"

My fees for rewriting these two circulars and any others which need revision would be most reasonable considering the increase they would bring you in business volume. I shall be very glad to quote my rates if you will write me concerning them.

Judge My Ability By This Letter!

In the meanwhile, will you please return my manuscript of *Give Back My Heart*, as promised in your first letter to me.

Very truly yours,
Sanderson Smith

* * *

LaFONTAINE MUSIC CORPORATION
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
Wholesalers
March 18, 1932

Mr. Sanderson Smith,
Box 678,
Stanford University, California

Dear Sir:—

In compliance with your letter of March 8, we are herewith enclosing your manuscript, *Give Back My Heart*.

Relative to your remarks about the two circular letters which we sent to you, we wish to explain that they are written in the vernacular of the people and they are American. They are exceedingly efficient and at least they get results.

We are not in any way interested in the English literature as spoken in England, and to our opinion it is "lousy."

Yours truly,
J. D. LaFontaine,
President

* * *

U. S. POSTAL CARD
Oct. 18, '34

Dear Friend:—

We will publish, exploit and place on the market your song, entitled:
Give Back My Heart

We Pay You the standard royalties, (3c and 33½% of Mechanicals.) Also send you a supply of 300 copies free. All for the small exploitation cost of $32.50. Remember *We Guarantee* two colored title page, with engraved music plates, First class, No. 1 paper. This is the best offer you ever had to get the song published in a commercial manner. Easy time payments. Send for our royalty contracts today. Offer only good for 30 days. This is a reliable and perhaps profitable opportunity. *Don't Overlook It!*

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Prince of Wales blended tobacco. Fine aroma. Mild yet cool. **$1.50** *per ¼ lb.*

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Tournament

Continued from page 103

canvas with a growing numbness in his jaw. He was surprised that the ring wasn't littered with debris and it was only gradually that the idea forced itself through his muddled head that he had been hit and hit badly. Involuntarily his gloved hand went to his mouth and it was not until he saw the blood on the leather that he tasted the bitterness of blood in his mouth.

The bell sounded loudly as though it had been clanged beside his ear. Someone had him beneath the armpits and angrily Gerald scrambled to his feet, threw off Andy's unwelcome hands. "I'm all right," he snapped, brushing again at his bleeding mouth with the back of his hand.

He went back to his corner feeling very tired. Andy fussed about him; he held some salts to his nose that brought tears to his eyes and made him turn his head. Andy pulled the band of his tights away from his stomach and the air felt cool and good.

"How did it happen?"

"You forgot to duck." Andy spoke without humor. "Why don't you box him? You can't outslug that farmer."

Gerald nodded. He began to feel better. Someone held a bottle to his mouth and he gargled water, drinking some of it. It didn't taste very good. Well, he thought ruefully, here I am dying for dear old A. T. O. And what do I get out of it? A broken jaw and Andy to massage my stomach so that I can go out for the next round and be killed.

That gave him a turn. There were two more rounds! Even if he could survive the second, he'd surely collapse in the third. He'd never been so tired; his arms felt as though they were veined with lead. He wished he could remember what had happened that had permitted the kid to hit him as hard as he did. He began to feel as though an advantage had been taken of him. He'd been doing all right: Didn't he have the kid tangled in the ropes? It must have been a haymaker—

The bell rang and Gerald got unwillingly to his feet and advanced to the center of the ring. His opponent came out cautiously also and that cheered him somewhat. Maybe he was hurt too. Then the kid came at him and Gerald retreated, jabbing with his left. He was backed into a corner and they clinched for the first time. He leaned over the kid's shoulder, pinioning his arms, looking dazedly at the black tiers that surrounded the ring. With surprise he noticed the heavy sound of his own breathing but realized with considerable relief that he hadn't been hurt in the exchange. He was feeling more confident; he was cooler than he had been in the first round. He could handle this fellow . . . he'd done it before.

The referee broke them and the kid came at him again and again they clinched; Gerald was wrestled back to the ropes and they burned his shoulders. A blow in the ribs stung like the devil.

Aroused by the ache in his side he now did the forcing, shooting lefts and rights at the kid's head that were made effective by his longer reach. This offensive soon burned itself out and once more he was retreating. He took one in the stomach that made him raise his knee as the kid came in. The referee stepped between them and warned Gerald and he put out both his gloves to disclaim any intention of foul. In his brief moment he saw there was blood on the kid's face and he felt strangely exhilarated.

They lunged and countered, both breathing hard; once Gerald's foot slipped and the kid came in with a rush but he recovered and was away, sliding along the ropes. Then he saw an opening and stopped squarely, shooting in his left—

Bang!

Just as before in the first round he caught a terrific smash in the face and sat down abruptly. The blood was warm over his upper lip and he wondered frightenedly if his nose was broken. Slowly his eyes regained their focus and he saw the referee bending over him, an interested look on his thick-featured face.

"Well, why don't you start counting?" Gerald demanded irritably.

The referee straightened and went over and held up the kid's hand. Gerald was angry but relieved. Andy came into the ring and helped him to his feet. Gerald supposed he should go and congratulate the victor but decided against it. A snob to the end, he reflected grimly.

They crawled through the ropes and as Andy was unlacing his gloves he saw there was a new boxer in his corner. It was a Sig Alph he knew slightly.

"Good luck," said Gerald.

The Sig gave him a wan, uncertain smile and Gerald went up the aisle with a comfortable glowing in his insides. *His* ordeal was over. He felt a great, humanitarian pity for the poor Sig Alph.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 13

the market and is eagerly anticipated by me each month but I do believe if you would run something on boats, such as their various designs and building and operation, I believe your magazine would be very materially improved. However, whether you do run anything of this nature or not I shall continue to be a reader and booster for Esquire.

Sincerely,
Holly Hill, Fla. D. Herble Todd

CHALK ONE UP ON CHARTERS

Idling through the June issue of Esquire how ever belatedly, I notice that in Jimmie Charters' article on Page 32, at the end of the third paragraph, a reference is made to the time "since the assassination of President Doumergue." I would like to point out that such time has not as yet arrived, for Doumergue is still alive, being the Prime Minister and not the President of France. What Charters meant was perhaps the assassination of President Doumer which, indeed, took place in May of 1932.

Faithfully yours,
New York, N.Y. Albert Parry

ADD LAURELS FOR LEVIN

May I compliment Esquire for acquiring a critic who is competent to write intelligently and sympathetically of the movies?

There have been many critical reviews of "The Scarlet Empress" in both magazines and the daily press, the writers invariably comparing it with "Catherine The Great."

Your Mr. Meyer Levin seems to be the only critic who has realized that while Paul Czinner used dramatic form, Von Sternberg told the identical story by means of a pictorial pageant.

Because Mr. Von Sternberg chose to portray the spirit of an historic period by means of pictures rather than by spoken words, few critics have even attempted to credit him for what he accomplished.

If in comparing it with the English picture one takes into consideration that one director told the story almost entirely by dialogue and acting while the other elected to tell it almost entirely by pageantry and music, it will be easier to make a just estimate of the worth of "The Scarlet Empress."

Incidentally, a gargoyle is a waterspout. The term cannot by any stretch of the imagination be applied to the archaic ecclesiastical carved figures so profusely used in the architectural backgrounds of this picture.

Sincerely,
Santa Barbara, Calif. John M. Gamble

FROM OUR ANNIVERSARY MAIL

I

It is just a whim to stick along for another year and see what happens. To be honest, I have been somewhat disappointed. Some of the stories are good as well as many of the articles. Others make me wonder as to just what manner of men you are catering. Also, I can't say that I am much impressed with the style show. Lord forbid that I see such sights when I return to the U.S.A. Judging from the past, I would hate to see described what the well dressed miner wears. Well, I guess those are just a few personal opinions out of many.

Sincerely yours,
Llallagua, Bolivia S. B. Keith

II

Now to get down to business and tell you why I am not renewing my Esquire, and I really did think a long time before I definitely decided not to renew it.

There is why—right off my chest. The whole truth and nothing but. I pledged myself that I would buy nothing more—absolutely nothing except food, shelter and life ins. until I owed nothing to anyone in the wide world in a monetary way.

Now on the other hand Esquire has taken an important place in my household. Esquire is the magazine that is laid out neatly each day in a conspicuous place on the top of the living room table while other magazines have the uncomfortable experience of being crammed down below with old letters, newspapers, razor blades (used) and empty beer bottles. It is the magazine that guests pick up with a little squeal of joy and an "Oh Esquire." It has become one of the necessities of life and so it will continue to grace our living room table but at the rate of 50c per month and not $5.00 per year.

Detroit, Mich. W. H. Clark

III

Just the by line "Magazine for Men"—caught my wicked eye and of course, like a million other women, I just had to know what was *so* important about the male species that they should have a magazine devoted to them, and what I found delighted me! The Sport articles, the pictures and even the men's fashions (although I do think they are quite as fussy and vain about themselves as us poor women!). Said all in one breath, at that. And to top things off, I am completely in love with the big fellow that adorns the cover! Since seeing him appear on each issue, I have lost all interest in Clark Gable, and am burning incense at the other one's altar. Would you please tell me, if Charlie-on-the-cover is real or just a figure of a clever imagination?

Very sincerely and with a laugh,
Whitinsville, Mass. Joan McSheehy

Continued on page 176

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 133

Passing of an Era: There is one clean-up campaign in the movies which I heartily approve. It is being carried on by architects.

Architect Hal Pereira, engaged in the campaign, informs me that his firm has operated on over twenty houses. They go right in and scrape the walls. The gilded pineapples, the crunched plaster, the rococo convolutions are gutted. The purple velvet drapes, "oriental" tapestries, and contorted furnitures are removed. The ponderous and ornate floor lamps, with their fringed shades, go into the ashcan. Smooth vitreous material is substituted as facing for the walls, indirect lighting is installed.

Efforts to make the theatre front over into a jail, a south sea island, or an African jungle with each change of program are frowned upon. No longer will the cashier peer out of a box office cage that has been transformed into an igloo or a cabin-in-the-cotton.

The architectural clean-up began with the smaller houses, whose rococo was not imbedded in the very girders of construction. Many of the great "Palaces" like the Paramount theatre in New York, or the Chicago theatre, will wear their gilt as long as they can afford to buy new paint, as the time out required for remodeling would prove too costly.

Radio City is, of course, the shining example of the theatre moderne; it is pleasant to find that the cause has triumphed.

Movie-goers are so accustomed to modern settings in the pictures themselves that they now expect to see those pictures in modernist houses. Theatres situated in neighborhoods whose inhabitants had been credited with bad taste discover a bright response to what might be considered the sophisticated mode. According to Pereira, many neighborhood theatres that had been closed reopened to good business after the re-styling; other modernized houses reported increases of over 25% in attendance.

Long Lost Actor: Of all arts, the actor's is most circumscribed. Conrad Veidt, whose performance in "Power" places him alongside Charles Laughton, Emil Jannings, George Arliss, as one of the most skillful and powerful of dramatic personality-actors, affords ample illustration of this point. It is true that a musician uses material created by another, yet a musician may choose his material. An actor like Veidt undergoes all the handicaps that pertain to other careers; in addition, he may go along for years, even all his life, without happening to come into the part that "makes" him for a wide audience. I think it is about twenty years that Veidt has been known as an actor of mighty possibilities. He has been featured in German and American films. Ever since his startling performance as the somnambulating horror, Cesar, of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," he has been one of the chief bogey men of the films. His skeletal form, the wire-taut muscles of his cavernous face, his smoky opaque eyes have been identified with a special form of psychologic terror. Now and again he has portrayed an almost human character, but always he has been one with paralyzed emotions, projecting an intolerable strength held in check by Satanic discipline. He is associated always with some desolate and forbidding landscape; the mind carries a picture of him alone on a cliff, from which he has caused his beloved to cast herself.

It remained for the British to find a picture for Veidt. As the Jew Suss, hero of Feuchtwanger's "Power," Veidt is rounded into human form. He does not unbend. That atmosphere of terrific inner force is retained. But it is a force of character that might be turned to good or evil. In the story, he is spitted upon his own steely spirit, he chooses his own agonizing death.

Veidt's means of portrayal are sparse. In furthering the suggestion of "roundness" of character, it seems that even his face is a little fuller; his speech remains clipped and firm, yet is not always harsh. His scenes of tenderness, as with his mother and his daughter, are executed in a strange tight pattern, and yet are convincing, insofar as Veidt is concerned. The direction is sloppy in the scene with his mother, which seems to have been interpolated chiefly as a sop to sentiment. The influence of "Rothschild," perhaps.

The two films will draw inevitable comparison. "Rothschild" was ever so much more politic in its treatment of the Jewish theme; "Power" is harsh but sometimes greater. "Power" won't touch the "Rothschild" record at the box office.

Curiously, these two films bear the same relationship, in reversed order, as "Catherine the Great" and "The Scarlet Empress." In the "Catherine" films, the British had the better told story, the more expedient treatment of a twin theme. In the Jewish-financier-as-diplomat films, the British have a story muddled by too much ornate atmosphere, over-ambitious direction. If a great many of the court scenes, in which Frank Vosper overacts the part of the Duke, were cut, and the Conrad Veidt sequences allowed complete domination, "Power" might be one of the great films of all time. The rest of the cast is heavy and undistinguished, except for Paul Graetz, who, in a few short scenes, imparts an unforgettable touch of character as the little Jew, Landauer.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 122

I don't figure that Bertrand Russell knew all that he condenses into his book as general sort of conversational material himself until he sat down and read and studied it out. But that is the way he works. He is, for instance, a mathematician. He wanted to clarify his knowledge of mathematics and so he wrote a book about it; he wanted to understand Einstein's theory of relativity himself and so he wrote a book about it; he wanted to understand human relations and so he experimented in education and with his wife and he wrote a book about that. Now he has wanted to understand what the Nineteenth Century meant and so he has read and thought about it and here we have his conclusions in a book the sheer instructional and entertainment value of which is hard to exaggerate. Bertrand Russell is a liberal and an idealist who is imperturbably of the opinion that social and economic justice can come about through the exercise of reason and without recourse to the terrible blight of revolution and armed passion. He himself is just and dispassionate and whenever he characterizes a person of crucial importance in the destinies of the last century he does so with an effort to explain the man in his setting, his environment. His thumbnail biographies are brilliant and to the point. Among the "musts" for your library of contemporary books of value, let me suggest the Russell volume.

Against the Russell book and in support of it take *I Live to Tell* by Jacob Rubin (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75). Rubin relates as fact occurrences which he gives no indication that he could possibly know to be a fact. He recites incidents, with dialogue and stage directions, which he could not possibly know about unless he were disembodied, omniscient and omnipresent. He makes me slightly sick when he goes Eddie Guest in the chapter on the book given to morals and to God under the Soviet dispensation. In fact I began to suspect him when he announced he was a Milwaukee Socialist, because the humanitarianism of Milwaukee Socialists is very moony. But he confirms me in many suspicions, chief of which is that, given a position combining the offices of the legislature, the judiciary and the police, the sort of sadistic saphead who makes a good Tammany ward-heeler is most woefully efficient when he is put into position with powers absolute under a political theory that mistakes are to be expected when the greater good demands that thousands be decapitated in order that the ultimate goal of social democracy shall prevail. He will kill gladly and with a convenient excuse, whereas the poor limited Tammany hireling has to account specifically for his acts, as well as for his take, to his superiors and woe betide him if he fudges so badly that the clan thumbs down on him out of decent respect to the power of vox populi as articulated by the opposition newspapers.

Rubin went to Russia a Socialist in 1919. He happened to be there during the revolution and he happened to be unjustly thrown into prison as a spy by the White Russians under the Denikin regime. When he was released he was more Communistic than Lenin, so outraged was he at the treatment he received from the Whites. He joined the new gang, after the triumph of the Reds in Odessa, with bravos and many bangs. But, in time, he learned that Utopia was not here yet awhile and that starvation, corruption, bribery and the general indecencies of capitalism prevailed quite generally under the supposed dictatorship of the proletariat, with Stalin as overseer. It is an exciting and disillusioning book (disillusioning if you have had any vague hopes that they are ordering things much better in Russia than they are ordered in our corrupt capitalistic society) and it is a book to make us wish that Bertrand Russell were right, that people might live and die and be sheltered, clothed and fed meanwhile without resort to slaughter.

Rubin tells of meeting John Reed, Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman in Russia in 1919 and of finding them all fed up with the way things had turned out after the revolution. The more Russian autocracy was changed the more it became the same thing; and if these Americans, including Rubin, thought that conditions were bad in 1919 Rubin found them worse when he revisited Russia in disguise and on another's passport in 1931. The ramifications of the secret police were so terroristic that no one trusted his nearest kin in expressing criticism of the new regime for fear of summary execution or deportation to Siberia.

Rubin's account of what he saw and experienced is colored with high-pressure hate, but it is an indication of the complete disillusion of an idealist who once fervently believed in the Communist program.

Much more calm and dispassionate is the testimony of William Henry Chamberlin in *Russia's Iron Age* (Little, Brown, $4). For twenty years Mr. Chamberlin was correspondent in Russia for the Christian Science Monitor. He has been through all of the momentous events of the revolution and the establishment of the Union of Soviet Republics. The political theory of the complete subordination of the individual to the state, the theory upon which czarism rested, has been taken over practically without change by the revolutionists, says Mr. Chamberlin and he finds strong analogies in the characters and careers of Stalin and Peter the Great, both of whom sought to root out the medievalism of Russia and to Westernize the country by fiat.

The Soviets, Mr. Chamberlin, are here to stay; but he suspects the social democracy which is the professed aim of Communism will never be attained, that Russia will undergo a slow evolution, becoming more and more nationalistic and more and more like a moderate but imperfect Western democracy.

L. A. G. Strong has in this country a comparatively small but devoted audience which sees in him one of the very finest writers to develop in England during recent years. He has a clear, firm style, evenly paced and extraordinarily effective; and he brings to his work an individual point of view, broad in sympathy. His new novel, *Corporal Tune* (Knopf, $2.50) is a study of illness, of the peculiarly clear and dispassionate outlook upon life that one gets in fever and in the protracted helplessness of the sick room.

The title is from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "Corporal tunes pacify our incorporeal soul," and Mr. Strong gives us the very key and pitch of the corporal tunes of a hospital room, with its recurrent morbidity, its strange sensations under and coming out of the anaesthetic, the solicitude of the well, the little dramas within four walls and the remembrances of health and activity. The psychology of the sick man has never before been portrayed more understandingly or more sympathetically.

The probably unfair adjective which comes into my mind when I think of Frieda Lawrence's *Not I But the Wind* (Viking, $2.75) is "obscene." This book is such a shameless self-revelation that one is embarrassed for Mrs. Lawrence.

It purports to be the story of Mrs. Lawrence's life with the novelist, of her first meeting him and running away from her husband with him, of their life together and of Lawrence's last days. In the account of Lawrence's death her very inarticulateness becomes a literary virtue; in her inability to find words to describe what happened she achieves a very moving effect. But what does she tell? Almost nothing, and that little bespeaks so much. She was a sexually-inhibited married woman, considerably older than Lawrence when she first met him. He fell passionately in love with her at first sight; her repressions broke down and she was eager to consummate their love under her husband's roof, but Lawrence was puritanical and insisted upon

Continued on page 168

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 167

doing the honorable thing of telling the husband and of going away to be married. Thereafter they settled down to a lifetime of quarrelling. He was a coal-miner's son and she was of the German nobility. She never let him forget his origin for a moment and never ceased to impress upon him the fact that she was of the "aristocracy" and that she had "married beneath her." There is no evidence in the book that she ever read any of Lawrence's work except his poetry or that she understood or cared for it if she did read it. There is no strong evidence that she even loved him, although it is obvious that he loved her. Being Lawrence's wife, holding him, became largely a matter of bitterly possessive pride with her. She tells us that Lawrence was difficult to live with, but she shows us, without telling us, that she was intensely exasperating. It apparently required no effort for her to hold Lawrence and keep him faithful to her; for all trouble with the censorship his books involved him in, he was at heart exceedingly proper and monogamic; he exalted the physical aspect of love and celebrated its ecstasies but, and for just that reason, he abhorred promiscuity and light love affairs. And yet Mrs. Lawrence exults in her keeping Lawrence as a personal triumph. It is, taking it all in all, a book which the more ardent Lawrentians will probably wish had never been written. They had illusions about Frieda. Frieda uncomfortably dispels them.

Those who enjoyed *Father Malachy's Miracle* will be eager to read Bruce Marshall's new satirical novel, *Prayer for the Living* (Knopf, $2.50) but I must warn them in advance that it is not as light, as fantastic or as comical as that gorgeous first skit. The scene of *Prayer for the Living* is laid in a boy's preparatory school in Scotland during the war and it is a school that leans heavily upon theological instruction. As in the first novel, Marshall employs the jargon of the seminaries for humorous effect, and many of his jokes require a classical training and a weakness for hair-splitting arguments to be appreciated properly. But there is romance and pathos in this picture of lusty lads being prepared for war and the gates of heaven; and once the reader has got the first two chapters behind him, the action picks up, amusing dialogue ensues and shortly we are introduced to the pathetic love affair of the headmaster's daughter and a young instructor, an idyll which occurs in the irreverent air generated by carefree young hoodlums having their brief chance at restricted freedom before being released into the world of war and responsibility.

The new P. G. Wodehouse novel, *Brinkly Manor* (Little, Brown, $2.) is, believe it or not, the most ingenious and delightful stories of the adventures of Bertie Wooster and Jeeves to date. Wodehouse never loses his touch; no incident in his stories is ever trite or stale because he depicts it with a vocabulary that is full of surprises and in images that are amusing and apt. The man is a genius. In this novel Bertie takes problems into his own hands and out of the hands of Jeeves and sets about bringing happiness and sunshine into the lives of his maladjusted friends. The result is hilarious.

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 134

far more ridiculous. This is a frantic melodrama which really raises the back hair occasionally, and is topped off by the popping off of a Hitler in plain view—nice work if one can get it. There is for lagniappe one excellent bravura comedy scene, exploited by Fania Marinoff amid cheers.

Now, just because "Spring Freshet" is Mr. Davis' three hundredth or four hundredth play—I never can seem to keep track—the general opinion among the testors seems to have been that he should have taken a longer time—say several weeks—and written a "good one." In my own opinion, however quickly he ran this one up he has done a worth-while job. Perhaps it is a trifle miasmic as to plot—but vide Chekov; and this American folkway exposure need not feel too meek beside "The Cherry Orchard." It is graced with a number of gratifying performances, among which stand out those of Francesca Bruning, Richard Whorf, Alex Clark and Junior Davis; while Elizabeth Patterson is a wow. A pungent study of Maine orneriness, it has bite, and its people are real.

The people in "Divided by Three" are not real; they seem more like some of the more unpleasant creations invented by Mr. George Kaufman, husband of Beatrice Kaufman, co-author with Margaret Leach, and turned over to these ladies when Mr. K. discovered that the stage of his own collaboration, "Merrily We Roll Along," was already crammed full of characters. These wastrels, however, do a lot of talking which isn't in the same class with that customarily furnished by Mr. Kaufman, and I can't imagine you'd like the play at all.

Somewhat better is Mr. J. C. Nugent's "Dream Child," in which the author himself gropes and bumbles endearingly all over the stage, moping over the romance he dared not take, and into which he endeavors to push his son. Mr. Nugent's efforts are worth your

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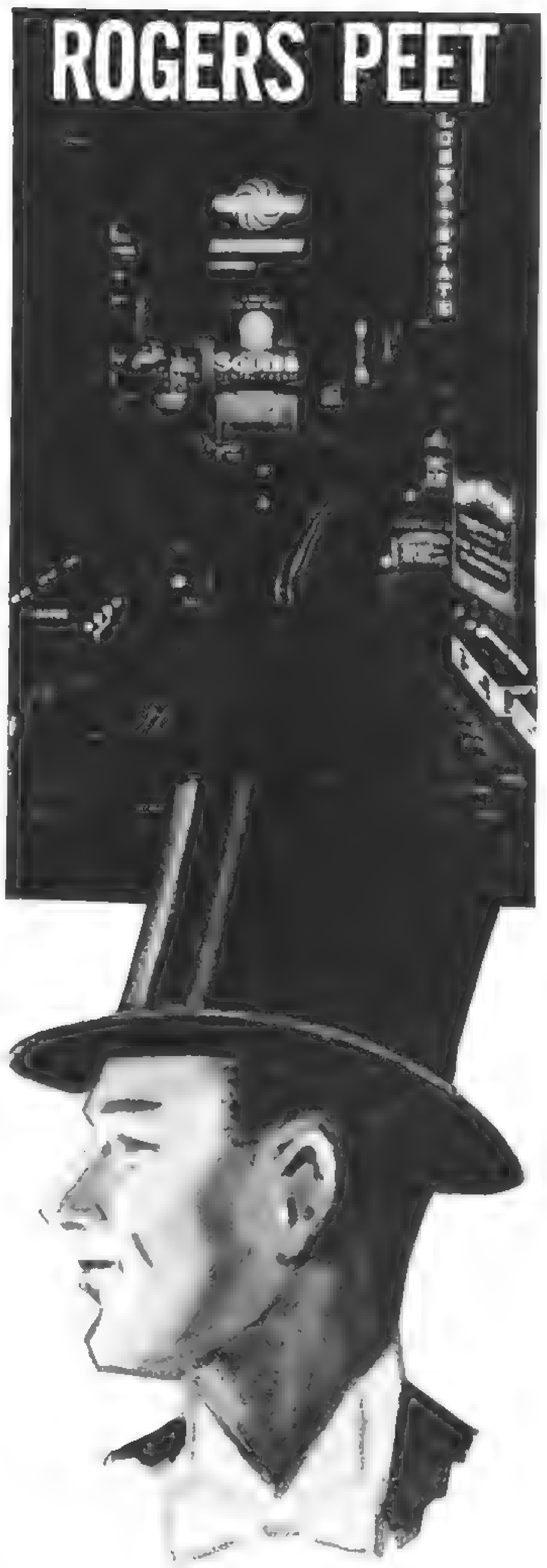

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Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 168

inspection. The play itself, like some lolloping Newfoundland puppy which, all wet and insistent upon being snuggled, is so beamingly hopeful that you haven't the heart to kick it, ends up by persuading you to say "There, there," and patting it kindly, even though gingerly.

"Spring Song" is a Ghetto lamentation about a most unpleasant girl who has a child by her sister's fiancee and dies of it, downstage right. A Soviet actress, Zelinskaya, as the mother, is about as fine as any character actress seen around these quarters in many a year. Miss Francine Larrimore husks, yips and snivels.

"Small Miracle" is the nearest approach to "Broadway" in exciting melodrama that we have had since that winner. Getting off to a slow start, it gathers speed rounding the turn, and pulls away from the field in the stretch. Theft, adultery, murder, revenge and justice are among its qualifications, hopped up with good harsh comedy.

We reach, now, the smashes. Of these, "The Great Waltz" employs beautiful ballets, many amplified singers, performing scenery, flying orchestras, and all the appurtenances of the ex-New-Roxy tradition (including those revolting militarized ushers) to reveal how mean old Johann Strauss senior tried to crush the musical aspirations of Johann Strauss junior. When I saw this extravaganza under the title of "Waltzes from Vienna" in London, I found its libretto the most boring within my experience. Since then, Moss Hart has rewritten it, and performed a miracle. He has succeeded in making it even more boring. It is only fair to say that customers have attended "The Great Waltz" in huge lumps—perhaps out of curiosity as to what might be the song hit. They find out, all right.

At the Little Theater another importation, "Continental Varieties," contains other miracles. A gent, passing among you, pours out any of fifty or sixty drinks, on demand, from the same small pitcher. And Lucienne Boyer, pulchritudinous French torchiste, pours out her love-sorrows from atop a piano, making you very glad she is unhappy. If Helen Morgan has prior rights to such Steinway-sitting I urge her to abdicate them in favor of this exquisite moaner, who is tops.

"The Distaff Side" brings a brilliant British cast, headed by the vigorously serene Dame Sybil Thorndike, abetted by long-lost Estelle Winwood, to act with such suave charm that John Van Druten's hollow little story seems invested with mellow profundities. His lines have charm, and, vitalized by the performances and the impeccable direction of Auriol Lee, they actually seem to carry importance. Dame Sybil's captivating earnestness, the flawless underplaying of Miss Winwood (eyes by the Big Ben Clock Co.) the wistful frumpishness of Viola Roache and the Haidee Wrightness of Mildred Natwick are only a few of the joys to be found in this splendid assemblage.

Unquestionably the most noteworthy offering since "Dodsworth" is the Kaufman-Hart expose of worldliness, written backward as to sequence of scenes, employing an enormous cast and nine sets, entitled "Merrily We Roll Along."

Make no mistake—this is entertainment, brittly bitter, full of laughs, dramatically absorbing, and not to be missed. The acting is first-rate throughout: Kenneth MacKenna is excellent, Walter Abel and Mary Philips give the performances of their careers—and that's saying plenty—Cissie Loftus, Malcolm Duncan, Charles Halton, Herbert Steiner—the list of fine accomplishments would fill a page, not neglecting the bits, which include two young actresses, Murial Williams and Mary Howes, who will bear watching for future distinction. The argument of the opus, I take it, is that Richard Niles, a playwright, loses his soul and becomes a heel by abandoning his youthful ideals. The application of this lesson to life might be somewhat more universal if the authors had picked less trick people for protagonists. Looking back over the theatrical figments of Mr. Kaufman I can't recall, in any of his plays, a single average person. This example is especially full of cases of special pleading. Here you have a super-successful theatrician, a super-unsuccessful painter, a super-drunken, super-witty scriveniste, a super-sexed actress, her super-vulgar mama, etc., etc. You are treated to super-scandals, super-quarrels, super-suppers . . . all, I fear, rather superficial.

It is not, I contend, in terms of such headliners, any more than in terms of Morgans and Vanderbilts that our tragedy, as individuals or as a nation, must be told; not with wise-cracks nor easy weeps. If the personages of this play could be identified by normal ticket-buyers as akin to themselves, then something significant might have resulted; then all of us millions who kicked our integrity into the mire on our greed-marathon could perhaps experience a heartening catharsis of shame . . . and I don't mean by looking at what the authors evidently consider the acme of authentic Art—moanies about coal-miners, which were the "great" dramas their playwright abandoned for the flesh-pots . . . Ah, well, "Merrily We Roll Along" is good theater, contains countless derisory laughs, agitating scenes—is, in short, effective showmanship . . . and will undoubtedly make a heap of money. Could even Richard Niles ask for more?

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Southern Pacific

The Dub Doctors

Continued from page 66

as that of the victims of cancer cure pirates. The villain who promises the victim the most the quickest gets the money. George Sargent, one of the nation's great golf instructors, comments on this phase of golf instruction by remarking:

"The old method of doctoring when the general practitioner looked at your tongue, felt your pulse and blasted you with a dose of salts has been displaced. Now you get a thorough examination and a check-up on everything that makes you go, from one or more competent men.

"A similar transition has taken place in golf. To be a qualified golf instructor today a man must, first of all, completely understand a fundamentally-sound swing. He then must be able to properly analyze the pupil's swing. From then on it is a matter of putting two and two together and the patient is on his way to recovery.

"Unless a good instructor is familiar with the patient's swing it is seldom that he will risk diagnosis of trouble by mere observation of a practice swing. He insists on watching the pupil hit a lot of balls. If hasty work in fault correction is attempted that's one of the surest signs the instructor has a lot to learn. To properly locate a golf fault and begin work on its elimination the teacher must carefully size up the way the pupil is holding the club. He must look over the stance, the way the club is started up from the ball, the wrist action on the way up, the position at the top of the swing, the start down of the club and, as nearly as possible he tries to get a precise picture of how the pupil is hitting the ball. The clubhead is traveling at such tremendous speed as it strikes the ball it is impossible for the eye to see much near the time of impact. The instructor then must be guided by what happens to the ball after it is struck.

"Part of this ability to teach is a gift, part of it is the result of careful observation and study.

"Beware of the fellow who promises to make you a good golfer speedily. He's in a class with the old-fashioned wagon doctor who had his minstrel band playing loudly to drown the screams of his patients."

Sargent's paragraphs at first sight don't seem to hold forth much hope to the voyagers who expect to go south as dubs and return in the spring as champions, and the East Lake veteran must be credited with knowing something of this matter because Bob Jones selected Sargent as pro for the Jones hometown club when the East Lake professional job was open several years ago.

In reality though the prospect of capitalizing on the winter golf training isn't as discouraging as the Sargent expression indicates. There are hundreds who have had hot applications of golf's rudiments administered to them in the south and returned in a condition to profit from this instruction by attending only to the elementals instead of falling for the quick-cure tips carelessly and freely supplied by quack instructors or by amateur playing companions. The latter class is the curse and the interest of golf for seldom is there a hundred-shooter with soul so dead and lip so frozen that he will not eagerly volunteer his ideas for correcting the playing shortcomings of his partners or opponents.

What encourages these tyro professionals to sound off so frequently is the baffling simplicity of the game. Tommy Armour who is acknowledged by his fellows to be the outstanding combination of instructor and player, reduces golf to the following simple elements, which he sets forth as characteristics of every great player's game:

"A finger grip with the left hand strongest.

"Hesitation at the top of the back swing.

"Hitting from the inside out.

"Hitting with the hands."

That's all there is to it, Armour maintains, but adds that it has taken him 20 years to learn this and probably will take him another 200 years before he is able to keep himself from adding some unnecessary and destructive details to what his observation and reason have revealed as the only vitals of a proper golf swing.

Horton Smith, a great player and great teacher of the younger school, required three years of experimentation before he found the right grip for his game. Now with this smart star taking so much time on only one of the fundamentals Armour has listed, the instruction customer ought to be tipped off to the shining truth that any professional who promises to teach golf mastery in a few swinging lessons or in his written version of the Holy Writ is under suspicion.

The pros themselves know that golf can't be taught on the hit-and-run plan so effectively the customer plainly sees that he is getting his money's worth. The kids who are determined to be professional playing luminaries set themselves for at least two profitless winters on the tournament circuit and hour after hour on the practice tee. Even then only a half-dozen a year out of the hundreds who participate in these winter tournaments make enough of a mark to graduate as reasonably good golfers.

These youngsters in the tournament school have been brought up on golf, many of them having caddied before they were in their teen years. They are adept imitators of the stars they see perform on the circuit and they listen for hours in locker-rooms and hotels to the experts analyze the technique of strokes. Still they find it difficult to acquire the mastery that the average purchaser of golf

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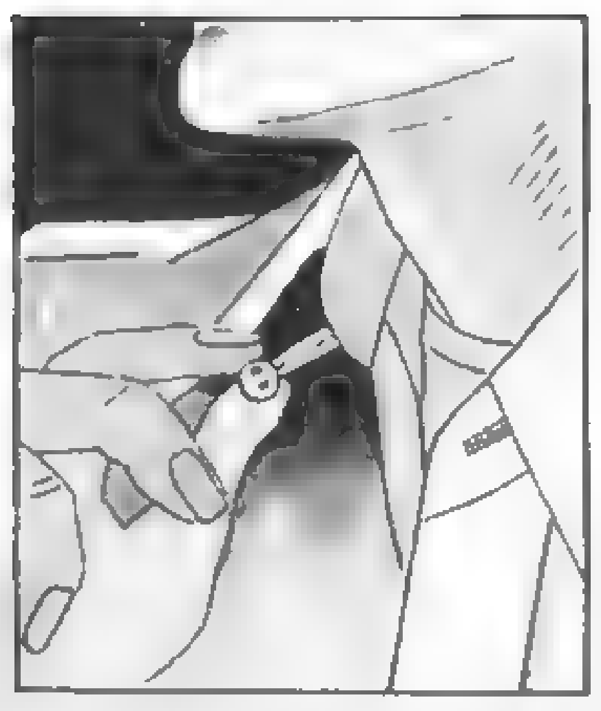
He'll remember the Christmas that gave him . . .



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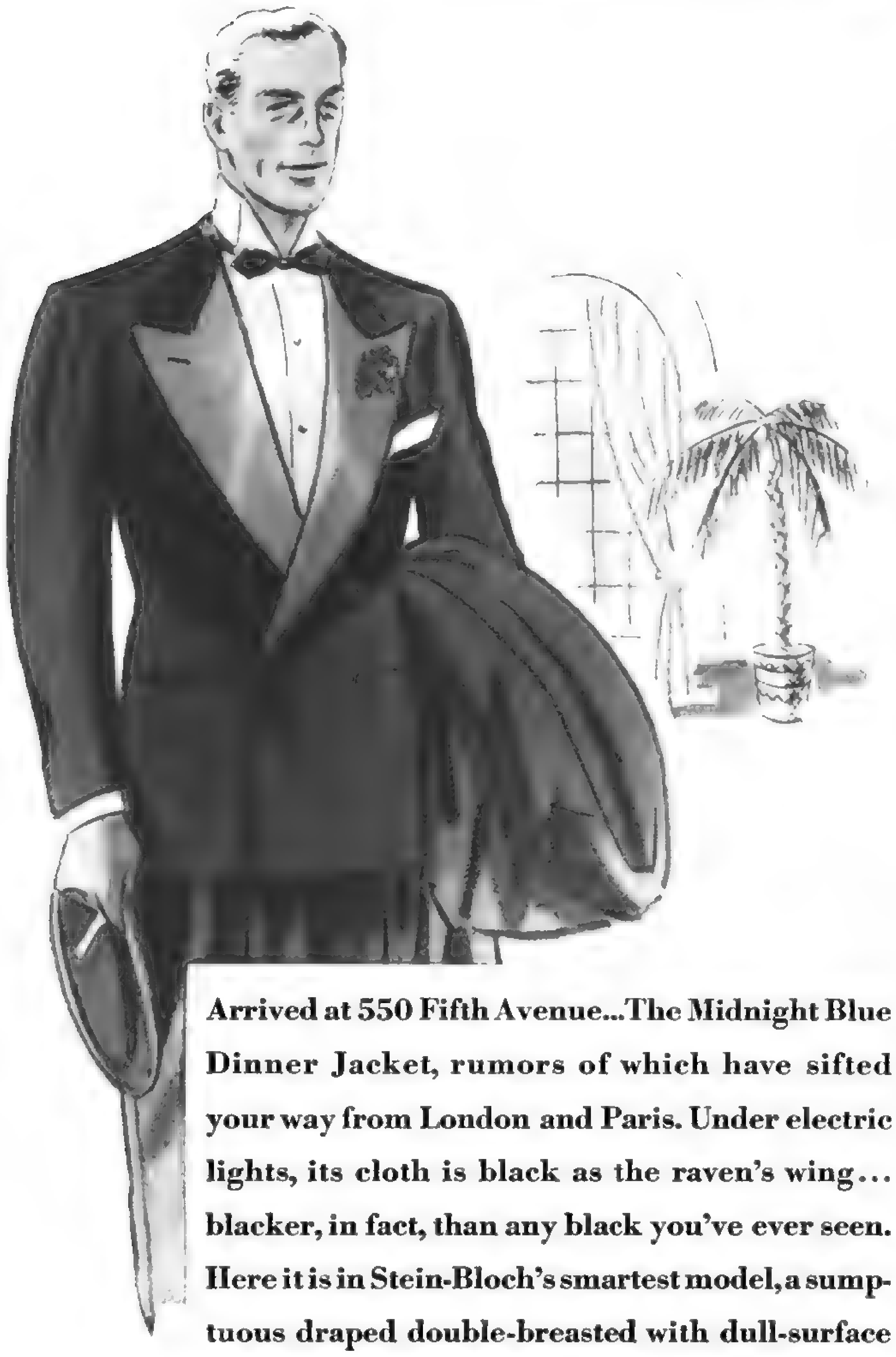

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The Dub Doctors

Continued from page 170

tuition apparently believes can be acquired from some of the glib doctors of dubdom in a few simple, painless lessons. You can check it down in your little red book that if these self-ballyhooing quacks of golf instruction were as good as they claim, few amateurs would have a chance to learn from them. There would be hundreds of young and middle-aged pros offering their normal year's income to crowd into the lesson schedules of such magicians, did such wonder-workers exist.

Despite this always obvious eagerness of professionals to play a championship game it doesn't necessarily follow that teaching proficiency is dependent entirely on playing talent. Some of the great teachers are too old and brittle to play well. Other younger good instructors acquired fatal faults early in their playing careers and have been unable to shake them at critical times, although they have learned from this misfortune how to spare similar misery to their pupils. However, the pros themselves are divided on this matter. The instructors who are excellent players naturally say that the ability to do what is taught establishes in the pupil a helpful confidence. Those first-class instructors who are not playing stars counter with the statement that the playing star often is inclined to interpret the pupil's requirements or faults in terms of the star performer's own game. That debate is about a stand-off and when it comes down to results for the customer there is a tie score on the argument, judging from the pupils of about two dozen instructors from both the star and so-so classes as players.

It is quite apparent that the playing proficiency of the instructor now figures more with both pros and pupils than it did before Johnny Farrell won his National Open championship in 1928. Prior to that time many playing professionals were in the habit of saying that teaching ruined their own games. Those were the days when some pros were hired for their advertising value as players and then, just as now, teaching was hard work. The boys couldn't be censured unduly for trying to avoid that labor of standing out on a lesson tee trying to make Virginia Van Wie's out of muscle-bound matrons or Bobby Jones' out of sedentary generals of industry who knew everything about everything, including golf, to begin with.

Johnny came out with the naive remark that he didn't mind teaching at all because he figured that he learned about as much from the pupils as they learned from him. Perhaps the line was simply good salesmanship on the part of the shrewd Celt for never since has Farrell found much space open on his lesson book. The statement also has had a positive effect on the younger playing stars, for fellows like Runyan, Wood, Smith, Shute, Walsh and the Dutras have stayed after school with the veteran masters of golf teaching to learn something they could take back to their home club trade.

One thing that the real talent in golf tuition has had to contend with has been the smug remark of agile young amateurs that they "never took a golf lesson in their lives." That misleads many of the aspirants who could acquire some golf help from competent instructors. Actually the game these fairly able youngsters shoot has been picked up from subconsciously observing and imitating professional paragons of form. And where these casually trained youngsters go wrong is in a faulty self-fitting of an older man's form to a lithe, plastic muscular organization.

Each amateur championship presents an array of exhibits to show the fallacy of this self-instruction in golf.

The kids' games in the championships go to pieces under pressure and give off odors that can be sniffed with the naked nose from the farthest reaches of Brookline, Kenwood and other venues into the press sties where the correspondents are batting out the most popular phrase in amateur golf championship reports, "Another violent upset . . ."

Further substantial evidence that patient expert golf instruction has somewhat of an edge over picked-up proficiency was furnished during the 1934 season by Master Lawson Little of California in winning the United States and British amateur championships. Master Little became a very serious and faithful student of pro instruction some years ago and prior to his graduation exercises here and abroad last summer did a lot of boning with Professor Tommy Armour as tutor. The outcome was that in the British finals Master Lawson mowed down by a record score an amateur who had not had the opportunity to go through the sport's curriculum and in the United States finals cut down decisively one of our fine young compatriots of whom the reporters wrote that standard line, "he never had a golf lesson in his life."

So there may be something to this rumor that golf can be taught. But you can bet all the burrs in Scotland that it can't be taught by any member of the faculty who promises to take you from kindergarten through the Sorbonne in six lessons, nor can your hooks or slices be cured by the spiked-shoed medicine man who gives you the "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry Neighbor," come-on as he stands on the lesson tee and substitutes the sunshine of his fetching smile for the gasoline torch of the old-time corn doctor.

The Daring Young Men

Continued from page 56

is another gentleman rider who rode in front of the professionals so often none of them ever recognized him except when his back was turned.

For the most part, the gentlemen riders stick to the hunt race meets, and although there are less than a hundred all told who hold licenses from the National Steeplechase and Hunts, that august body rides strict herd on them. Frequently when one of the smaller hunt clubs holds its annual race meet, the conditions are stretched to permit the unlicensed amateurs to compete by the inclusion of a clause in the entry blanks which provides: "Open to amateur riders acceptable to the race committee." Even so, the hunt race meets are still under the eagle eye of the National Steeplechase and Hunts Association, and no keeper at Sing Sing ever watched his charges more carefully. A recent instance illustrating that watchfulness borders slightly on the ridiculous, but is indicative of the care with which the hunt races are supervised.

The dean of America's gentlemen riders is a fine gentleman and a fine horseman by the name of Mr. Crawford Burton. Indeed, Mr. Burton, who is rich and quite important socially, is generally considered to be one of the best steeplechase riders ever to lift a thoroughbred's nose over a five-foot fence.

Not long ago, in various periodicals, a photograph appeared showing Mr. Burton dressed in racing silks, and depicting him as being all tired out from, apparently, having just ridden a hard race. Adjoining that photograph was another, also of Mr. Burton, still in riding silks, and presumably taken a few moments after the first one. In the second photograph, however, Mr. Burton is smoking a cigarette and from the photograph it is easy to see that he could, if he wished, hop back into the saddle and ride another stiff race all over again.

Now the National Steeplechase and Hunt has a hard and fast rule that its gentlemen riders may not smoke while in silks. The National Steeplechase and Hunt, presumably, has no objection to Mr. Burton's being made practically a new man of by any method which does not infringe upon its rules, but emphatically, it will not stand for his deriving stimulus from cigarettes while wearing racing silks. Indeed, so wrought up about the matter was the National Steeplechase and Hunt that Mr. Burton received a polite communication requesting him to c'mup and see them sometime at the association's headquarters at 250 Park avenue in Manhattan. There, it is understood, Mr. Burton was asked not to repeat the heinous offense.

One striking point of difference between the hunt race meet and the race meet familiar to the habitual race track patron is that at the hunt meets, the betting is strictly secondary. The interest in the horses themselves and the social aspects of the affair relegate to a place of very minor importance the matter of what price winner. Of course, there are bookmakers at the hunt race meets, with their blackboards and large, vulgar rolls of currency, but they are bookmakers who would not lay you a price of better than three to two that there are seven days in a week. The reason they get away with those kind of prices is that their customers are for the most part friends and relatives of riders or owners, or riders or owners themselves, making a sentimental wager just for the sake of having a bet down.

I suspect that the cynic who uttered the immortal "All horse players die broke" must at one time or another have gone up against the bookmakers at a hunt race meet. With the prices those philanthropists lay, any horse player who patronized them wouldn't have to wait for death to become broke. That may be the secret of the success of hunt race meets—the subordination of betting. There is no doubt that the sport of racing always has been tainted by the presence of gamblers, but you couldn't say that of hunt race meets, for those bookmakers are in no sense of the word gamblers. With the prices they give you, they are sure thing boys.

At a hunt club dinner, on the eve of the club's annual race meet, I once heard an enthusiastic young thing ask her dinner companion, a hard-bitten turfman, "Just what do you consider the best qualifications for a steeplechase rider?" His reply was brief and to the point.

"A strong back—and a weak mind," he told her.

There may be some truth in the terse summary. Certainly to be a good steeplechase rider, to negotiate the course of a hunt race meet, you must have a strong back. Regarding the necessary state of mental development, or lack of it, there seems to be some question. However, I am not going to start an argument about a little thing like that. Suppose it is true. What of it?

There is no doubt, however, that the lady's informant was sliding over the question. He left out some details. For instance, let us assume you want to become a gentleman rider, and ride steeplechase horses in hunt race meets. Assume further that you are already equipped with a back like Jim Londos, and that you are next door to being a defective. Let us go further, and assume that you have obtained the signatures of two endorsers, who are members of a hunt club recognized by the National Steeplechase and Hunts Association, and that you have sent to that body,

Continued on page 174

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The Daring Young Men

Continued from page 173

along with your check for ten dollars, your application, signed by the endorsers, for a gentleman rider's certificate. You are then enrolled among the select few on the association's list, but you are still a long, long way from blooming forth as a howling success in the steeplechase field.

For there are two requisites that have not yet been listed. One is courage, and you need a liberal allotment of that. In case you were wondering, that does not come under the heading of "weak mind," for by courage, I mean you must know when to be afraid, and when not to be. It is not enough to be merely indifferent to possible consequences. If you have the necessary amount of courage, you must have still one more qualification—most scarce of all. You must, first and foremost, and regardless of all else, be a horseman. A real horseman.

Oddly enough, the belief that a gentleman rider's primary equipment comprises a strong back and a weak mind is prevalent even among the sophisticates of the turf. They subscribe, as a rule, to the misconception that the gentleman rider is an amiable dub. Yet the finest horsemen in America are those who ride in the steeplechase and flat races of the hunt meets at Rose Tree and Radnor, in Philadelphia, in the famous Maryland Hunt, at the Onwentsia in Chicago, and in the traditional hunt race meets of Long Island.

At the major race courses where steeplechase races are run, it is almost a daily sight to see the track ambulance, with bell clanging ominously, roll swiftly over the course to pick up a battered steeplechase jockey who has come to grief. Serious injuries among the professionals are a too common occurrence, yet I can recall only one serious injury to a gentleman rider in the past five years.

The hazards faced by the professionals, nevertheless, are vastly less than those braved more successfully by the amateurs. The professional steeplechase rider races over brush jumps of thick hedge, and the races are seldom at a distance of more than two miles. On the other hand, the gentlemen riders' races are usually three or three and a half miles, and are over unyielding timber fences—fences a horse must clear with all four feet or court disaster. The professionals riding over the steeplechase courses of the big tracks have the advantage of carefully manicured, well tended turf to insure their mounts good footing; the courses over which the gentlemen riders race are, for the most part, rough take-it-as-you-find-it hunting country.

I remember, several years ago, assisting in the laying out of a new steeplechase course for a hunt race meet at Evergreen Farms near Philadelphia. We were discussing the placing of a jump at a particularly hazardous spot on a hillside, a bad place for a jump, but one that would provide the spectators with a thrilling sight.

"You'll never get them gents to go over that," one of the professional jockeys scoffed.

Yet, as I recall it, on the day of the meeting the three gentlemen riders competing successfully negotiated the jump, while of the four professionals, only one got safely over.

The skill of the gentleman rider is even more noteworthy when you consider that he will ride but perhaps a half dozen races in a season, a couple, perhaps, at the spring meets, and three or four during the fall hunt meets. The professionals, on the other hand, are plying their trade fairly regularly, yet with all that advantage, the best of them cannot approximate, in the matter of real horsemanship, the skill of the gentleman rider.

The answer, of course, is simple. The gentleman rider has been a horseman since he could toddle. Often his skill is inherited from long lines of hard riding ancestors. The professional jockey, as a rule, hasn't even considered taking up his profession until he reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, and then selected it not because of any special aptitude, but more often than not because he chanced to be of the required slight stature.

The proof of the superiority of the amateur over the professional in racing lies in the records of the relatively few gentlemen riders who have competed frequently against the best professionals. As a rule, the gentleman rider confines his activities in the saddle to the hunt meets of his own club, or neighboring ones, but now and then one sufficiently rich to afford the time and enthusiastic enough to go in for racing on an extensive scale will ride at what turfmen term "the big tracks."

Two notable cases in point are young Rigan McKinney, rich and socialite Cleveland sportsman and G. H. (Pete) Bostwick, who, although his riding activities during the past season were confined largely to England, is acknowledged to be without a peer among the steeplechase riders, amateur and professional, on this side of the water. This season, McKinney led the list of all the steeplechase riders, bringing home winners day in and day out at Saratoga, Belmont, and Pimlico, while riding against the pick of American professionals.

Real horsemen, these riders. They have to be, for it takes a real horseman to keep a straining thoroughbred from running himself leg weary during the early part of a three and a half mile race, to keep his head up and steady him as he goes over a dozen and more hazardous fences, to bring out that last ounce of energy that might, in the gruelling drive down the homestretch, bring a tired mount home a winner by a nose.

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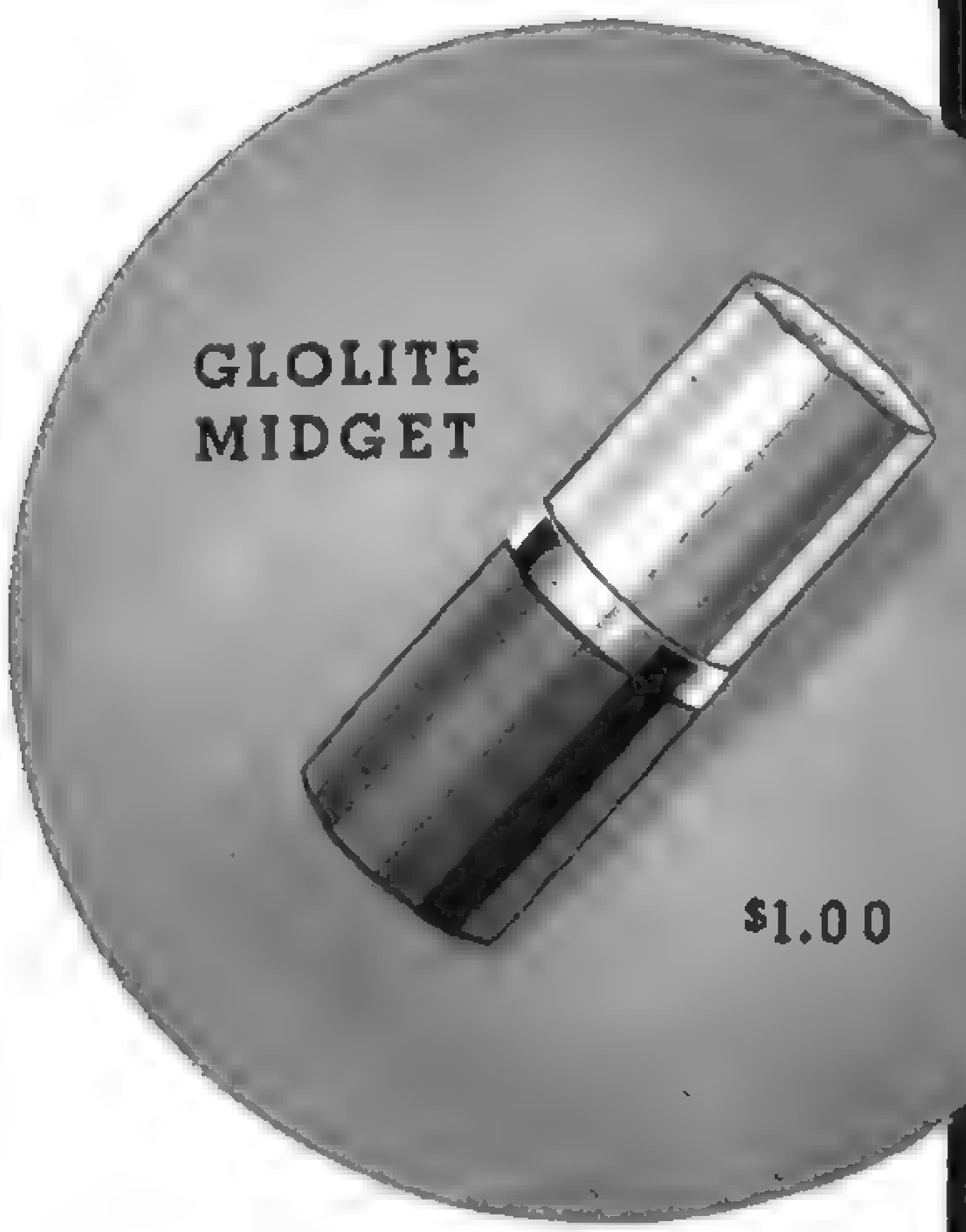

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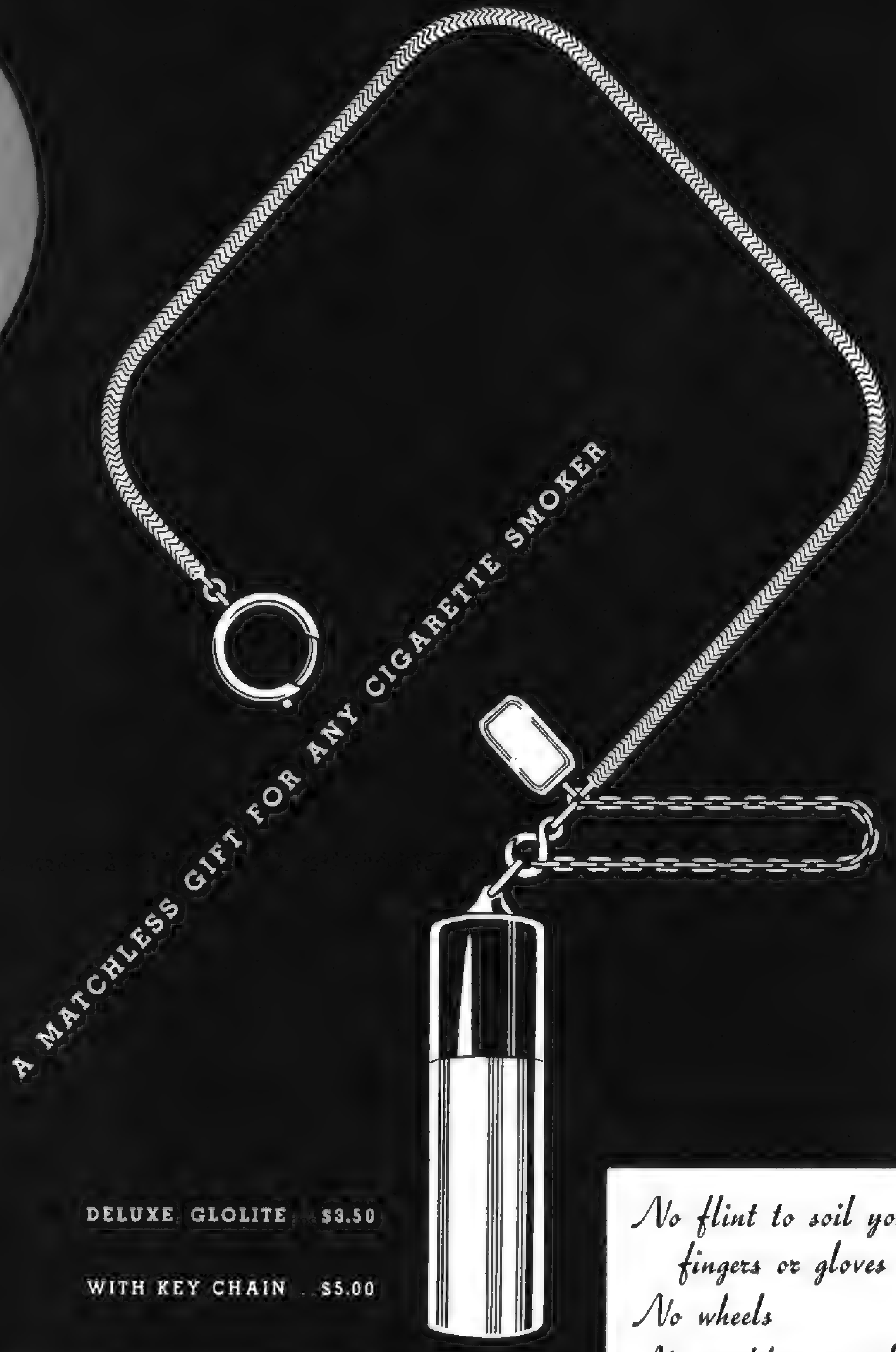
The GLOLITE Lighters sketched are all actual size. If you give us enough time so that we can get it to you by Christmas we'll engrave the tag on the $5 set at no extra charge.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DELUXE GLOLITE $3.50
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No flint to soil your fingers or gloves
No wheels
No smoldering wick
No odor
No taste
No flame to scorch eyebrows or lashes

FILENE'S Men's Store of Boston presents this new, most practical gadget for cigarette smokers . . . the GLOLITE Lighter. A half-turn of the smart black and chrome cylinder and the lighter is ready for service . . . a light every time, whether you're in the still air of your library or the roaring gale of a rumble seat. And because there's no flame, there are no brown stains on your fingers or teeth . . . no parched throats . . . for it's said that the seat of those troubles lies in the initial intense heat of a flame. Send in the coupon below for your GLOLITE. The GLOLITE MIDGET is $1 . . . the GLOLITE DeLuxe is $3.50 . . . with an engraved key chain $5 . . . Sterling Silver is $15

The GLOLITE Lighter is guaranteed for one year to give perfect service. Bottles of GLOLITE FLUID are available everywhere for only 25 cents

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That Important Minority—
—and Clothes

There is a minority—but a very important minority—of men who find pleasure and satisfaction either in owning good cars, maintaining luxurious homes, wearing good clothes, traveling extensively, entertaining generously, engaging in the activities of important clubs, or in attending prominent social functions.

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Hosiery
A PRODUCT OF THE NOLDE AND HORST COMPANY, READING, PA.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 164

ARISTOPHANES OF THE STRIPS

In what backwater of civilization does Mr. Seldes consult his comic strips, that he can be ignorant, as he obviously is, of Sterrett's *Polly and Her Pals*?

This strip has all the qualities he so justly demands, and others as well. Though several episodes may develop out of a single situation, it is seldom that each episode is not complete in itself; there is an amazing fertility and variety of comic invention, an unusually large and steadily growing number of fantastic but credible characters, strongly individualized; there is a fine sense of rhythm alike in the small strips and the full-page work; and incomparably the finest comic draughtsmanship in America.

Sterrett, Sir, is the Aristophanes of the comic strip; and some day an acute and public-spirited publisher will amaze and delight the world by putting out (a) a limited, and (b) a popular edition of his selected works. It will be one of the proudest memorials of the American genius.

Yours faithfully,
Toronto, 5, Can. L. R. MACKAY

TO MR. NATHAN, LOVINGLY

I thought that was the sweetest article about us women by Mr. Nathan, you know the one about *Sweet Faces and Foul Minds*. Or was it foul? Well anyway, I'll bet Mr. Nathan tells those nice things to all the girls. I think he's too, too divine. I can just picture him in my mind, an Adonis with a Greek God physique and such a noble, pure mind.

But *Who's Who* lists him as a bachelor, and dear Eskie, I just can't understand that. What with such a loving, trusting nature, and the marvelous compliments he hands out to the ladies, he must have to use a blunderbuss to club off adoring ladies. Ooh! I think he's too sweet.

I'm so, so sorry though about those horrid, slimy women he knows who creep about in corners, whispering naughty things to each other. They should have their naughty little mouths scrubbed out with laundry soap. But it is a shame that a noble gentleman like Mr. Nathan should have to contaminate himself with them.

Seems like I just can't find time right now to learn that suggestive ping pong he tells about, with "gauze veils," movements and gestures and eroticism (my that's a big word), but it all sounds like good clean fun.

Right now, you see, the hunting season is on up here and if we girls behave, our husbands and their dogs let us trail after them, to get pheasant and partridge, ducks and deer. Sometimes, we hit a bird ourselves (which our husbands say was purely accidental), but most of the time we help the dogs flush up the birds and help retrieve them. And honest, Mr. Nathan, we get to hear so many epithets during the day, and so many roaring good sex and double entendre jokes tossed about before the log fire at night, when the hot toddies are passed, that most of us women have quite open minds about sex, and can guffaw as loudly as man over most of them. Besides, we all wear brief bathing suits, bring up our families better than our grandmothers did theirs and discarded the idea that sex is filthy years ago with our starched petticoats.

Well, I think I shall sit down and draw a picture or two. One will be of you, dear Eskie, sitting at your nice little school desk, eyes popping, quivering to see what teacher will do when she finds that nice little toad you put in her drawer, the other will be of nice Mr. Nathan impersonating a weevil—no a weasel, well anyway, one of those nice, cute furry little animals, atop his very own little world, a manure heap.

Lovingly,
LOUISE KAUFMANN
Minneapolis, Minn.

CRITICISM FOR CRITICS

It is amazing how religiously Mr. Nathan in *Sweet Faces and Foul Minds*, continues to plod circumambulatingly along his well-established trail of blatant incompetence and complete ignorance of the subject he chooses to write about. But it is doubtful which of the two outstanding qualities of his article are more overwhelming: his barrenness of mind (Mind? Am I a flatterer?) or his lack of charm and good taste.

Well, we, who have to pay for the magazines in which he imposes his lousy junk on us, should have the privilege of being "acid", too, once in a while, merely for the joy of it—even if we are not paid just for having a lot of fun! And that is all that it amounts to: a lot of fun! I would have written to Mr. Nathan himself, but I feel it would be honoring him too much! He, the superior author, would, with a graceful gesture of his well-formed hand towards his humble audience of dirty-minded females and "clean", "pure-minded" males—(Don't giggle!), say: "Just one more of those sweet-faced, foul-minded women in a rage!" True! And what a rage! Delicious—fascinating—killing! I almost died with laughter when I read that men start (being foul-minded, I mean), if at all, at least decently—at the proper time: at twilight! Hurrah! Have you ever been a man, Mr. Nathan? (I am a woman—and I know!) Have you ever been in the down-town (New York) district during the sacred hour of lunch? When the hard-working (and clean-minded!) males are by themselves? Have you ever listened to their conversation, stories, experiences—their roars of laughter? Of course, they do not mean to be dirty! Just a lot of humor, good clean fun! (Good old Southern cooking!) What kind of company have you been in, up to now, my dear sir?

Now obviously, Mr. Nathan has been very unfortunate, indeed! Women are such sensitive creatures! They love to please a man when fond of him. May it be possible that each and every "Lady" he has met, turned dirty-minded in his very presence just because she felt it would please him so? What a pity! And what women! Isn't there a word, "floozy," in English? Well, how about it? (I am, "partly," a foreigner—pardon me!)

There is such a wealth of mistakes—to use a mild expression—in this article, that it almost chokes one. What a magnificent vocabulary wasted on such tripe! What struck me as particularly grotesque was Mr. Nathan's reference to the French and Viennese! Yeah, Mr. Nathan? Now I was educated abroad, and lived there most of my life—and what did I find out? That everywhere, all of us—male or female, start (What?—being foul-minded?) at all times, and in all places! And Mr. Nathan gives to American women the honor of first place in his piquant accusation! How *utterly* chauvinistic—how unbearably unjust he is! And strange enough, often males and females both "start" together—at the very same time—and at the most inopportune hours! (To Mr. Nathan's surprise!) What a rotten world we live in! (It must be difficult for Mr. Nathan to endure it all!)

The very fact that Mr. Nathan shoots at Elinor Glyn and similar "literature" in order to synthesize a slur against women in general proves nothing in favor of his argument; but

Continued on page 177

THE
Scotch
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H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

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Here is a sound, smooth Scotch of delightful flavor and remarkable excellence, at a most moderate price.

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"A WINE CELLAR BOOK"
an informative study of wines and spirits, their care and service.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 176

it aoes prove that he had to stoop to the cheapest sources to provide himself with "material", at the expense of everyone and everything (preferably, of course, of women—he being a man!) all is welcome, providing it serves his purpose, which is, mainly, to avoid being creative! But where there is nothing—nothing in turn can spring forth!

A famous philosopher said somewhere in his writings: Man can only conceive as far as his own mind reaches—no further. How well that applies to this "article" of Mr. Nathan's! This same philosopher took a terrific hit at women, too! Yet—we (women) take it humbly, and feel honored that he spared one moment of his precious thought for us—even if in a negative sense! But, from Mr. Nathan? Just to indulge his exhausted run-down fantasy? Never!

There are ways and ways of writing—one can say almost anything—if it is said with charm and tact. Mr. Hemingway proves this. One can write interestingly, fascinatingly, about nothing—and still be an artist. But to write without charm or talent about nothing, and to say nothing—that chokes!

Mr. Nathan, with all his versatile knowledge of erotic literature, nevertheless forgot to mention the memoirs of Mr. de Casanova! True enough—if we had more Casanovas and less Nathans in this world, there would never be an article like *Sweet Faces and Foul Minds* ever permitted to go into print! How sad! A lover-less age we live in! But the situation is hopeless as long as men write such articles instead of doing a good general "mind-house-cleaning" at home. Let us have action, Messieurs! We are tired of words!

But I have an original idea for a Christmas gift to Mr. Nathan. I own a pure-bred male Scotch terrier. He is one of the most interesting creatures I have ever had! I assure you that I could write an article about him with more "It" in it than Mr. Nathan revealed in an earlier screed designed to prove the absence of "It"! Manhattan Jigger (not a cocktail, but my dog's name), loves ladies but abhors men! When he is snuggled comfortably in a pretty lady's lap and a man dares to approach him, he bares his magnificent teeth—and does he mean business! (Jiggie is a male, so he ought to know!) Do you think Mr. Nathan would accept him as a Christmas gift? I could assure him that even if Jiggie should take a bite out of him once in a while—that there would be no danger of rabies. (I have repeatedly tried him out!)

Jiggie indeed may in the course of time be able to change Mr. Nathan's ideas about women! He, Jiggie, dearly loves the ladies, and with such utter finality! But when all is said and done, his mistress adores men—really, in spite of Mr. Nathan and his old maid's world!

But for you, Mr. Editor, may I suggest something? Why not open a new column and call it, "Criticizing the Critic!" Get an able, even brilliant-minded person (never mind the sex) to attend every show, etc., with these so-called old timers, and let them give you the low-down on their low-down. Too often have we been fooled by their cocky, self-sufficient, smug opinions, and visited a show which they praised, but found it—baloney! But it would also give the theater, which struggles so hard to exist, and suffers under the lack of literary talent, a better chance to escape from the stale-mindedness of this old guard. Why don't you sponsor some fresh, fertile-minded talent and replace these overpaid guys (I mean "guys"!) who clutter the radio and bore us stiff—who write in everything that is between two covers—and who talk, talk, talk indefinitely, interminably—mostly to themselves, with themselves, and about themselves! To hell with them!

I would like to give Mr. Nathan a few serious arguments in favor of my sex, but I am afraid they would be beyond his horizon! So I will confine myself instead to the cooking of some juicy roast beef, to talking to Jiggie—and to contemplating in my woman's mind the question of Mr. Nathan! Did he say "dirty"? And statistics? Is my face red?

As handicapped as we women still are, we make the best of it—but you, Mr. Gall, could do far better by yourself!

In conclusion: I thank heaven that there are books, music, sculptures, paintings, to counteract their distortions of art and life! The former, at least, give us a chance to make up our own minds, in silence! How grateful we should be that Mr. Nathan is not employed as a guide at the Metropolitan! But who knows—he might make good as one! I assure you, it was fun to write this letter! It's fun to be a woman! It's important—I love it! (Which means, translated into New Yorkese—Nerts to you, Mr. Nathan!)

Yours to bawl out,
New York City MARIA SANNIG

THAT'S IT, BLAME THE EDITOR

Format: Finest artistically.

Literary Plane: High in Modern School.

Moral Plane: Low in any school.

Humor: Excellent and spiced with the Rabelaisian zest.

Letters Column: Interesting until Editor allowed personalities of nonentities to seep in.

Summary: Well worth any man's $5.00.

New York, N. Y. JAMES A. DONOVAN

CALL US DOWN

It seems to me that a magazine of your apparent intelligence would not publish any such fiction as *Call Me Up* by Rion Bercovici undermining the very foundations of the institution of marriage.

There is no particular excellence to the writing and certainly the content is in direct conflict with a moral existence. Of course, if it is your policy to promote immoral living that is another matter.

Very truly,
MILTON S. GOLDSTEIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

ADD LAMS AT LEVIN

Critics were formerly expected to be slightly familiar with the field they judged. They confined criticism strictly within the limits of this knowledge after having proved their right to criticize; then they settled down to make their reader clearly understand just what they criticized.

Your bright young Dr. Meyer Levin sets up a new set of qualifications. Slightly below the valuable contributions of Louella Parsons and safely above Winchell. They are all one except for Dr. Levin's sincerity which is unquestioned. All lack equipment and are serenely oblivious to the ideal.

Certainly you can't criticize a film accurately unless there is a familiar knowledge of film technique. The erudite Doctor apparently criticizes only from "I know what I like" standpoint—he should excise his personal bias and attempt a judgment on the films themselves. He has pontificately tossed up many films which far from being objects of contempt and boring were replete with interesting characterizations—intriguing settings—splendid dialogues and in one case a truly beautiful philosophy. He chronically overlooks abundant beauty because he lacks the ability to see the thing in which it's embodied.

"Meyer" you gave yourself away long ago. Sock your publishers for an instructive (and urgent) training trip to Hollywood. I think you have no little promise.

Baltimore, Md. EVALYN M. SWARTZ

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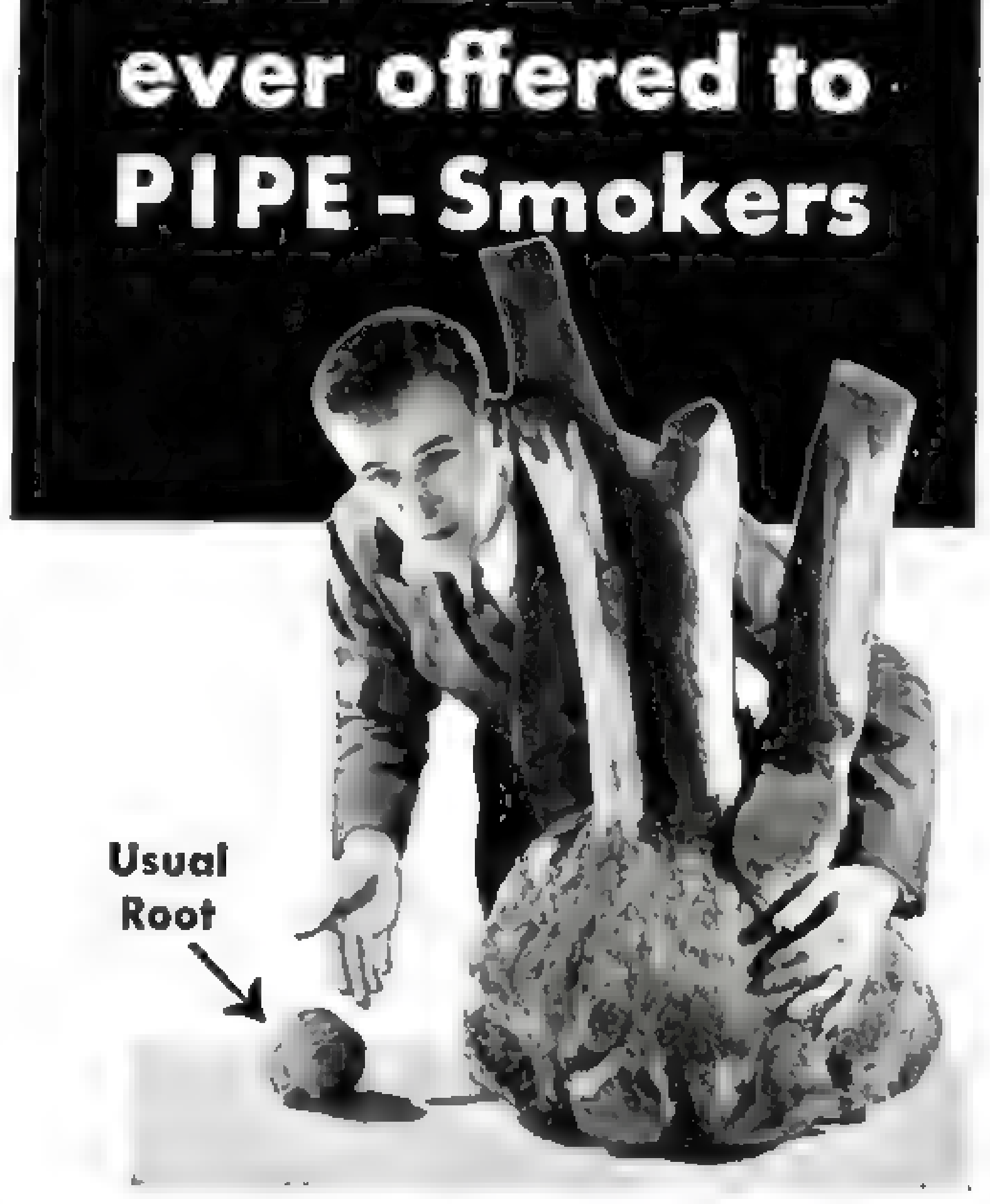
PIPE-Smokers



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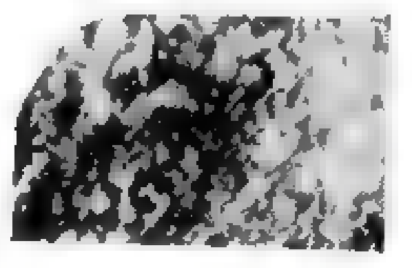
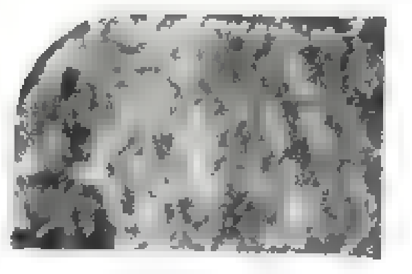


ALGERIA


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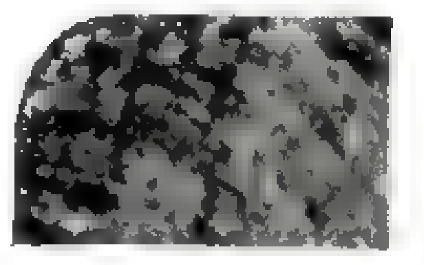

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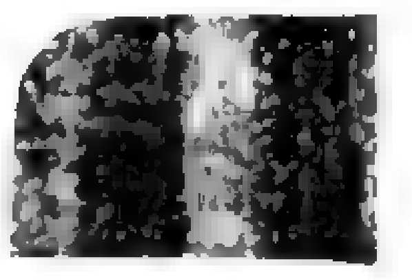

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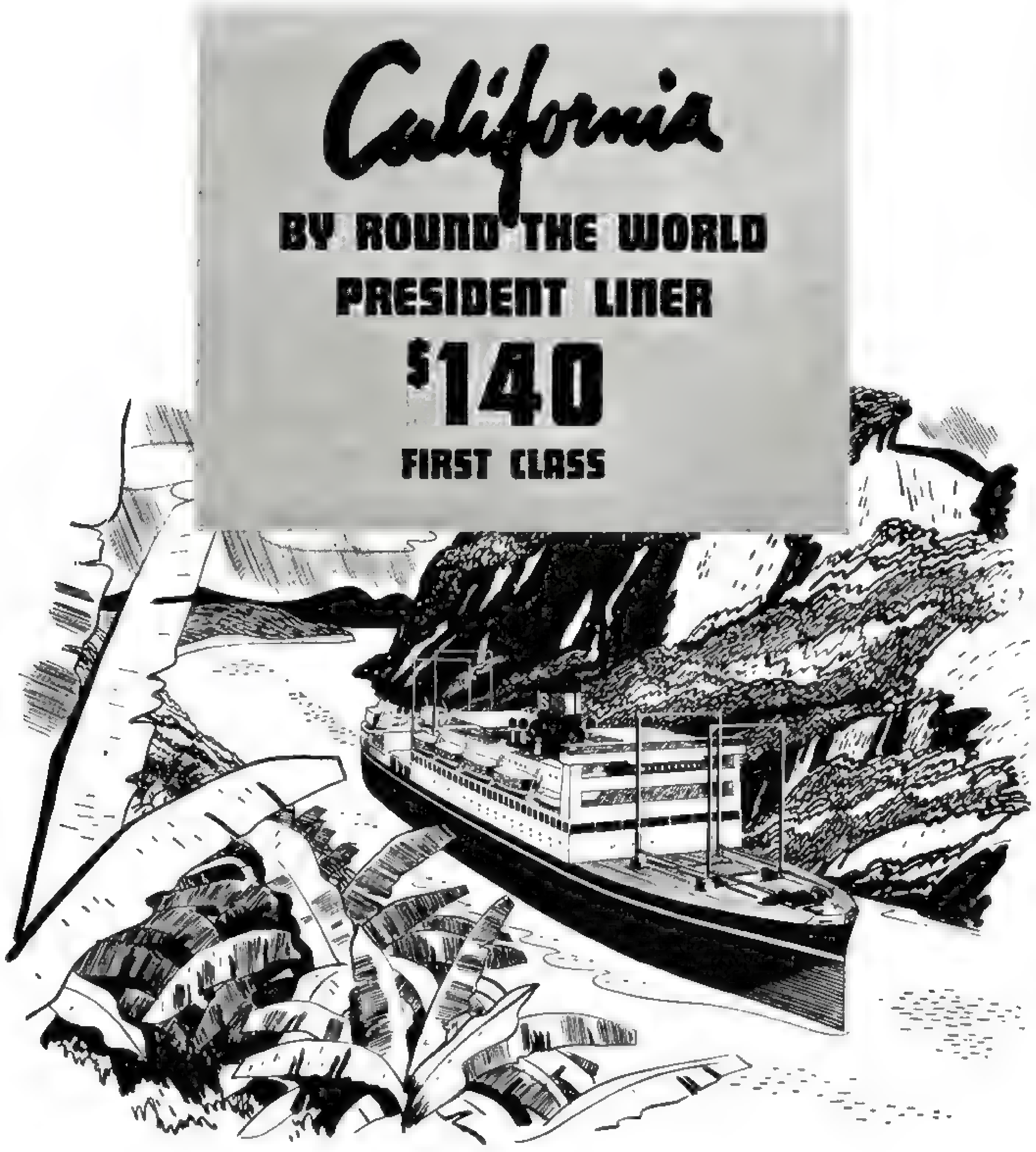
And *luxurious* cruising is assured you. For all staterooms on these big, smooth-riding President Liners are outside, with real *beds*. The public rooms are spacious and friendly, decks are broad, and every President Liner has an outdoor swimming pool, "talkies", dances . . . and food that's unsurpassed.



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For detailed information on accommodations, sidetrip costs, shore expenses, etc., see your travel agent or any of our offices (New York, Boston, Washington, D. C., Toronto, Canada, Chicago, Cleveland, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego).

DOLLAR
STEAMSHIP LINES

The Epic Sinclair

Continued from page 33

Two years after his divorce, he married Mary Craig Kimbrough, daughter of Judge Kimbrough of Greenwood, Mississippi.

Then in 1914, in Colorado, investigating the strike troubles of the laborers working for the Colorado Steel and Iron Corporation. And then and there, permitting us to see the honest-to-God reformer in real action. For, first, finding out that not only men and women and children had been slain at Ludlow, in Colorado (Mr. Rockefeller's western coal and iron center) he invited a group of people in New York City to put bands of crepe around their arms and walk in silence before the offices of John D. Rockefeller in lower Broadway. Also, because of his daring in doing this, he was locked up in the Tombs, his second wife continued to picket for him. But because of that again he was able to get the ears of the newspapers and so to tell their reporters the entire story of the Colorado strike. Result—what the newspapers had previously refused to print, now blazed on their front pages. Arden, Delaware all over. At the investigation of the strike that followed in Colorado, Sinclair was present.

In 1915 it was that he descended upon California once and for all and forthwith began the publication of a magazine called "Upton Sinclair's" which was devoted to Wilson's war and peace policies. If you want to see what else he was doing during the next few years, go back and look over that list of his books. But not only that, he entered Socialist politics in California, and, in 1920, ran for Congressman out there. Next, he tried for the U. S. Senate in 1922. Got 50,000 votes. Tried for job of Governor in 1926 on Socialist ticket. Got a few more than 50,000 votes. Next try was 1934 when as Democrat in primaries he piled up nearly 500,000 votes. Still has a Republican to lick in a Republican State before he can hold first political job.

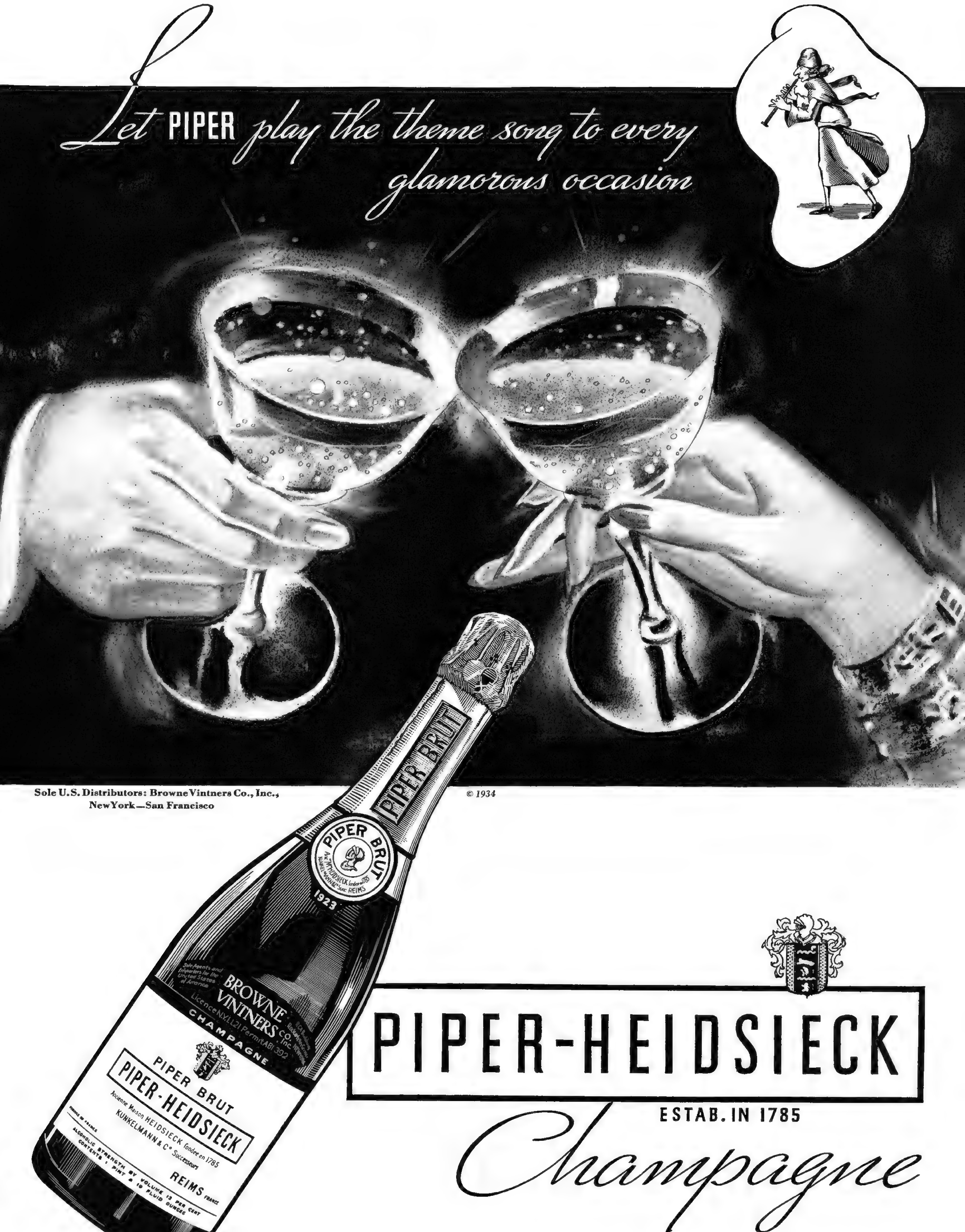
But what interests me in connection with all this is that throughout it all, and even throughout this recent campaign of his in California, Sinclair remained really the literary and economic jest, not only of the writers and critics of the literary profession, but the semi-illuminated of the financial, industrial and social worlds, which he so violently and rightly condemns. To listen to his critics, even those who, since 1929, had begun to suspect he was more right than otherwise, he was still a crank, an egoist, a falsifier of facts. Also always and ever he was overstating the case. And yet look at him now! And look at those who were so busy criticizing him. What have they to say? Suddenly, and to me, by reason of one of the most brilliant, resourceful, and daring of political campaigns that America or any other country has ever seen, he has wrested the flag and the command from those who were seemingly carrying it and thrust himself into first place in the eyes and the mind of a troubled and anxious nation. Even Mr. Roosevelt's Mr. Farley now says to him affectionately, "Call me Jim." And Senator McAdoo of California as well as Mr. Creel, N.R.A.'s candidate for Governor in California, take orders from him. And privately Mr. Roosevelt tells him—What? To quit? Forget his California followers? You think so?

Again consider his plan! The simplicity of it! According to it (and how fair and sane really) 1,250,000 of the unemployed of California, now kicking their heels in idleness and loneliness—no money, no life, are to be set up in colonies, to do whatever work they did before. Only, and here is what scratched the capitalistic or individualistic or profit-minded financiers, whatever they produce is to be consumed by themselves. They are not to be in competition with the capitalist order, any more than a socialist fire department is to be in competition with a capitalist hotel. But they are not to buy from it either. What they are to do is to pay their own way, without reference to the old 1000% profit gang. And isn't that just too sad for words! Pardon me while I weep. Instead, they are to be taken out of the breadlines and off of the tax payers and allowed to make themselves comfortable and happy in a land that has failed to provide them an opportunity for either.

Not only that, but all of that stated in a pamphlet entitled, *I, Governor of California*, which proceeded on publication to sell 250,000 copies and to net the author not only enough to set up his political headquarters and to salary his necessary assistants—eight hundred in all—but to finance two symbolic plays—*Death Day* and *Depression Island*, which same, on their very first night, opened to 6000 people in Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium and yielded Sinclair or this campaign fund, anywhere from $1.65 per seat down to forty cents. Then with that in his pocket, this same Sinclair, almost Napoleon-wise, moving swiftly into the provinces—Long Beach, California yielding him 3000 ticket buyers at $1.50 down, San Diego 3500, the smaller towns anywhere from 2000 to 500, but at never less than twenty to fifty cents a head, and all of the money devoted to what?

The Los Angeles Times, purely pro-corporation, still calculates that it must be a scheme to sell his own books and plays, and that he has already made $250,000. Mr. Hearst, with his various papers throughout America,

Continued on page 178B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BRACES · BELTS · GARTERS
Philadelphia

The Epic Sinclair

Continued from page 178

arrived at the same conclusion, *i.e.*, that Sinclair is a cold-blooded profiteer, misleading the masses in order to make a fortune as an author... Hearst speaking. What he was doing, was financing his own political organization—publishing and distributing his pamphlet, *I, Governor of California*, and in addition, organizing a door to door canvass, with the purpose of getting poll watchers, speakers, whosoever and whatsoever could be used not only to organize his campaign but to tell all of the people to back the candidates who were to run with him on a full State ticket. For instance, seven Chief Executive candidates, nine State Senatorial candidates, sixty-two Assembly candidates, etc.

In the face of one of the oldest and coldest of the politically organized States of the old order, California, he did not steal, but took by favor, the public sentiment of the State, plus the popular vote and the Democratic nomination for Governor. And not only that, but actually got people to pay to hear him talk, at twenty-five cents per head, or per talk. And yet all his enemies as well as his friends knew what it was that he wanted—the sales tax abolished because it was taxing the consumer and not the rich manufacturer. Also a thirty per cent tax on all incomes over $50,000, a proposed tax which must have tortured the high salaried officials, not only of Hollywood and the Southern Pacific Railroad, but of the banks and corporations of California in general. Also all idle farms and factories in which to put the idle—plus bond issues to do it with—and still they said "yes"—three to one.

As for seven Democrats who ran against him under the old party banner, he snowed them under. Among those he buried was George Creel, the author of *Make the World Safe for Democracy*—plus (nearly) the 14 Points. And yet Farley now saying, "Call me Jim." Throughout it all, you were never able to find Sinclair's program in any of the leading dailies, not even after he had polled the biggest vote in any primary in California's history, topping by thousands as it did the total vote cast for the present Governor, Frank Merriam, who led the four Republican candidates who were opposed to him, and this in the face of the fact that the Democratic organization, not only of California, but throughout America under Roosevelt, is theoretically opposed to Socialism!

And what is Sinclair's justification for himself and his position in all this? Well, here it is. He says: "I am a Democrat by the same right that makes all Americans either Democrats or Republicans. I was born one. My father, an old-fashioned gentleman from Virginia, would have considered himself degraded if he had so much as thought of being a Republican. My grandfather, Captain Arthur Sinclair, Commander of a warship which helped to open Japan to the western world (worse luck), was a Democrat. So was my great grandfather, Commodore Arthur Sinclair who commanded the Congress, the first frigate built by this country."

And yet, throughout it all, the opposition trying to put him in the communist class! For had not his books this long while, said they, been enthusiastically read in Russia? Exactly. And everywhere else, except in America. Also did not Sergei Eisenstein work with him on a class conscious anti-capitalist picture? He did. And do not all of his books show that he is a radical, a disturber of the established social order, a man who wants to bring the mass into a humane helpful understanding of itself and its needs as opposed to a class that wishes to use said mass for its own special forms of exploitation? I'll say! I'm one of it.

Personally I think the man has done a much more brilliant job than either Mussolini or Hitler. For by and large, America is an individualistic and, in the main, money-minded country. More or less, we have been strongly for the good old individualistic rule of the devil take the hindmost. Among our various financial and industrially ruled states, California, almost more than New York, has been for nearly sixty years ruled by the money barons and for *their* exclusive interests and purposes. If you do not believe this, read *The Octopus*, by California's distinguished son, Frank Norris.

In California it was, beginning with the World War and after, that Socialists, for even advocating Socialism, were given sentences of anywhere from twenty to fifty years. A school teacher who sympathized with the Russian Social system was given forty years for displaying a red flag on Labor Day. Sinclair made so bold as to attempt to read The Constitution of the United States in public, while standing on private property, with the written consent of the owner, for which offense he was arrested and kidnapped by Los Angeles police and held incommunicado for eighteen hours.

Even recently with Roosevelt in command, and the N.R.A. in charge of fair play to labor, consider the dock strike and the utterances of one of California's leading heirs to an unearned fortune, Mr. William Crocker, who, after the failure of that strike, was sure that labor had been beaten once and for all. In short, it has been financiers, industrialists and politicians of this stripe whom Sinclair has been facing and whom he has so soundly beaten!

Whether his program is the ideal one and whether practically

Continued on page 179

The Madison
Rough brown reversed calf with extra heavy black rubber sole and spring heel . . $12⁵⁰

LASTING good looks in a man's shoe is determined by more than surface quality. In Frank Brothers' shoes, style is closely allied with construction . . . it is *built in*—not *added on.*

Frank Brothers
FOOTWEAR, INC.
588 FIFTH AVENUE
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THE MAJOR: "Mind if I smoke a pipe?"
ELOISE: "Not if it's a Comoy."

COMOY'S new Supreme Patent Bruyere Pipe gives you a cool, dry smoke. No moisture can reach the mouth—only perfectly dry ash remains at the bottom of the bowl.

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MADE IN ENGLAND
Since 1825

HOUSE OF COMOY
British Empire Bldg.
New York

At Your Tobacconist's from $4.00 to $7.00

The Epic Sinclair

Continued from page 178B

it can be executed under conditions as they are in America remains to be seen. Whether even Socialism in a modified form is even permanently possible in America is another question. It is an ideal, and, as an ideal, enlists the enthusiastic support of millions, among whom I count myself one. But whether or no, only consider the life and campaign of this man—the singleness of devotion, the openness to new ideas, the awareness of and opposition to all the brutal, greedy, selfish robbery, and of the American people by and large. If you doubt this read his books. I have—ten of them, and they present a consistent, unbroken, enthusiastic, brilliant struggle for what he believes to be right and fair.

Among all of the campaigners for a better order in America, I count him public friend and champion Number One. I can't say, Heil, Hitler. But I will say, "Hey, Sinclair, more power to you!!!" *(Copyright 1934 by Theodore Dreiser)*

P. S.—Portrait:

"Slight, wiry, graying, early riser, hard worker, keeps one or two stenographers busy all day. Excellent tennis player. Soft, eager talker. Once high-pitched voice has come down a little nearer to earth. Vain."

Says of himself:

"Easily bored, naive and impersonal. Somewhat skeptically interested in spiritualistic phenomena. Very hopefully interested in new devices, regarded as absurd by the medical profession for curing disease by diets of my own. An occasional lecturer to women's clubs. Able to mitigate the shocks of my opinions to precisely the amount that such organizations can stand. Always in debt. Never hesitate to borrow money for any project I feel will benefit humanity—always hopeful of enormous success in every new project. Not downed by failure. Impulsive, trustful, stubborn, impractical and determined."

Ten Best Cocktails of 1934

Continued from page 40

over the top and then quietly drop it into the aperitif.

In Boston the week-day drink is Musty, a mixture of New England ale—which is no ale at all but a type of beer—with lager beer, a sort of 'alf and 'alf. But on Saturdays and Sundays, holidays and in times of great emotion, as when the names of Paul Revere and former Mayor Curley are mentioned, the Bostonian calls for a Ward Eight.

WARD EIGHT

Personally I do not care for this tipple but it deserves a place of honor because it has survived and because many otherwise reputable persons call for it. In case you happen to be in Boston ask for one but elsewhere you may not expect the perfected product. In the Ward Eight they take the juice of a quarter lemon or half a lime, add the juice of a quarter orange. These are placed in a bar glass half filled with broken ice and a spoonful of Grenadine and a pony of Rye or Bourbon. This is shaken briskly and strained into a cocktail glass. In less informed sections of Boston there exist men who call for a larger portion of whiskey and have the potions served in a Delmonico glass that is brimmed with seltzer. Such outlanders wish theirs decorated with cherry, sliced lemon and orange. To me that final effect brings to mind a Christmas tree out of season.

THE VODKA COCKTAIL

With the recognition of Russia—one can hardly attribute it to anything else—came Vodka. Now Vodka has long been a drink of both distinction and contempt. To those Americans who will have no truck with the Soviets it can be said that all the Vodka consumed in America is made here. There are many ways to prepare it but the favorite seems to be the cocktail. One uses three parts of the principal to a half part each of the two Vermouths, dry and Italian. Ice, shake and strain into a cocktail glass, then twist a lemon peel over it.

VERMOUTH CASSIS

We, or at least some of our fellow citizens, brought the sidewalk or outdoor cafe over from Paris and to my way of thinking the sea turn did it no harm. When the first one found its land legs and was assembled about the old Brevoort in New York it was found that one French drink had stuck to the varnish. This proved to be a Vermouth Cassis, which while not exactly a cocktail really belongs in the select company. You take a goblet and half fill it with French Vermouth, putting in a small lump of ice, then a goodly dash of Cassis. This may be taken as it is or the glass can be filled with seltzer. The drink goes with the state of mind that goes with sidewalk cafes.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

The Champagne Cocktail has staged a noble comeback. In former days it was a good thing to avoid, being compounded usually from low-grade wines. Now that conditions have changed the chief difficulty is the up-keep; you have to use a fine champagne or you won't enjoy the drink. Take a nice full-blown lemon and from it scrape off as much of the yellow as you can with a cube of sugar. Place the sweet in a champagne glass with a small lump of ice, add a dash of Angostura Bitters and slowly fill the glass with champagne, stirring it only enough to dissolve the sugar. Serve with a twist of lemon peel. Interior decorators and nature

Continued on page 180

AT THE END OF A PERFECT SMOKE

SPEAR-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
LIFE SAVER

When you lay down your cigarette, pop a Life Saver on your tongue. These cooling rings of mint take away the *burn* and leave only the *yearn* . . . for another cigarette.

THRILL YOUR TASTE WITH SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS . . . THEY'RE NEW

PRICE

The Man Who Came Back

On the recommendation of a friend, a certain Mr. X came in to see us about a year ago.

On learning our prices, the visitor remarked that although he had made up his mind to patronize a first class custom tailor, he was not prepared to spend more than eighty or ninety dollars for a sack suit. He asked us how we justified our prices.

We explained . . . the materials in a fine suit account for ⅓ the total cost; labor for the remaining ⅔—it taking skilled and highly-trained craftsmen for the work.

Mr. X appeared interested but not convinced, thanked us, and left . . . but the other day he came back . . . and this time he left his measurements with us.

GRAY & LAMPEL, Inc.
Sporting & Mufti Tailors:
Breeches Makers
18 EAST 53rd, NEW YORK

(Our Mr. Ebenezer Steer visits the principal cities of the Middle West...Dates on application)

SACK SUITS $135 · TOP COATS *from* $145
DINNER SUITS $175 · RIDING BREECHES *from* $45

We tracked down a sophomore's
SHOE PRINTS
and located a Stetson dealer

● Few expressions of the important vogue for the white shoe have been more successful than the Stetson illustrated (1024). Because of its distinctive style, because of its innate craftsmanship, because of its rare comfort, it has been and deserves to be one of the most popular of all Stetson models.

● Curiously enough, the Scotch grain shoe no longer suggests Scotland, where it originated, but the American college and university, where it has had its success. The Stetson model illustrated (1021) will be worn with distinction through several semesters. The same shoe in black is 1022.

THE STETSON SHOE

STETSON SHOES

You can purchase Stetson Shoes at exclusive dealers in important cities. Ask there, or write us, for a free copy of "Wardrobes From The Ground Up"

For many years, Stetson Shoes have been first choice in the wardrobes of the country's best-dressed business and professional men. Their popularity has spread rapidly throughout the colleges and universities of the country.

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, Inc., *South Weymouth, Massachusetts*

Fay Wray, star of the Universal picture, "Cheating Cheaters," tries a Hawaiian "Here's How" made by Alan Mowbray featured in the Lowell Sherman Universal picture, "Night Life of the Gods."

Hollywood Goes for New Hawaiian "Here's How" in a Big Way!

"Here's How" always starts with one-third Hawaiian Pineapple Juice as a base. Miss Wray's favorite is made like this: Fill a tall glass one-third full of DOLE Pineapple Juice, then add three jiggers of grape juice, half a lime, cracked ice, and fill with seltzer water ...To be amply prepared for the Holiday season order a dozen cans of DOLE Pineapple Juice now from your grocer!

Ten Best Cocktails of 1934

Continued from page 179

lovers may add fruits and flavors, always of course, in season.

PLANTERS' PUNCH

The Planters' Punch is, for all its name, a cocktail and its survival is a distinct tribute to our inherent native good taste. Let's make the most of it. Fill a goblet or even a julep glass with cracked ice, insert two lumps of sugar and the juice of a fresh lime. Add a pony of water and fill to the brim with good old Jamaica Rum, and stir. In the deep South, suh, we add fruits in summer but when the cold weather comes we give it a dash or two of red pepper.

THE OLD-FASHIONED DUTCH

In the great amount of literature issued since last December there have been many grievous errors made in compounding cocktails. One pundit who must have been rolling hooples in 1921 said that the Old-Fashioned was never made with anything but whiskey, Rye or Bourbon. A greater solace than the Old-Fashioned Dutch would be hard to find and that, me fine lad, is an Old-Fashioned made with gin, a very smooth gin, if one as young as you knows what that is. Take a heavy-bottomed glass and proceed as with its whiskey brother. Place a lump of sugar in the glass and wet it down with Angostura Bitters. Mull it until it forms a syrup, add a single lump of ice, a slice of orange and a slice of fresh pineapple. Top it off with a wine-glass of the best gin in the house and serve without stirring.

HARVEST MOON

Next comes one that honesty compels me to admit is either a new one or a drink I've been missing for years. Today it bears the neat title of Harvest Moon and it is just as lovely as its name. Take two parts of Applejack and add one half part of fresh lime juice and one half part of Orgeat. Ice, shake and strain into a cocktail glass. I predict a long life for this concoction and a happy one for those who drink it.

THE DAIQUIRI

In recent researches into pirate lore the writer learned that the freebooters had other pleasures than those found in iron-bound chests. Some reposed in barrels and this favorite drink of the buccaneers was known as Bombo. And even now the daily rum ration in the English navy is still called by that title. Learning that it was composed of a lump of sugar, the juice of a fresh lime and Cuban (Bacardi, if you don't know any better) Rum, I rushed over to Hanleys' and ordered Walter, the principal bartender, to compose such a drink. He did it with alarming nonchalance and, as he placed the finished drink before me, said: "Your dykaree, sir!" It was my first but I quickly learned that the Daiquiri is deservedly a great favorite among latter-day pirates.

A cocktail if it is to be of any value must have the quality of revivifying the drinker; it must lift him out of the doldrums of the workaday world and give him rosy visions of himself and his fellowman. He must be, for a short time, the man he thinks he is and after two of the foregoing, three if he is a hard case, he should be able to say:

"Here I come, head up, tail over the dashboard and all pores open."

As we finish the first year of the Newer Freedom the ten cocktails listed and enumerated above hold the leading positions. They won their places on sheer merit and it will be well worth our while to watch them and see how they fare during the second year.

It would be difficult to close this piece telling of the good drinks without saying a word for those "pansies" that are now gone and well-forgotten. Even a list of the worst ten has a charm not unlike a file of the old Police Gazette. We might, in our day of victory, offer them an In Memoriam—with a Raspberry:

The Bronx
The Alexander
The Pousse Cafe
The Sweetheart
The Orange Blossom
The Pink Lady
The Clover Club
The Fluffy Ruffles
The Pom Pom
The Cream Fizz.

Requiescat in pace!

Little Miss Universe

Continued from page 37

ning, of racing, of the whole routine in general. Let it be known then that Willie, himself a superior by nature, disliked superior horses and cherished fondly those whom most bettors despised. For example, of the millions of pony-players in America he alone had hopes for the ultimate success of the two-year-old maiden *Miss Universe.* To Willie this horse was not merely another horse. She was something more subtle, more mystical. Along with the success of *Miss Universe* would date the success of Willie himself. She was his pet. He loved her passionately. He had a special alibi for each of her miserable performances, a psychological alibi. Also: the name was beautiful. It was poetry. No other horse in the history of racing had had such a glorious name. Such a horse could not fail. It would be unnatural.

Mr. Levin, called *The Barrel,* also had a system. It was externally more complicated than Willie's, but a good deal less subtle. Willie's system was centrifugal, working outward from the brain, the soul, and the personality of the horse. The hub of Mr. Levin's system was the great panorama of the earth itself. To him the horses

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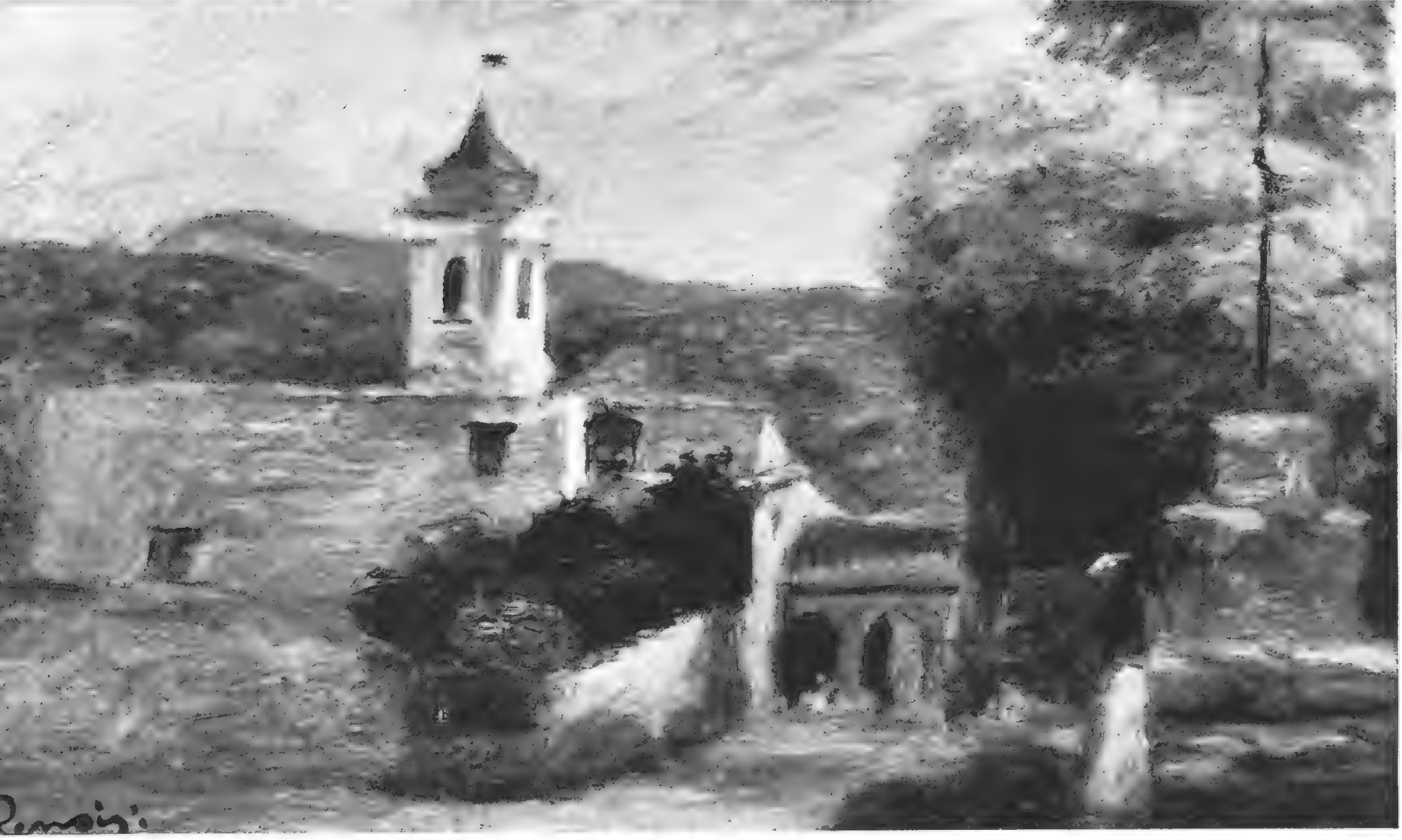

A hitherto unpublished RENOIR *is your* CHRISTMAS CARD *with a gift of* ESQUIRE

THIS Renoir landscape, of which the original is in ESQUIRE's private collection of paintings, has been reproduced on heavy vellum paper by a six-color process which preserves all its luminous depth and brilliance. Of a large size (9″ x 6″) it is of considerable intrinsic value as a print to be saved and framed. This fine print of a painting by one of the great modern masters will serve as the cover of ESQUIRE's Christmas card. With your name penned in, the card will announce ESQUIRE as your gift to the friends for whom you order subscriptions at this holiday season. ● Along with this card, the January issue of ESQUIRE will be delivered in a special gift box of handsome and dignified design. ● ESQUIRE's special Christmas gift rates are listed at the left, and a gift order form, together with a return envelope which requires no postage, is enclosed in this copy of ESQUIRE. ● By the simple act of writing their names and addresses, you can dispense with the necessity of Christmas shopping for those men on your gift list "who have everything." Send in your gift list now, and while you are at it, you may as well exercise the option to renew your own subscription at these gift rates. ● Promptness in mailing your gift order to ESQUIRE at 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, will enable the publishers to check it against ESQUIRE's subscription list to avoid duplication.

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KEY CHAIN

ROGER PRYOR
Popular Universal Star
Wears a Smart Forstner
Dubl-Lock Key Chain

A SMART
Christmas
GIFT!

Forstner, the sponsor of smart accessory jewelry, introduces a new and better type of key chain, DUBL-LOCK. Quickly adopted by the gentlemen of the cinema, Forstner Key Chains are in demand by particular men *everywhere* today. They wear them with their dress suits or business clothes . . . correct on all occasions! Here is the ideal Christmas gift!

DUBL-LOCK
KEY RING
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The distinctive features of the DUBL-LOCK Key Ring will appeal to you. There are no sharp points or projections.

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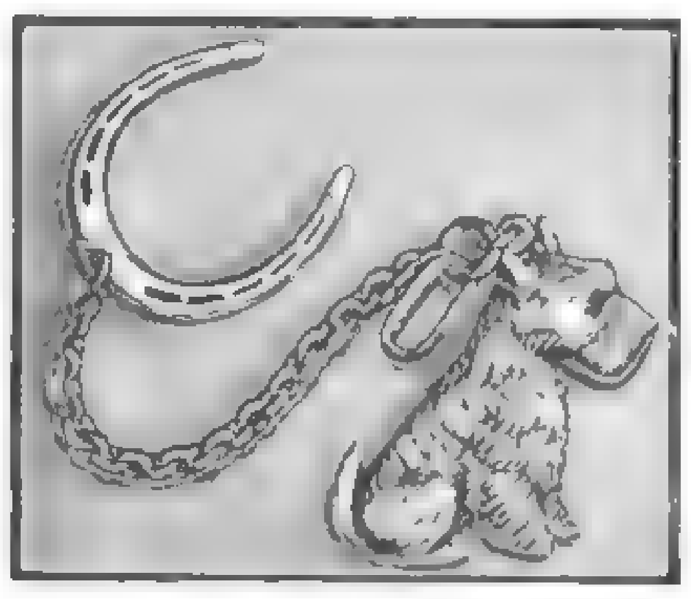
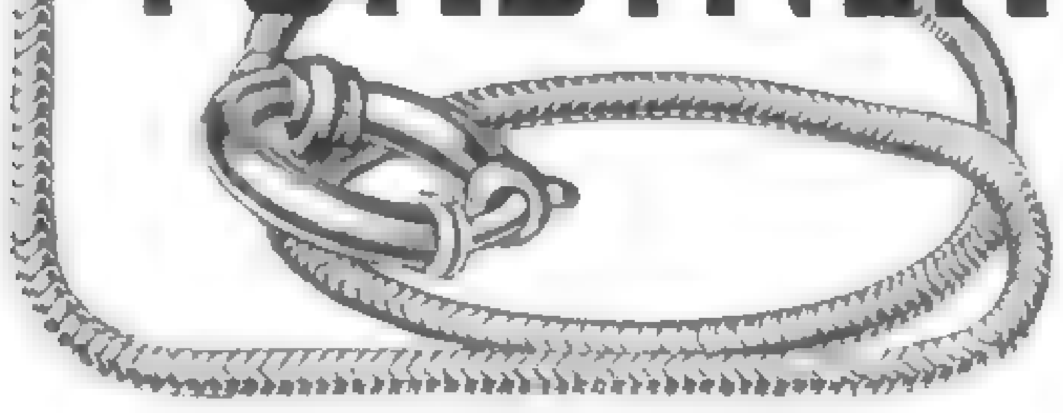
Illustrated is the popular Snake model. Three fine qualities at popular prices. For sale at jewelry, department stores, and the better men's shops everywhere. Ask for Forstner Key Chains by name.

AND FOR THE
Ladies, TOO...



Delightful Sterling creations for ladies in tasteful designs that reflect ultra smart taste. Include a Forstner Key Chain for her this Christmas. FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION, Irvington, New Jersey

FORSTNER



Little Miss Universe

Continued from page 180

were mere puppets, helpless and a bit foolish. His desire was to discover the dark secrets of owners, jockies, and wise gamblers. His system took into consideration all the physical facts involved in a race: the distance, the weight and talent of the jockey, the tendencies of the owner and trainer of the horse, the weather at the track, the weather in Iowa, the number of people at the track, carload shipments of raw products, progress of the N R A, the state of his own private stomach, and the amount of money on the person being touted.

In short, everything.

Mr. Levin was a drab realist while Willie was a mystic.

Which brings my document (for this is a document, as I shall soon show) to the case of M. San Jose Red. I have said he was a thin, nervous person of sixty-five. Do not imagine, however, that San Jose Red was an old man, for he was not. (A young man once addressed him innocently as "Pop" and was severely reprimanded for the indelicacy. "Don't call me Pop," said San Jose Red. "I don't like it. I go out of this joint every day with five hundred dollars.") This was a preposterous exaggeration, but San Jose Red apparently had the idea that if a man made money on the races he could not possibly be old. He had the slim figure of a boy, the voice of a boy, and, alas, the sense of one. He was Irish. He was angry. He puffed at his pipe with defiance. He uttered one fantastic falsehood after another, innocently, sinlessly, since he himself believed his most atrocious lies. He was never known to have a dime. Nevertheless, he maintained vigorously that he won no less than five hundred dollars per week, net. If you got him angry enough he announced, as I have already said, that he earned this sum *every* day. He was extravagantly careless with these sums, and threw vast figures about him with the heedlessness of the born spend thrift. Nothing definite was known about him, though from his name it is to be inferred that at one time he lived in or near the city of San Jose, sixty miles south of San Francisco, in Santa Clara Valley.

San Jose Red also had a system. It was the laughing stock of The Kentucky Pool Room, but San Jose Red believed in it implicitly. After every race this fiery old codger would swiftly scribble the name of the winner on a small sheet of cardboard, and, flourishing this document wildly, rush through the crowd, grumbling insanely, but with a beatific smile on his magnificent Irish face, "See? *Black Patricia*. I told you. Why, I picked that horse last night." And then he would go on to tell a stranger how much he cleaned up every day.

This system of course is nothing short of infallible; in fact, it is a good deal more than infallible, for there has not yet been a horse race in which at least one horse has not won. Under the circumstances, it must be designated a philosophical (and perhaps scientific) system, and San Jose Red must be identified as both a philosopher and a scientist, something in the nature of Albert Einstein with a bit of Oscar Spengler, Walter Lippman, and the Associated Press thrown in for good measure. His philosophy accelerates on this scientific basis: one waits until a thing happens, and then declares that it happened. You can't go wrong; science, statistics, legal documents, and everything else is on your side. It is, in its way, the only system known to man worth a tinker's toot, or whatever it is. But you've got to be unimaginative to fool with it. Or else, like San Jose Red, you've got to believe in the retrogression of events. In plainer terms, you've got to confuse the outcome of an event with the state of affairs immediately preceding the outcome. Or in still simpler terms, you've got—well, you've got to be sixty-five and Irish and broke and angry and frustrated and mad at the world. You've got to give yourself all the odds, a million to one, or to use figures generally related to the age of light years (or something), sixty trillion to one.

Now, perhaps, you are beginning to see that this *is* a document, and a profound one at that; a document with stupendous implications. For the unsubtle reader, and for children, I shall hint one of the implications.

Gambling, betting on horses, among other things, is a way of life. The manner in which a man chooses to gamble indicates his character or his lack of it. In short, gambling is a game, a philosophy, just as in Spain bull fighting is these things, as Mr. Hemingway has pointed out in five hundred pages of small print and two or three dozen photographs. Of course this document would be richer if I accompanied it with photographs of San Jose Red, Mr. Levin, and Willie in various poses and at various crucial moments. I should like to have you see, for instance, an actual photographic reproduction of San Jose Red frantically flourishing the name of the latest winner, or one of Mr. Levin standing humbly behind his belly telling a boy of eighteen how to play the ponies, or yet another of Willie in his elegantly-pressed twelve-dollar suit elucidating on the subtle make-up of horse-brains; but I regret that I cannot produce these pictures. Not that these men are not real flesh-and-blood people (You can go down to number One Opera Alley any day and see for yourself that they are), but that the light in The Kentucky Pool Room is dim indeed, and furthermore that my camera lies now in hock.

My document ought, properly,

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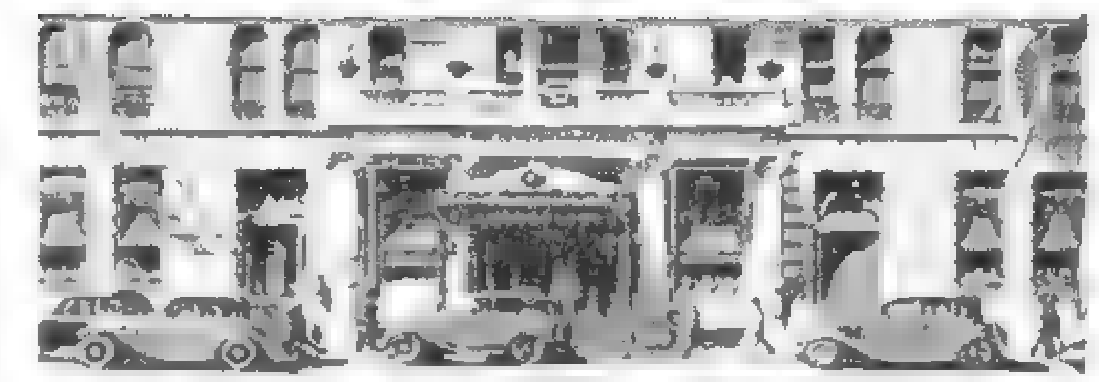

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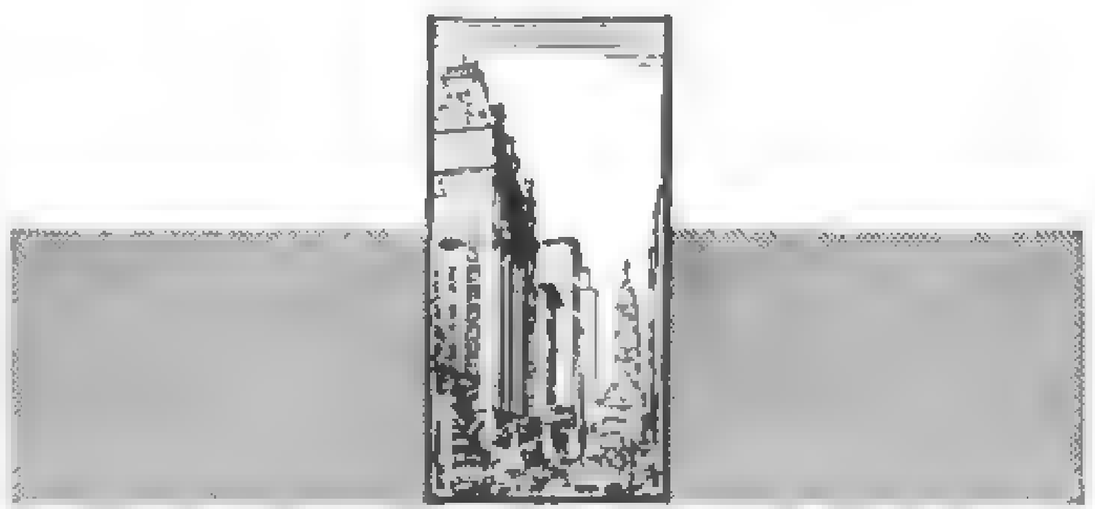
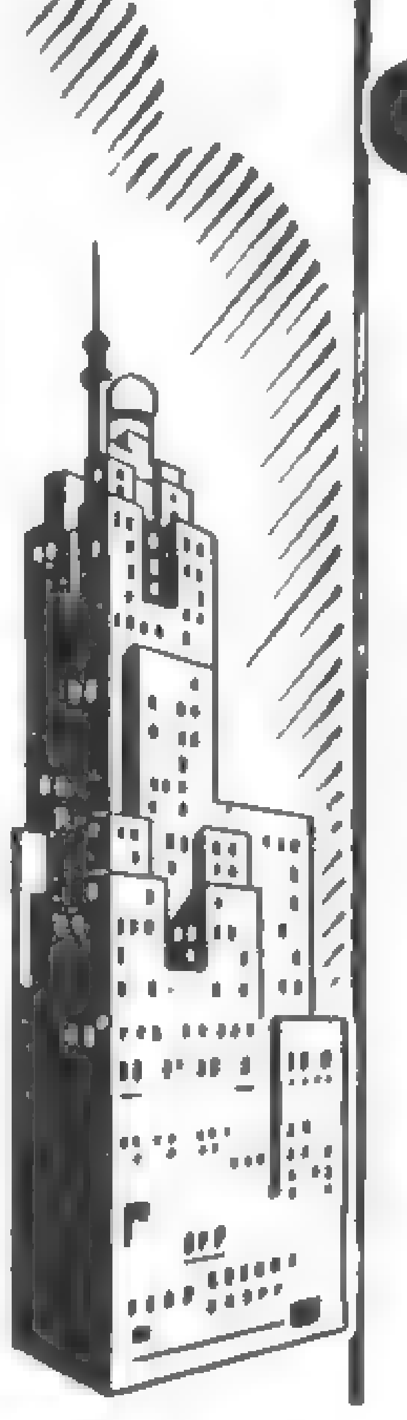
Rates as low as $3.50

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, General Mgr.



IN THE HEART OF PHILADELPHIA



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HEADACHES

Caused by Eye Fatigue

New drugless treatment brings quick relief

Do you have those sharp, piercing headaches above the eyes—that come from overworked, overstrained eyes? Here's a quick treatment that works miracles, people say.

(1) Drop 2 drops of soothing, refreshing *Murine* in each eye. (2) Wet 2 pads of absorbent cotton in warm water (not hot), drop 10 drops of *Murine* on each pad, and place pads gently over the eyes. (3) Lie down, rest, relax, keeping pads in place for 10 minutes. On arising, dry eyes gently with soft towel or tissue.

Murine relaxes tired eye muscles and relieves that drawn, tight, haggard feeling caused by loss of sleep or exposure to wind, dust, sun. Headaches due to eye fatigue are relieved quickly.

Accept Trial Supply

For 15-day trial supply of *Murine*, send 10c to cover postage and packing, to the Murine Company, Dept. 104, 9 E. Ohio Street, Chicago. Or—get *Murine* from your druggist. He recommends it.

CHAS. HARRIS

The "Man in the Barrel" says:

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Little Miss Universe

Continued from page 182

to end at this point, but such an ending would be artless. Subscribers to this magazine would write letters to the editor complaining; one or two would cancel their subscriptions. "What sort of a story do you call that?" readers would be saying to themselves. "No plot, no outcome, no climax, nothing exciting."

All right then. I will proceed to a plot. I will manufacture an outcome, a climax, and produce excitement. (Mind you, nothing ever happens at The Kentucky Pool Room. Bets are made, a few lucky fellows collect, but in the long run everybody loses. These are the facts. Day in and day out Willie and Mr. Levin and San Jose Red arrive and wait for the races, but nothing ever happens, so if I make a tale, it is not my fault, but the fault of art.)

Well, Willie is sitting at a table. The next race is the third at Arlington. Mr. Levin is rolling a cigarette of borrowed paper and tobacco. While he does so he is telling the man from whom he has borrowed the tobacco that a horse named *Wacoche* is going to win the race. "He's going to win by six lengths," says Mr. Levin, feeling miserable and lonely.

San Jose Red is out of sight. He comes in after the race. No one knows where he goes between races, but he is always out of sight until the winner is announced.

Let the matter rest here for a moment. Anyone can see for himself that any number of tales are now possible. I could say, for instance, as a young man once actually said, speaking of himself, that Willie, in an idle moment, thrust his thumb and his forefinger into his upper right-hand vest pocket, an act of habit, and there felt a heavy coin, which instantly set his heart to beating and proved to be a *bona fide* American half dollar. I can go on to say that Willie rushed up to Smithy, the bookie-clerk, and bet the whole half dollar right on the nose of *Miss Universe*, and that furthermore *Miss Universe* came to life and won the race, thereby placing in Willie's neat trousers the vast sum of ten dollars. And I could continue, saying that Willie's luck, as he himself dreamed, began at this point and that from this meagre beginning in less than a week he became the possessor of four hundred and sixty-two dollars and eleven cents. I could say, for the sake of romance, that he was in love with a beautiful young stenographer who would not marry him until he earned enough money to buy a license and a cheap ring. And so on.

About Mr. Levin and San Jose Red I could say all sorts of things that would make this tale interesting and exciting, but, forgive me, I *cannot*. It is impossible for me to lie, even though Mr. Kipling has declared that writers can never lie, that even when they do so, they unconsciously reveal even

Continued on page 184

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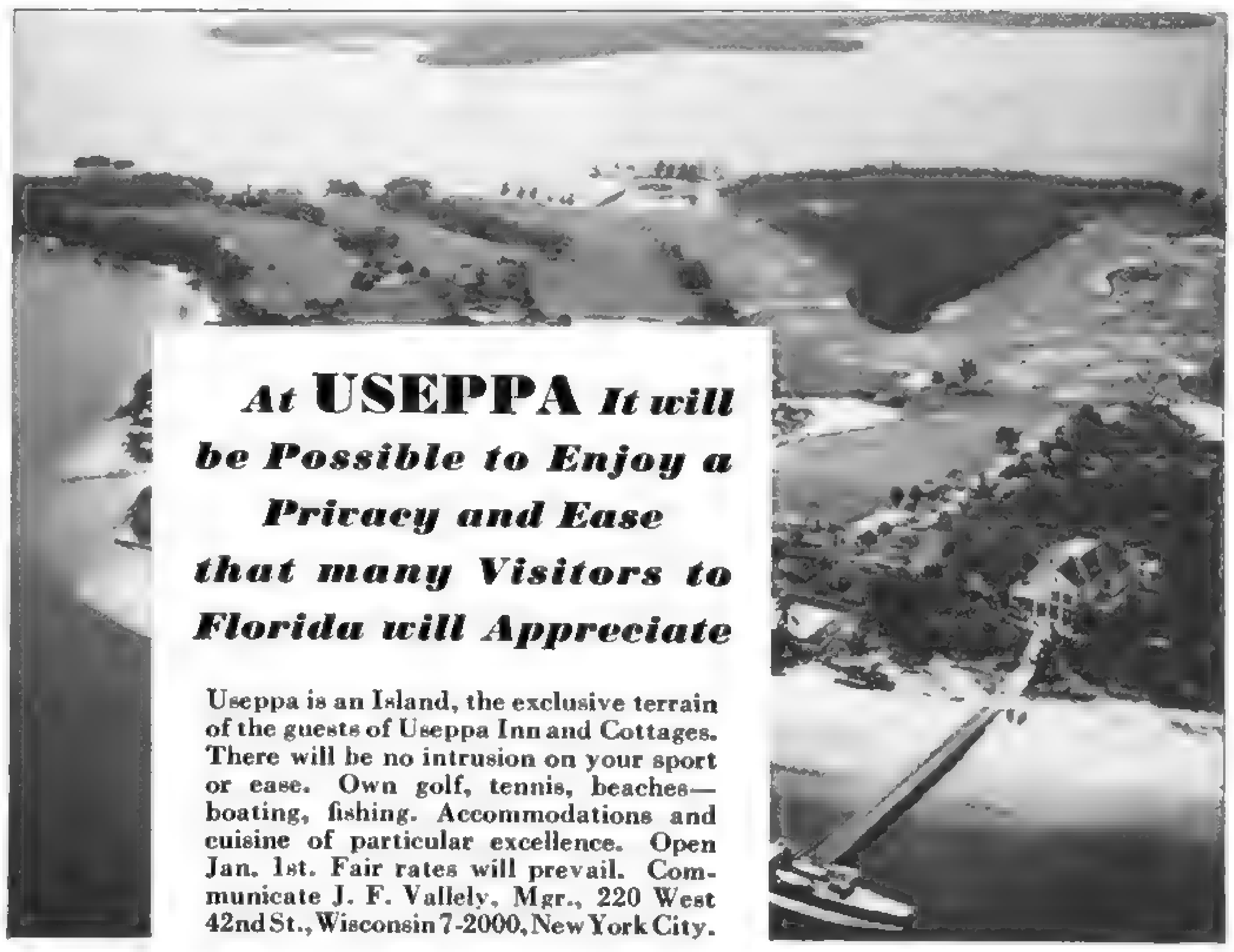

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Little Miss Universe

Continued from page 183

more profound truths. But about these men I cannot make pastry. Their stories are exciting enough in themselves. Let us try to be content with the paltry romance which lies pathetically in the ugly truth.

So we return. It is Thursday. One twenty-four P.M. In about six minutes the third race at Arlington will be run.

There's the lay-out.

Now the fun begins.

I am strolling along Third Street, a melancholy-looking young writer seeking material for a tale. It is a bright day, the sun is warm, and even the forlorn men of this drab street seem to reflect the brightness of the day in their unshaved faces. I am idly eating California peaches, when suddenly I notice three men hurrying in quick succession through a narrow doorway marked "Cairo Club, Gentlemen." There is something exciting about their haste. I decide to find out where they are going and why. In less than half a minute another man passes swiftly and impatiently through the same portal. Then another. Then yet another. This last fellow is in a terrific hurry; he is nervously jingling two coins in his right hand. I follow him at a trot and find myself stampeding down a narrow and dark corridor, close on the heels of my guide. We make two turns, open as many doors, and finally emerge into the gloom of a paved crevice between the Winchester Hotel, Rooms 35c and Up, and the Westchester Hotel, same rates.

It is Opera Alley!

I read the sign "Number 1 Opera Alley" over the swinging doors of The Kentucky Pool Room, and hasten to enter. Number One Opera Alley is a large, dark, square room containing five tables, fourteen chairs, six benches, and thirteen spittoons; not to mention sixty-three men including Mr. Levin and Willie. (San Jose Red, as I have said, is out of sight for the moment.) I am there. I myself, the writer. I see that Mr. Levin is sadly longing for someone to tout. And I see Willie seated at the table, impeccable, his face glowing with lack of character, his entire physical being a picture of graceful lack of purpose. Still, he is the neatest person in the room, so I take the chair beside him.

In precisely four minutes and twelve seconds *Miss Universe*, in company with seven other horses, will begin to scramble around the track at Arlington Park, in Chicago. There is no time to lose, but I know absolutely nothing about horses or horse racing.

Fully fifteen seconds I do not hear so much as an idle word from the lips of my contemporary. (Nine out of ten gamblers are habitual talkers-to-themselves. But not Willie.) I decide to offer him a cigarette. He replies:

"Thank you, I do not smoke."

I am astounded. What character. What discipline. Not to smoke in that atmosphere of hope and dread and spiritual fidgetiness. It is incredible.

Although I am aware of what is going on, I say to Willie in order to make conversation:

"What is going on here, anyway?"

He looks at me with eyes that are suddenly transformed. I detect in them the roar and surge of great hope. I am, bluntly, a greenhorn, and perhaps after all Willie will be able to bet on *Miss Universe*—with *my* money. Nevertheless, he is a subtle performer.

"I beg your pardon?" he says with elegance.

I repeat my question and Willie relates to me the entire history of horse racing, the tricks of owners, the habits of jockeys, the idiosyncrasies of horses, and the thoughtlessness of most gamblers. And while he speaks with an air of great leisure, he nevertheless imparts all this information in something less than twenty seconds flat. A thoroughbred himself.

In the meantime I have dispatched my right hand to my vest pocket where it is timidly thrilling at the feel of my last dollar, the dollar which is to keep me with food in my stomach another long week.

By this time, I have developed implicit confidence in the mystical omnipotence, etcetera, of Willie, and am itching to have him make a bet for me.

"There is one horse in this race," says Willie, "that is all but human. She hates to lose; it breaks her heart. She has been trying for all she's worth and today's her day. She is the daughter of *Lady Venus* by *The Wop*, and you know what *Lady Venus* did."

Of course I have no idea what *Lady Venus* did, and I say so.

"Everything," says Willie. "She did everything."

"Well," I say, "who is the horse?"

Willie bends to whisper into my ear, so that no one will learn the good news. "*Miss Universe*," he says passionately.

"God, what a beautiful name," I think, and the next thing I know I have given Willie my last dollar. He rushes up to Smithy, the bookie-clerk, and plasters it on the nose of *Miss Universe*—and none too soon either, for no sooner had Smithy scribbled the bet on a slip than the race began.

You see, everything worked perfectly and precisely.

Well, there I am in The Kentucky Pool Room, and about two thousand miles away, in Chicago, eight horses are running around a track, one of them *Miss Universe*. And there beside me is Willie, neat and clean, piously hopeful.

"A beautiful name," I keep thinking. "A glorious name."

The phone clerk calls: "At the

Continued on page 185

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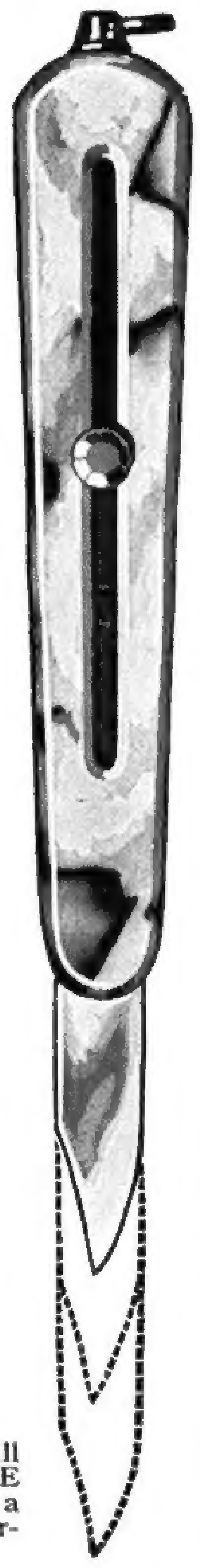

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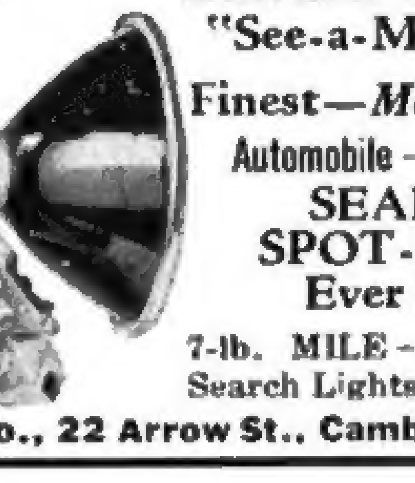

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933, of ESQUIRE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1934, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of ESQUIRE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publishers, David A. Smart and W. H. Weintraub; Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. 2. That the owner is ESQUIRE Publishing Company; Stockholder: David A. Smart Publishing Co. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him, Alfred Smart. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1934.
[SEAL] Joseph L. Ross. (My commission expires June 18, 1938.)

Little Miss Universe

Continued from page 184

quarter: *Stock Market, Dark Mist, Fiddler.*" This means these horses are leading the field in the order named.

Willie is pale. I'm paler. Willie says, "She's running fourth. She starts slow but she'll come up." Then for an instant he is overcome and shouts to himself "Come on, *Miss Universe!*"

I do the same.

The phone clerk announces: "At the half: *Stock Market, Dark Mist, Fiddler.*"

Willie is a little paler. I'm just a shade paler than he is.

"Her mother," Willie gasps, "lost eleven races before she got out in front. This is *Miss Universe's* eleventh race. You watch her tear loose in a minute."

The phone clerk, his voice rising (he knows everyone is excited and he wants to be sympathetic; he knows small histories are being made and unmade; he is not heartless and he *can* shout), shouts:

"At the three-quarters: *Stock Market*, a neck, *Fiddler*, a half-length, *Dark Mist* five lengths."

"*Cute Face* is running fourth," he declares apologetically.

Willie is visibly nervous and a bit paler than before. I resemble a well-dressed ghost.

"Come on, *Miss Universe*," Willie whispers madly.

"Yes," I say to myself. "Come on, darling, please come on, please, please, that's all the money I have and I have a terrible appetite."

It was a prayer, I admit. All horse-bettors are religious.

The phone clerk pauses dramatically and shouts:

"The next is the winner."

Then he says:

"Number 57, *Fiddler*, wins—by a neck. 51, *Stock Market* is second—by three lengths. 53, *Dark Mist* is third."

There you have it: the story. Nothing added, nothing taken away, like pure mayonnaise.

But wait: what's this. A madman is tearing through the crowd. He is small and Irish, and he is shouting, "See. Didn't I tell you? *Fiddler. Fiddler.* Why, I had him picked last night." He is holding a slip of cardboard on which is written the name of the horse.

It is San Jose Red, but of course you knew it.

Willie is ill with disappointment. He falls exhausted into a chair.

"I'm sorry," he says. "Her father was never much to speak of."

"It's all right," I reply.

Now I am walking up Third Street with an empty pocket, and I am telling myself, "There is still half a loaf of rye bread, a quarter pound of coffee, a bit of cheese, and eleven cigarettes. *Miss Universe.* What a beautiful name. If I have one slice of bread twice a day and a cup of coffee for breakfast—well, I can make it, I suppose."

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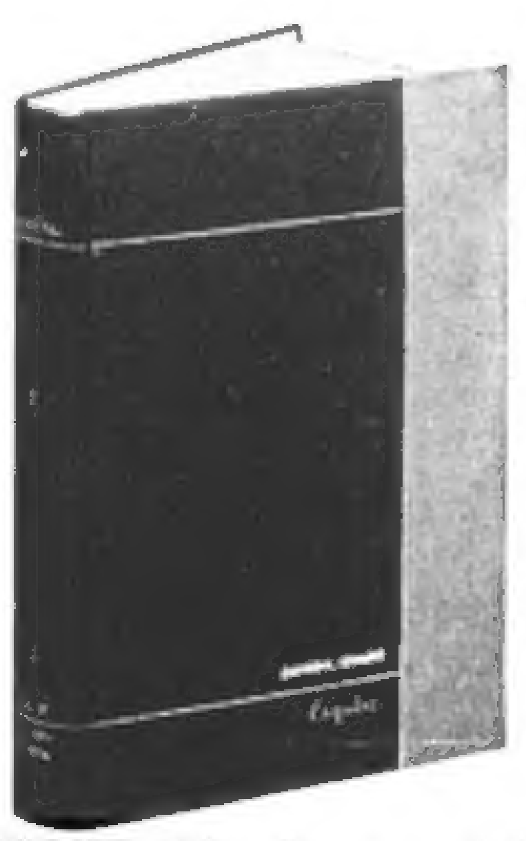

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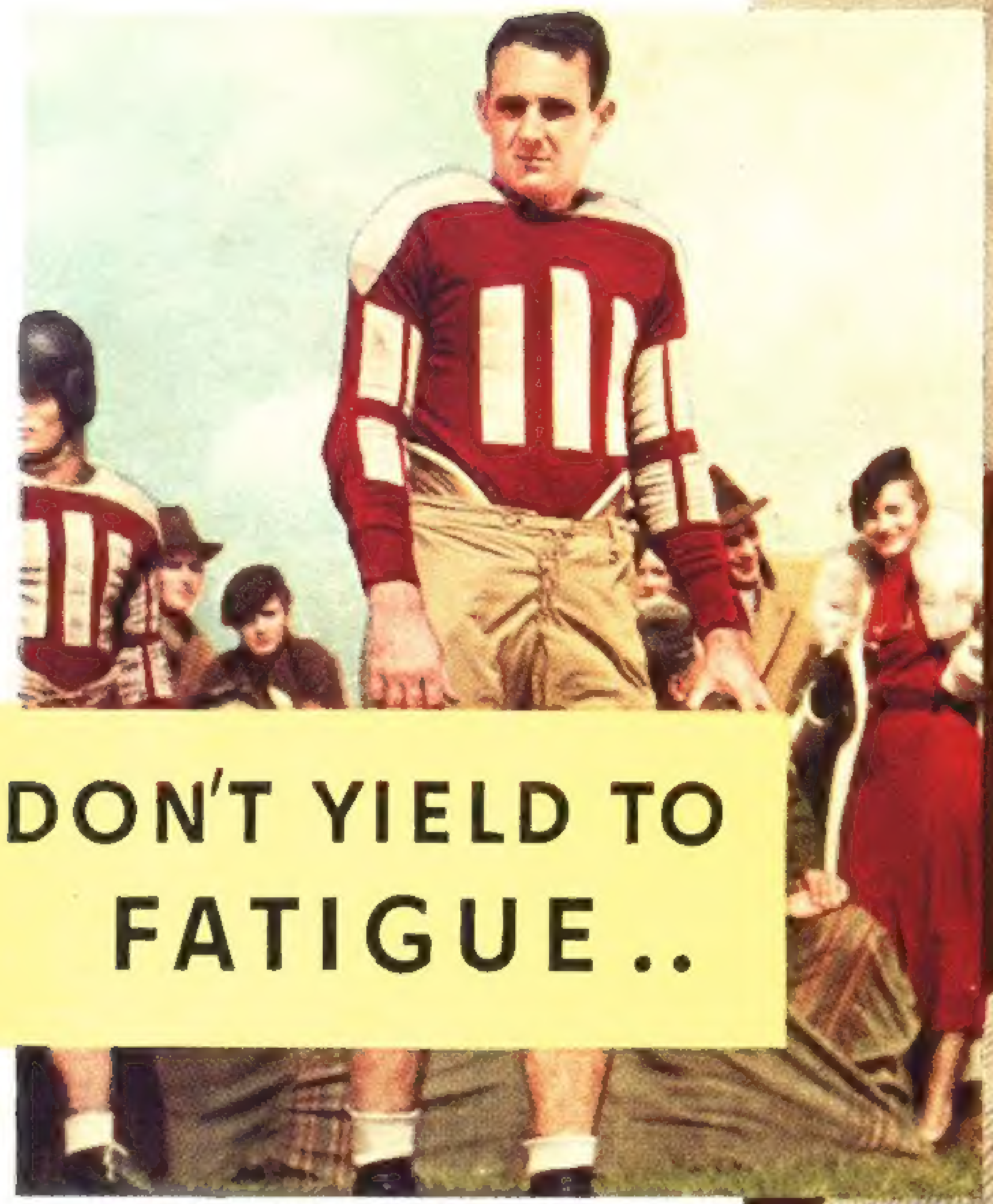

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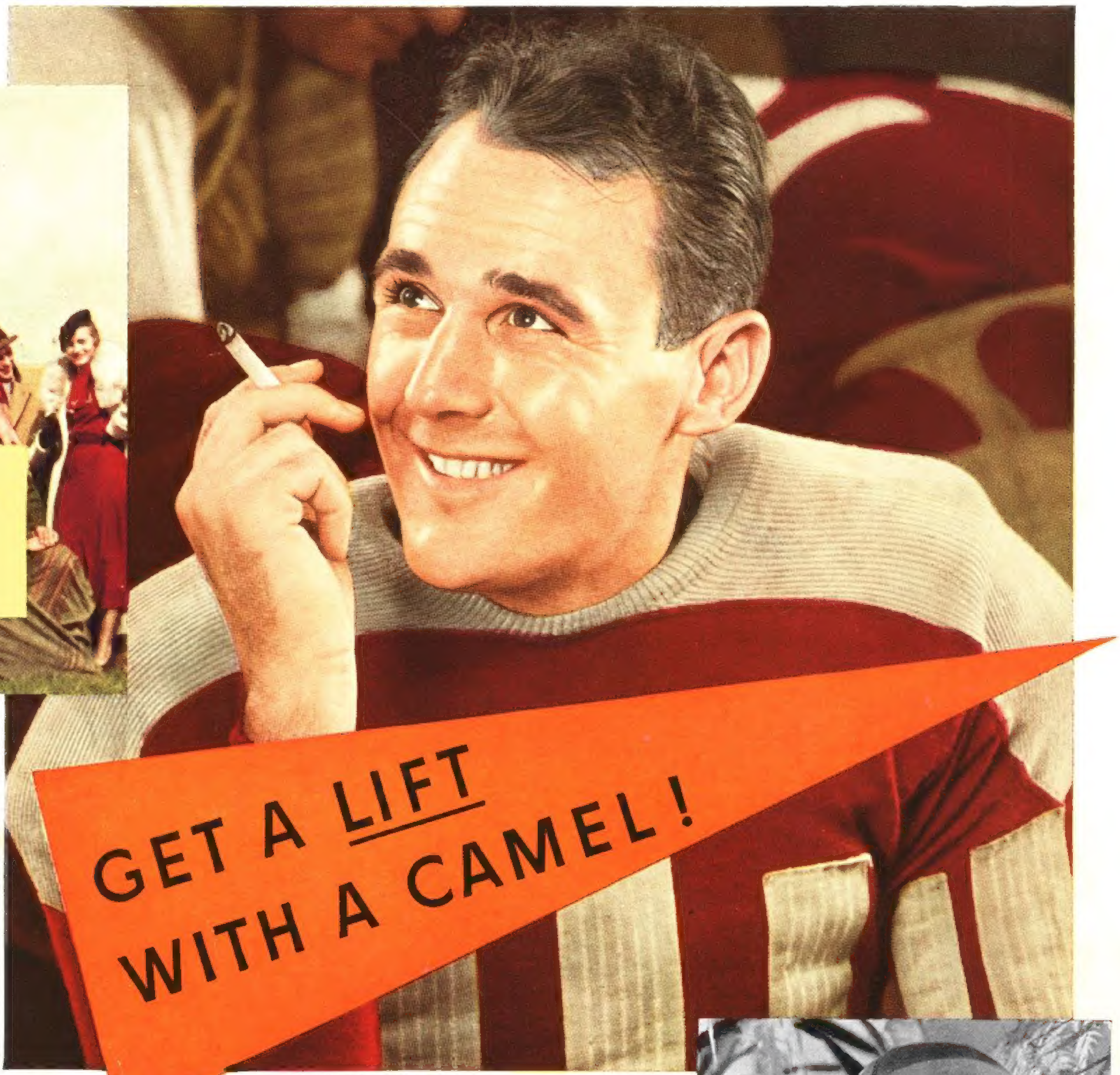

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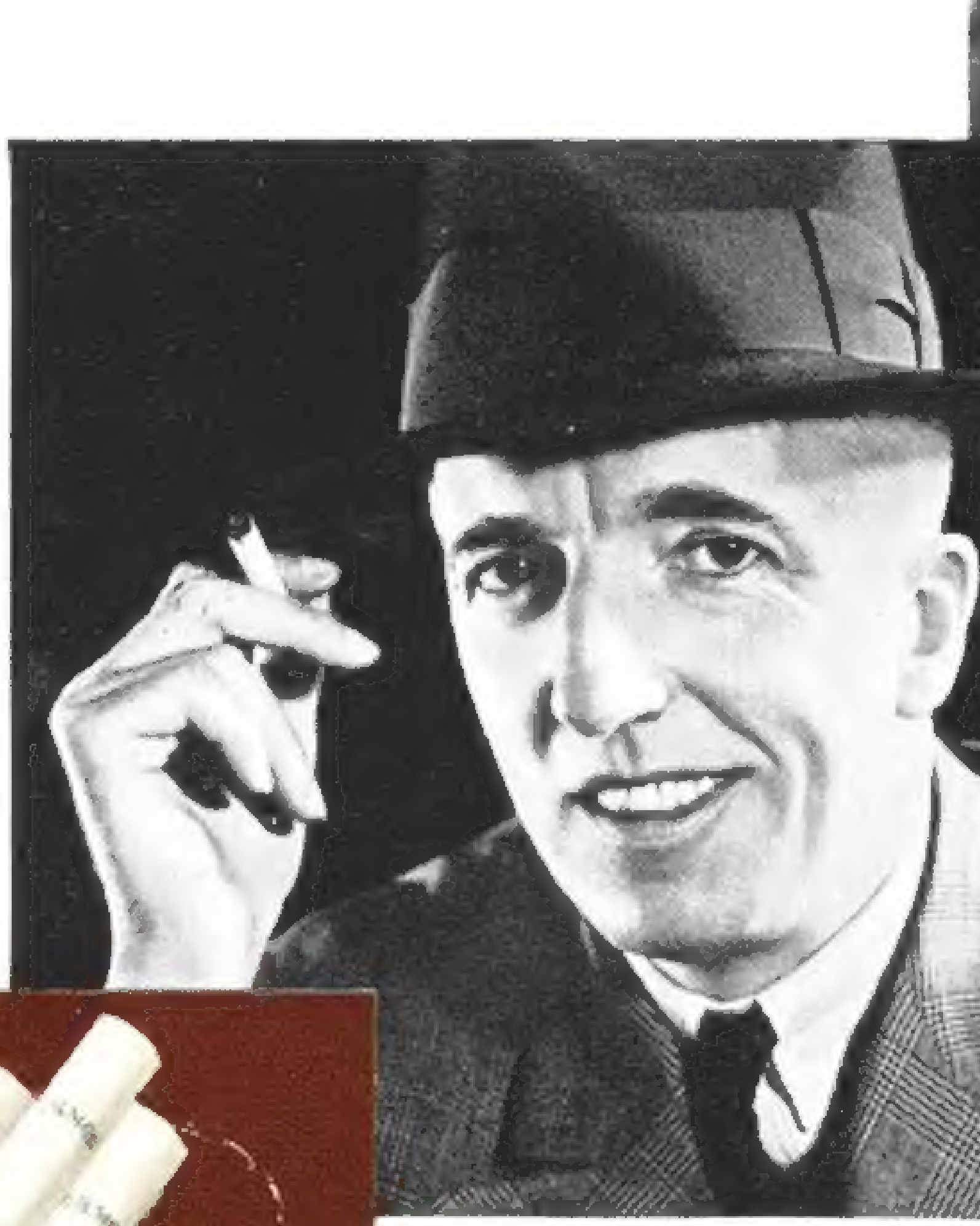

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